# BRITANNIA and EVE

1/-

MAY
1935

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COMPLETE HOME and FASHION Sections

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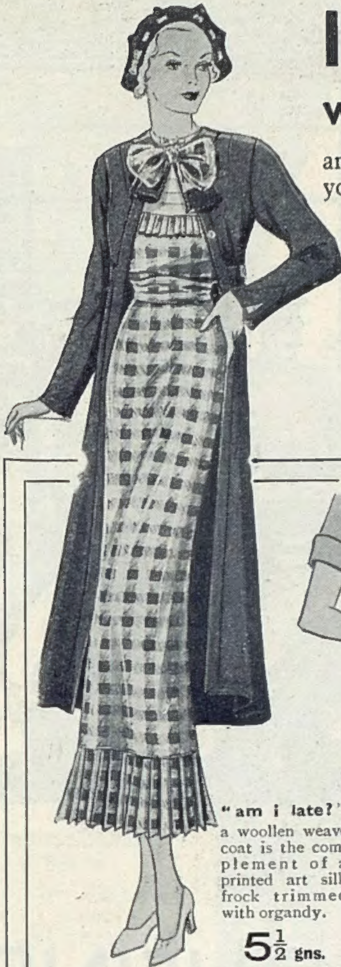
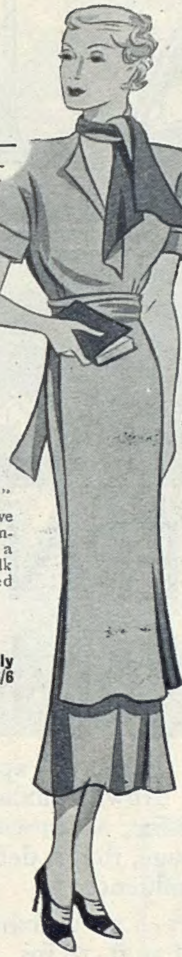


**"am i late?"**
a woollen weave coat is the complement of a printed art silk frock trimmed with organdy.
**5½ gns.**
**seven monthly payments of 16/6**



**"the leisure hour"**
sand crepe frock with panel front and a separate scarf lined with contrast.
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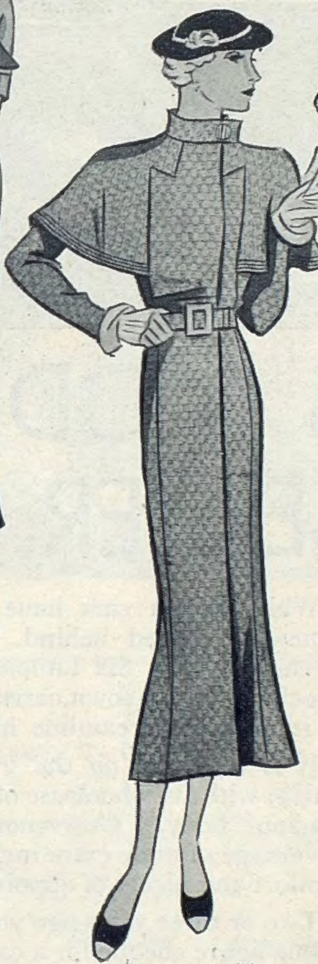
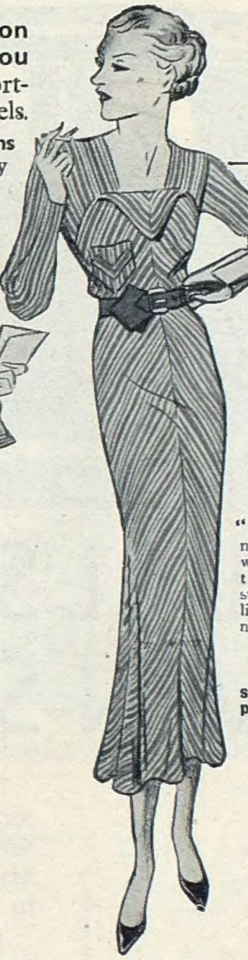
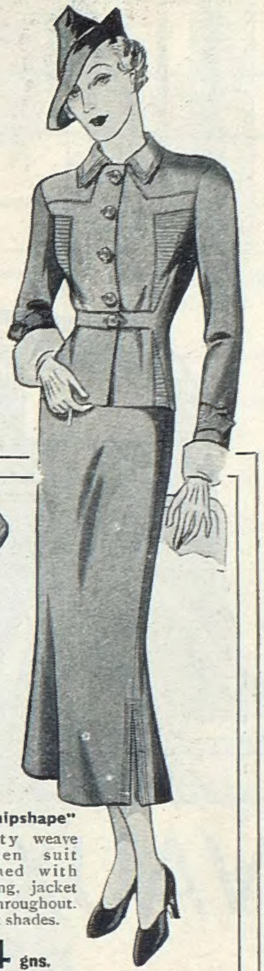
**seven monthly payments of 12/-**



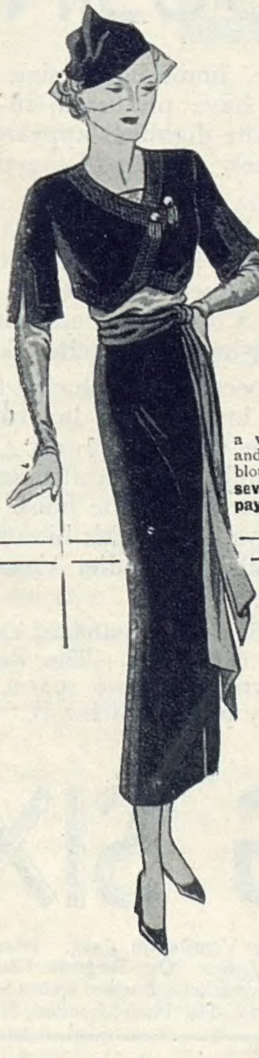
**"the race card"**
shoulder capes are the feature of this woollen weave coat. lined throughout.
**4 gns.**
**seven monthly payments of 12/-**



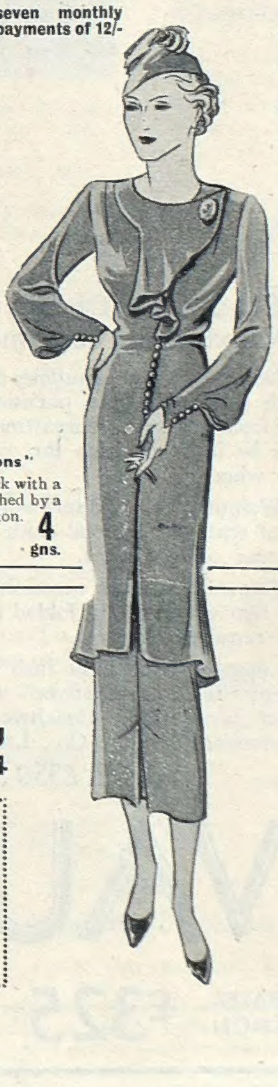
**"is that so?"**
striped crepe frock with "envelope flap" on bodice. belt contrast leather.
**5 gns.**
**seven monthly payments of 15/-**



**"all shipshape"**
novelty weave woollen suit trimmed with stitching. jacket lined throughout. newest shades.
**4 gns.**
**seven monthly payments of 12/-**



**"bolero"**
a woollen weave jacket and skirt with long sleeved blouse, contrast sash.
**5 gns.**
**seven monthly payments of 15/-**



**"on occasions"**
a crepe tunic frock with a draped jabot finished by a large crystal button.
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**seven monthly payments of 12/-**

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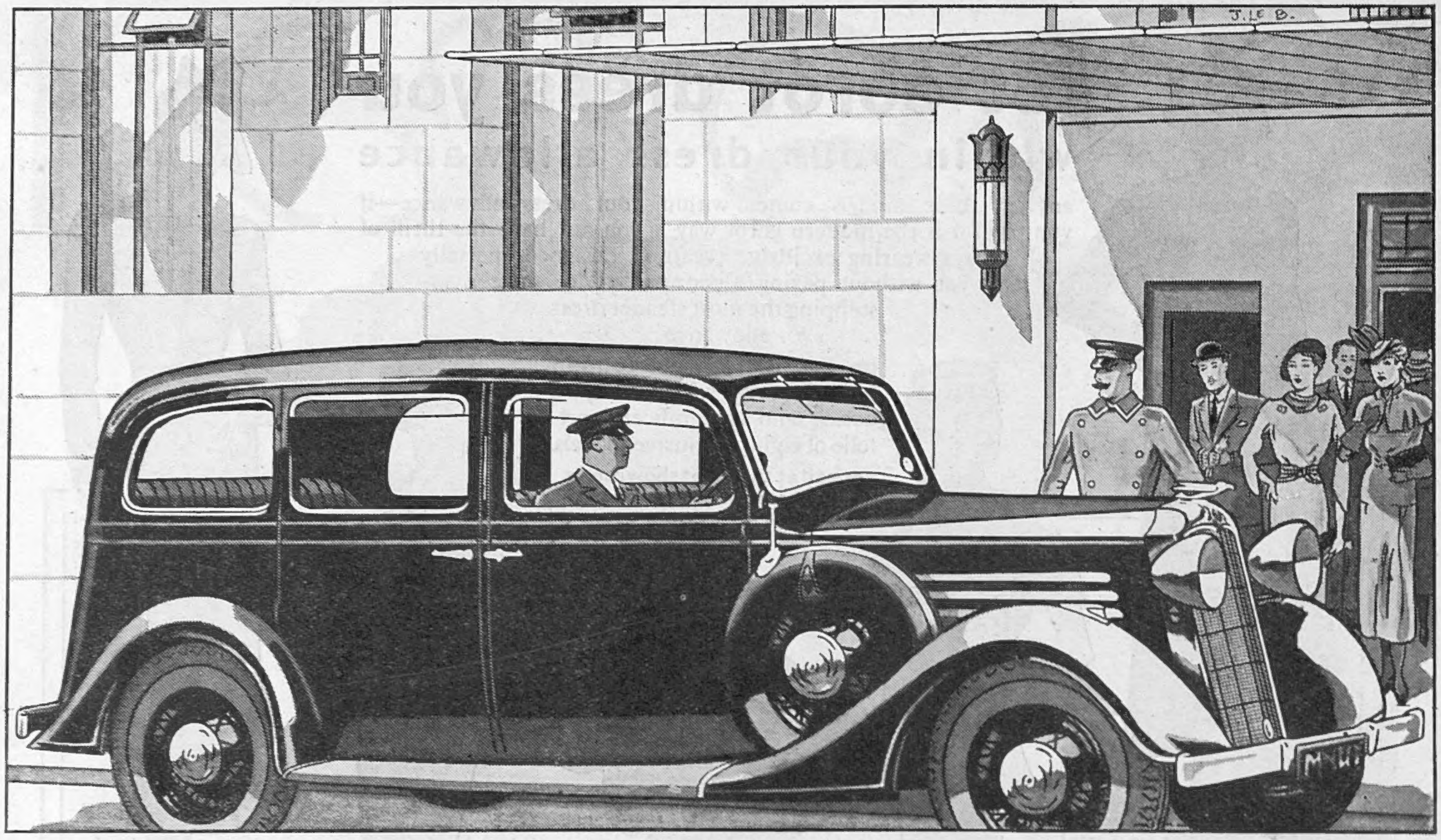

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While saloon cars have advanced apace, limousine design has somewhat lagged behind. Now Vauxhall have produced, in this seven-seater Big Six Limousine, a car with the dignified appearance associated with a town carriage, that is definitely abreast of the times in its modern streamline influence.

It is mounted on the 27 h.p. Vauxhall Big Six Regent Chassis which, with its wheelbase of 10 ft. 10 ins., allows for an exceptionally spacious body. Grosvenor Coachwork craftsmen have taken full advantage of these extra inches and designed a luxurious body that in comfort and nicety of appointment rivals built-to-order coachwork.

Two or three years ago you would have expected little change from a four-figure cheque for a car of this size and luxury. To-day, thanks to Vauxhall's special manufacturing technique, the price is only £550. For Vauxhall's flow production system of manufacture is craftsmanship on a larger, more accurate scale. It safeguards the fine finish that has always distinguished Vauxhall products, yet makes this Limousine comparable, on a value-for-money basis, with the smaller Vauxhall models of to-day.

There are two chassis types of Vauxhall Big Six. The Standard chassis with 20 h.p. or 27 h.p. engine for five-seater coachwork. The Regent chassis (with 19 in. extra wheelbase, larger tyres with two spares, etc. 27 h.p. engine only) for seven-seater and specially roomy coachwork. Full particulars from your local Vauxhall dealer.

### Coachwork Details of the Vauxhall Big Six Limousine

Designed as a chauffeur-driven car, with a winding glass partition between the front and rear compartments, which can be lowered when the owner takes the wheel.

Walnut interior cabinet work. Leather front seat with special cloth upholstery in rear compartment.

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BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 10, No. 5. MAY, 1935

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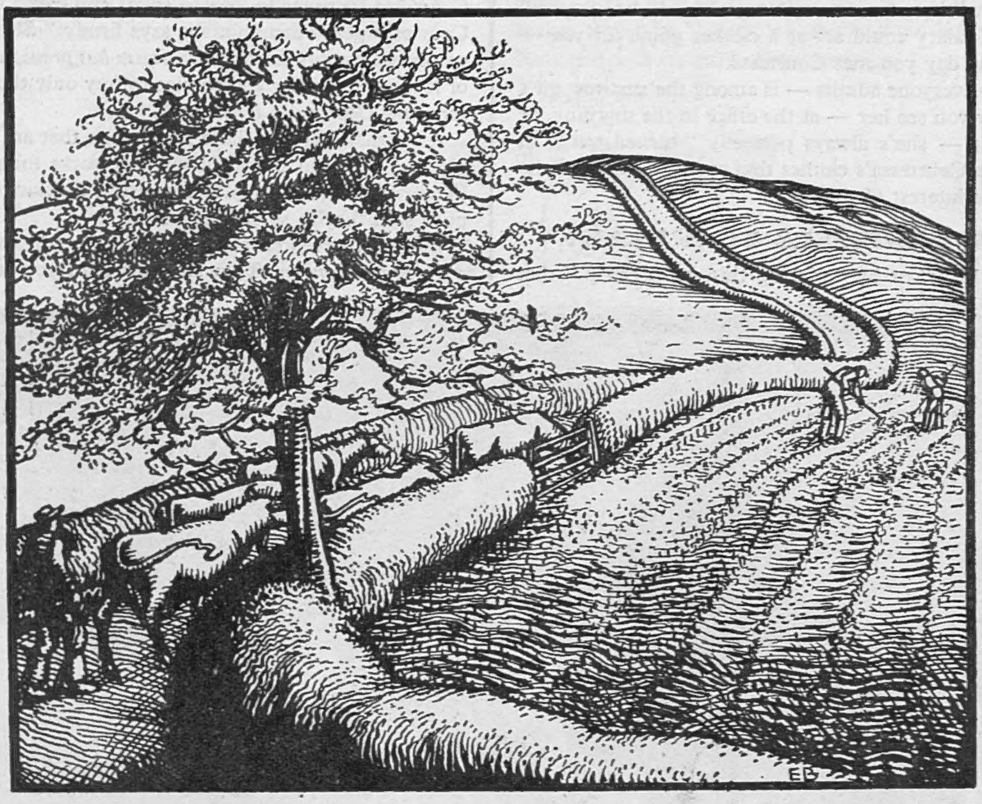

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*All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 164. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.*

# ★meet Courtessa the smartest

If you've ever wished that someone with a genius for dressing well on your amount of salary could act as a clothes guide for *you* — then you'll bless the day you met Courtessa.

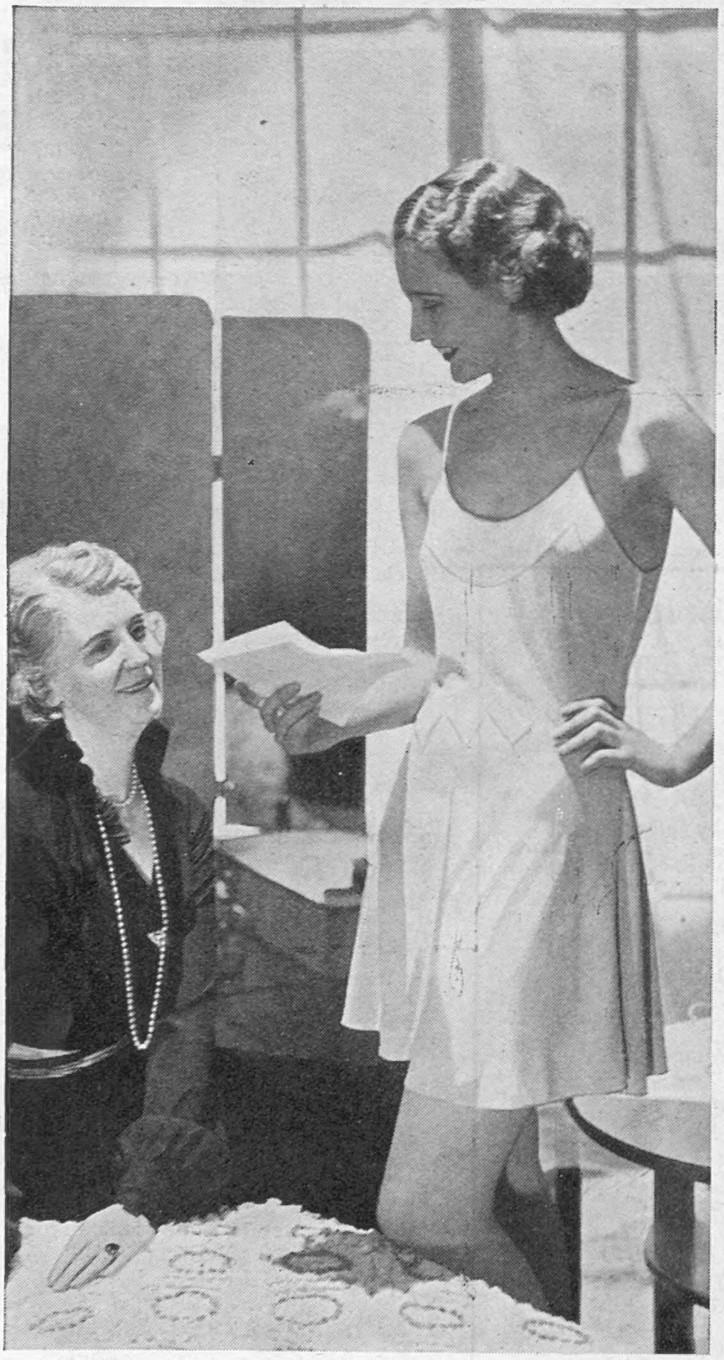
For Courtessa — everyone admits — is among the smartest girls in Town. Wherever you see her — at the office in the morning, or at a dance at night — she's always perfectly " turned out." In every gathering, it's Courtessa's clothes that rouse the envy of the women and win the interest of the men.

### COURTESSA DRESSES TO A PLAN!

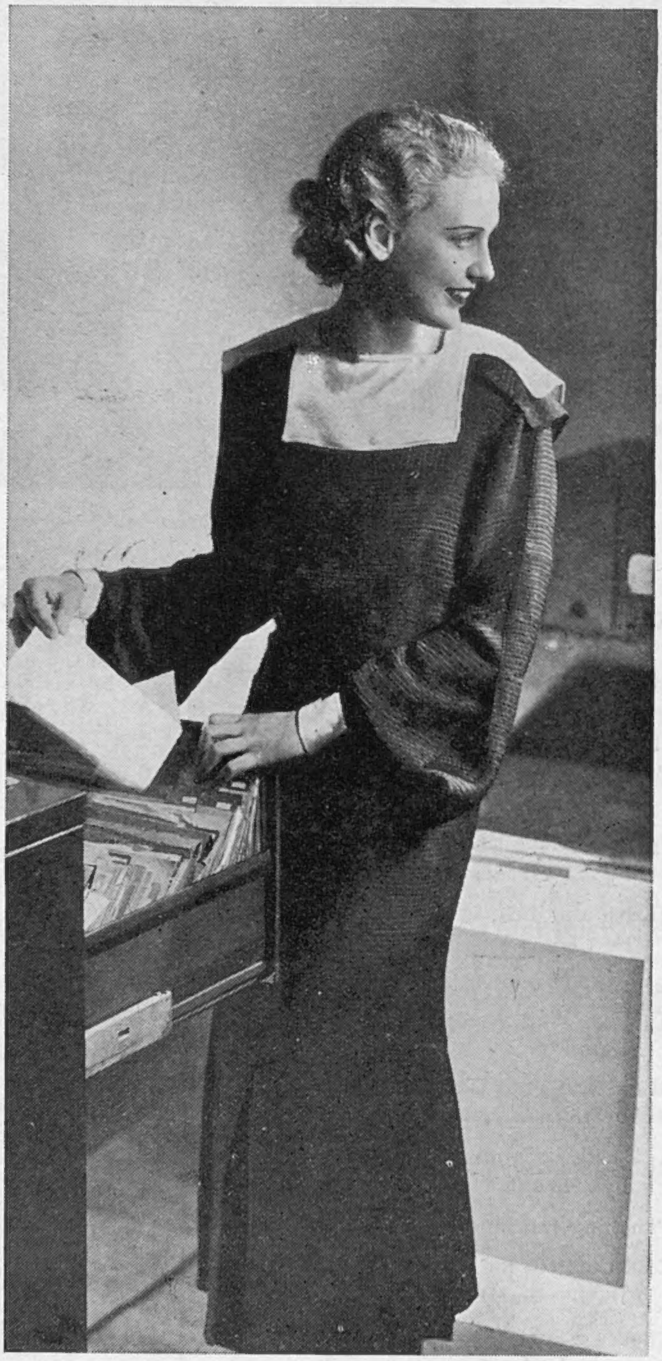
It's not through " luck " or by " picking things up cheap " that Courtessa manages to look so smart and spend so little. Every time Courtessa goes shopping, she says firmly " Show me what you've got in Courtaulds Rayon." *Courtessa has proved it pays* on the score of looks and quality and service to buy only the pretty things that *carry the Courtaulds Housemark.*

And what a choice there is! Undies that are a dream in fit and gloriously rich in finish. Vogue-ish frocks for just every occasion in fabrics that look fearfully expensive. Stockings you can't tell from pure silk, they're so soft and filmy.

But the marvellous thing is *clothes made from Courtaulds Rayon are a grand economy.* They cost less than you usually pay, despite



1 *As Courtessa was dressing for the office on Saturday her mother brought in a letter from Jack. Would she go to a party that night? Courtessa* would. (*Those camiknicks are of Courtaulds Rayon. Simple, but, my, how they fit!*).



2 *Do you like this day-frock of Courtessa's? She wears it Saturdays because it's dark and trim for the office but smart enough for " going places " after. Please perceive its 'turret' collar. A Courtaulds Fashion Studio success!*

# and thriftiest girl in town!

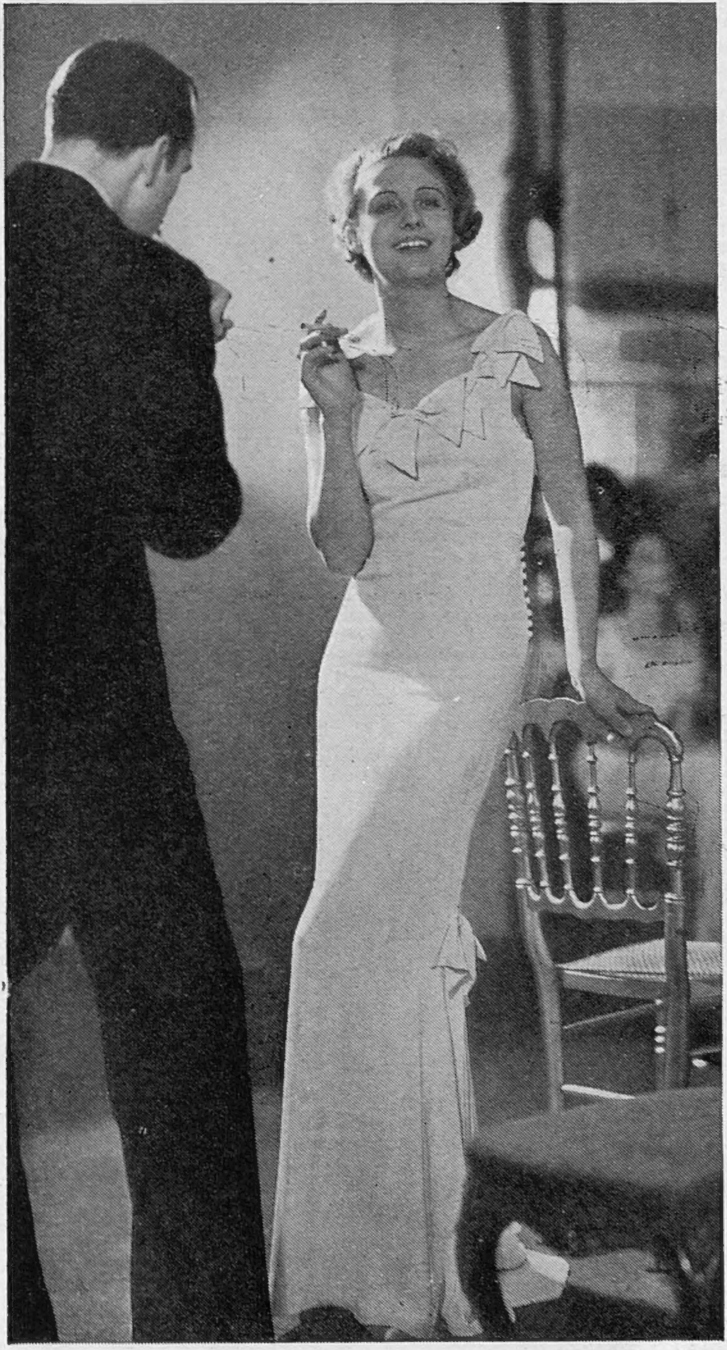
their tip-top style and quality. And they go on wearing and washing and looking smart long after ordinary clothes are done for.

Dress Courtessa's way! Share in the extra fun well-dressed girls enjoy. Next time — and every time — you're buying clothes, ask to see Styles in Courtaulds Rayon. And look for the Courtaulds Housemark sewn inside every garment.

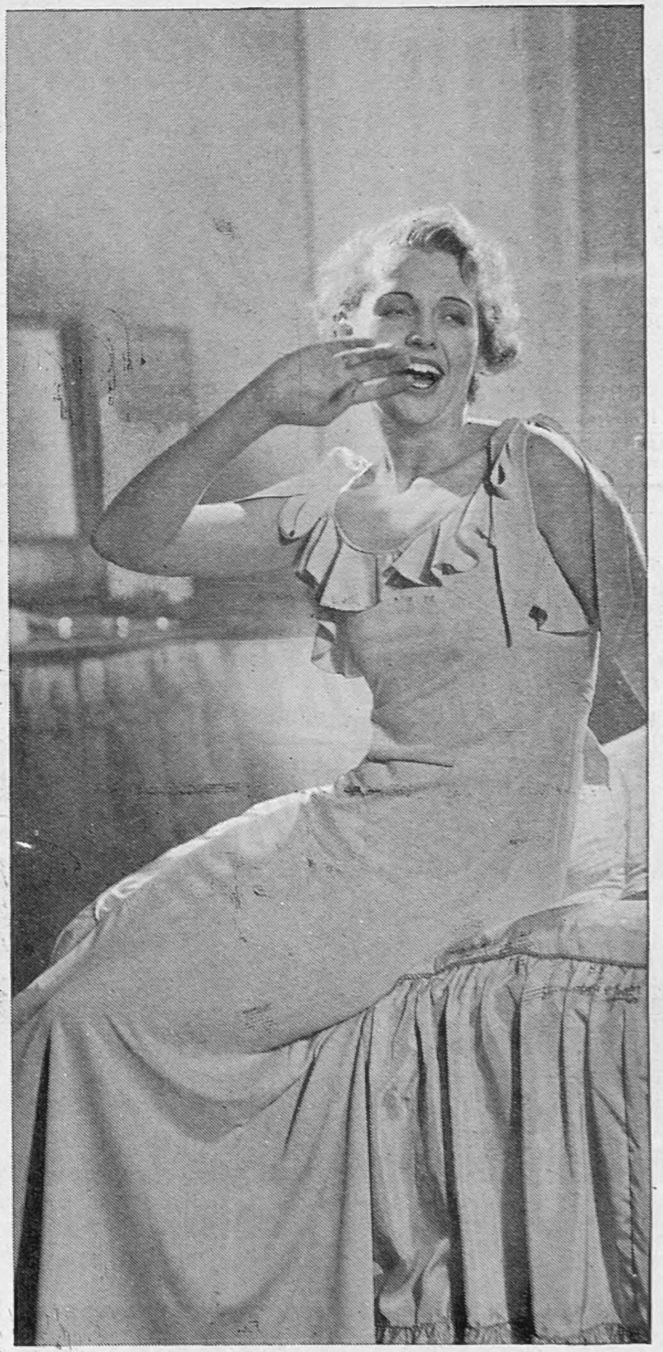
*Look for the Housemark*

COURTAULDS
RAYON

## COURTAULDS Fashion Studio



**3** *Jack was very complimentary about Courtessa's white evening dress. It's made of Courtaulds Crêpe Cavalcade, with little stitched bows of the material forming the only trimming. Of course, you've noticed its streamlines!*



**4** *Tired after the party, Courtessa goes happily to bed. She's wearing a very good line in nighties — with an 'Empire' top. It has been washed lots of times but still looks brand new. Another "find" with a Courtaulds tab inside!*

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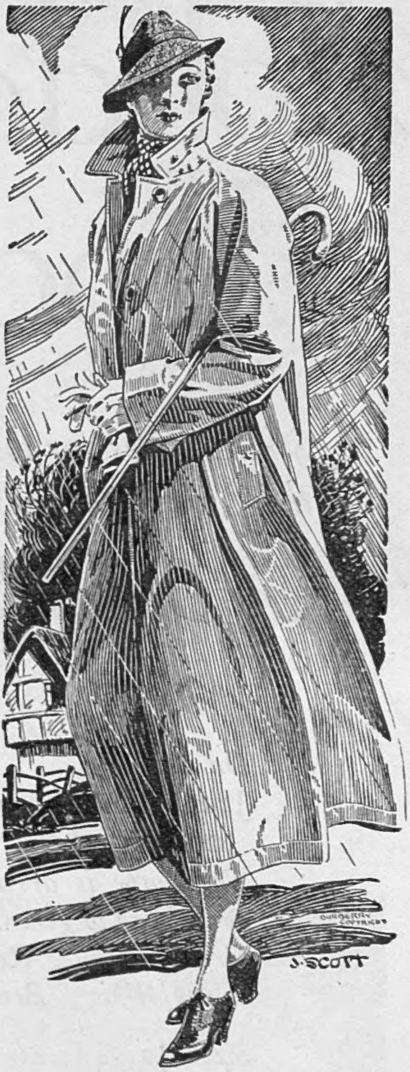

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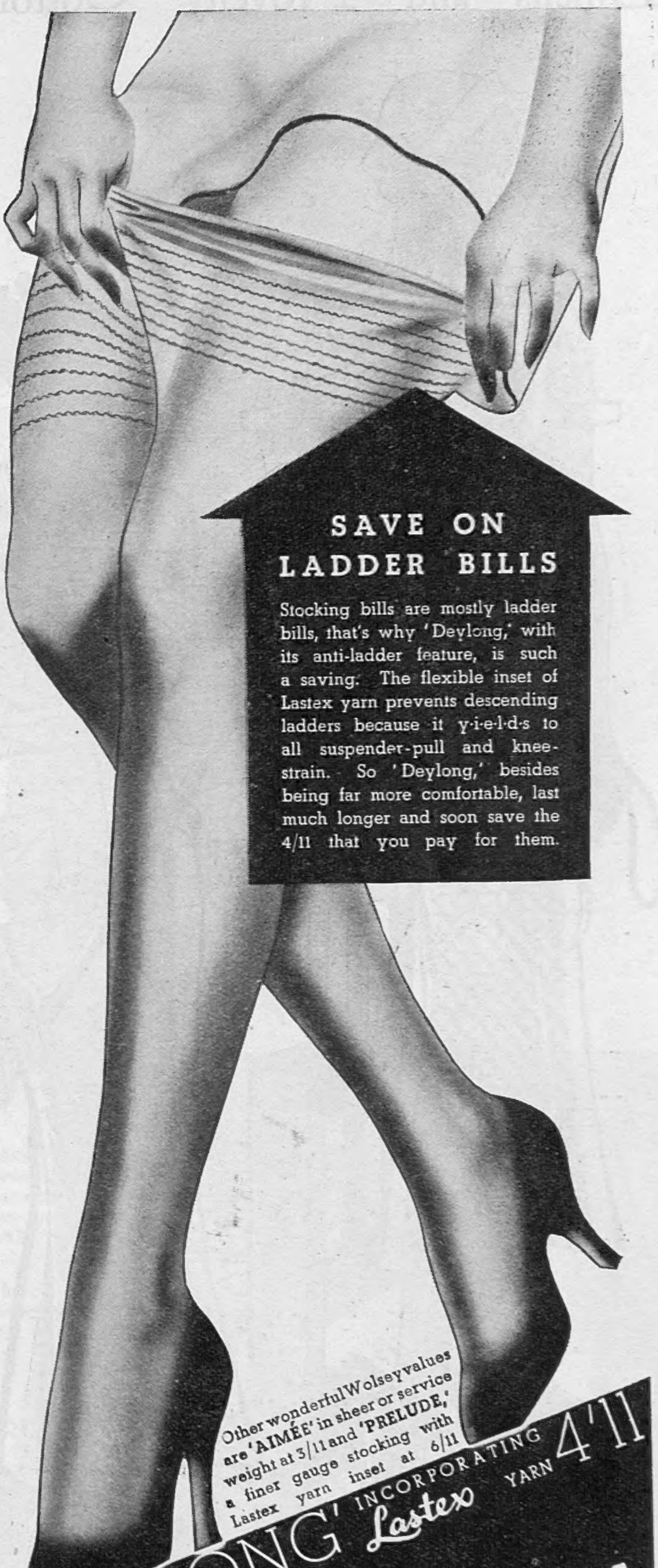

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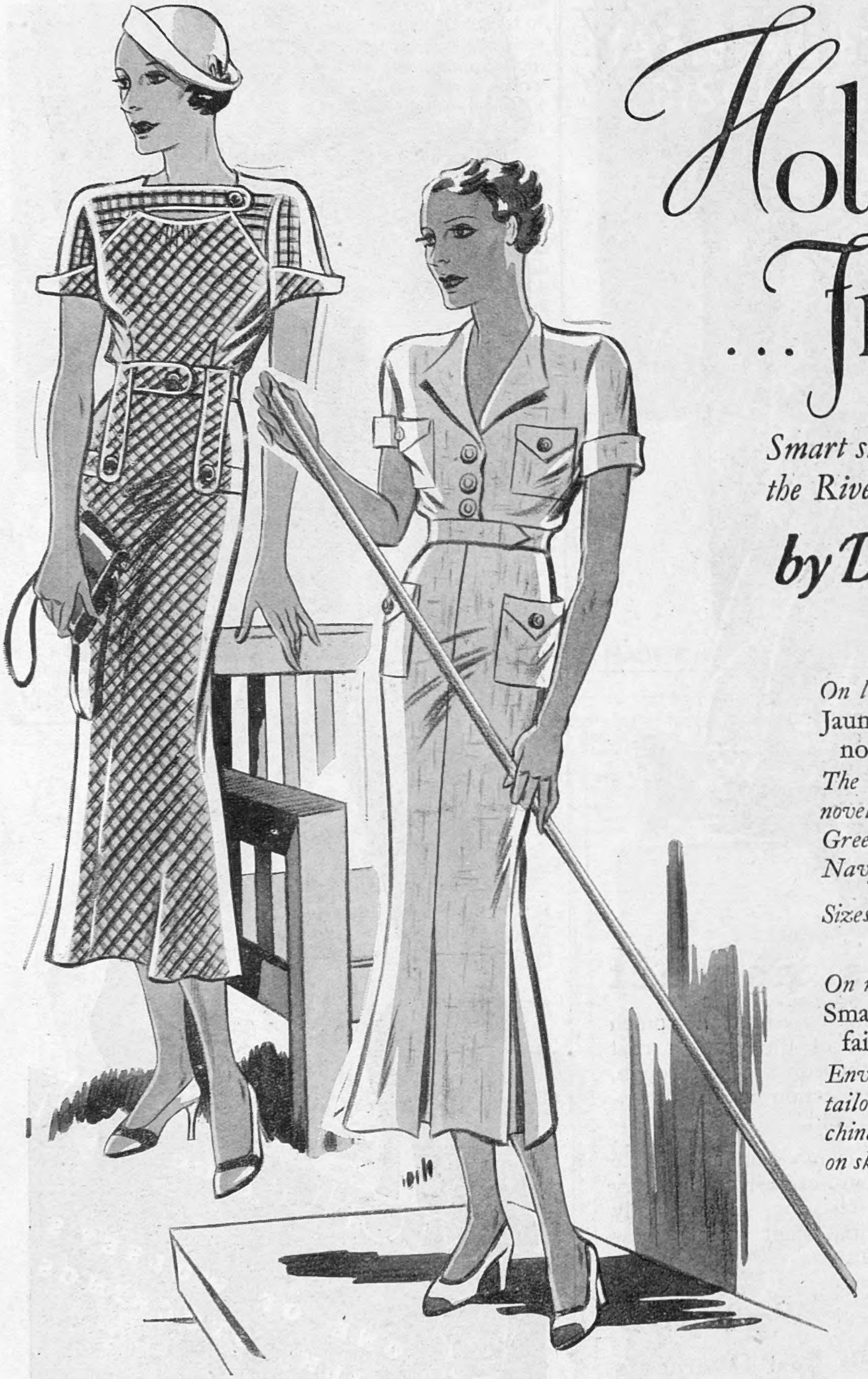

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Jaunty little Frock in a novelty check cotton.
*The shape is arranged in a novel way to give a new line. Green / White, Red / White, Navy / White, Brown / White*
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*On right:*
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*Envelope pockets give a tailored effect. Attractive china buttons ana deep pleats on skirt. In white and pastels*
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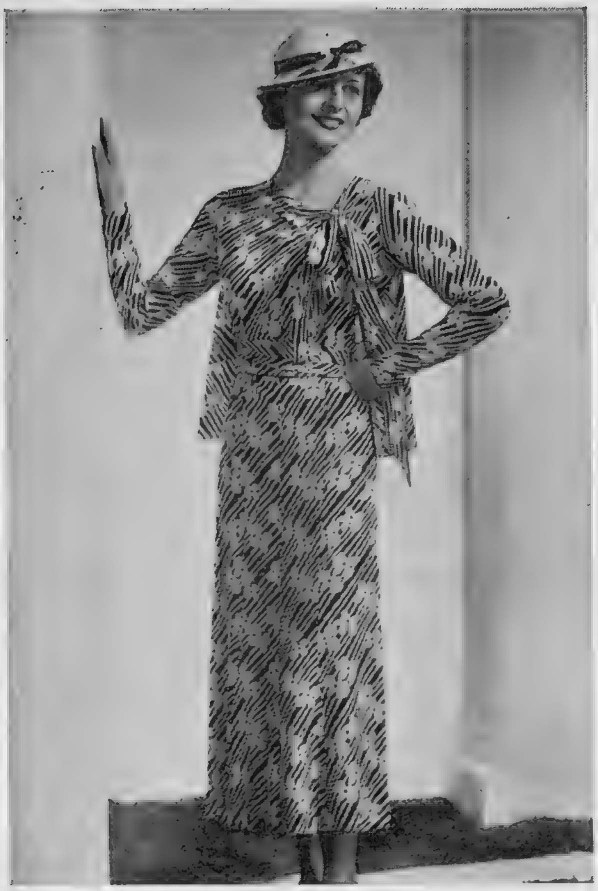
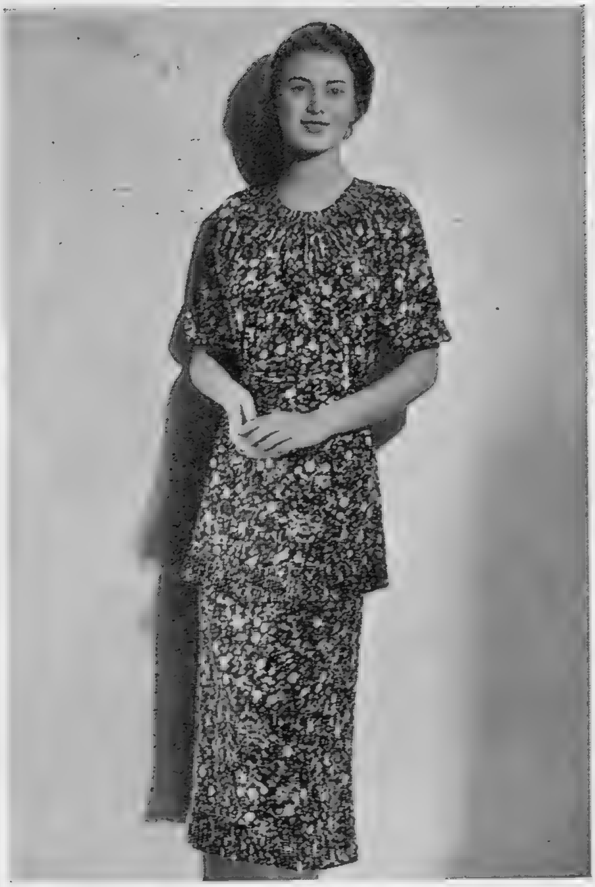
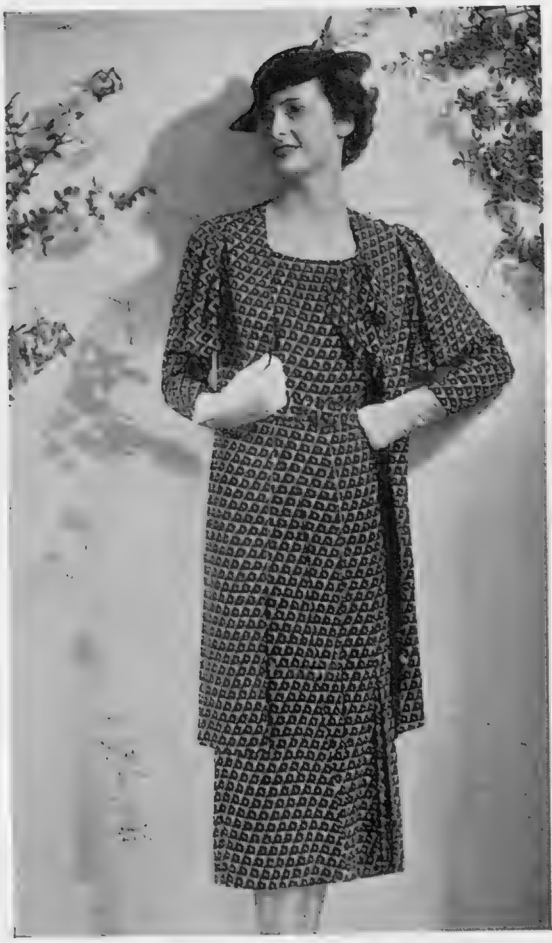




# GOWNS IN YOUTHFUL STYLES

by

## Marshall & Snelgrove



**GARANCE** (*left above*)
*Afternoon dress in printed "Cotele Riche," showing the new back coatee effect. In black/white, navy/white, saxe/white, brown/white, red/white.*
*Sizes 38, 40, 42.* 60/-

**JENNIFER** (*right above*)
*Smart day dress in heavy printed matt crepe with tunic effect skirt and shirred neckline. In brown, blue and black.*
*Sizes 38, 40, 42.* 63/-

**MELISANDE** (*on left*)
*Smart two-piece in printed crepe Pelican. The three-quarter length coat has cape sleeves. In navy, black, lido and brown.*
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*Evening or Race Gown in stiffened Silk Chiffon, with cape effect bodice and full skirt. Printed on grounds of turquoise, pink, blue, flesh, black and green.*
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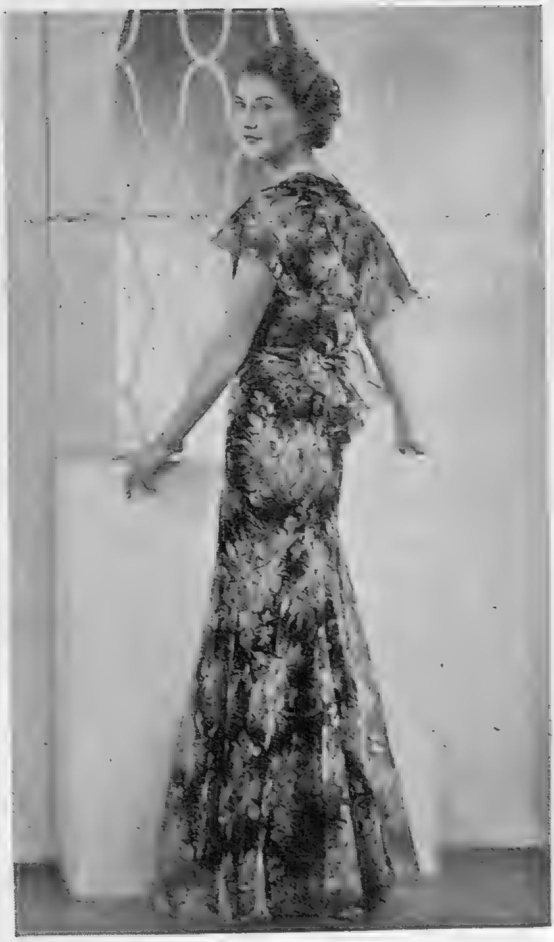

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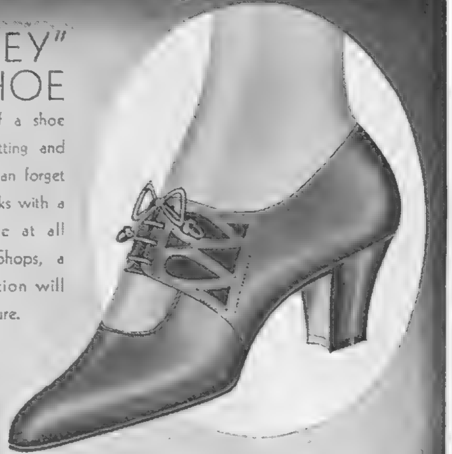

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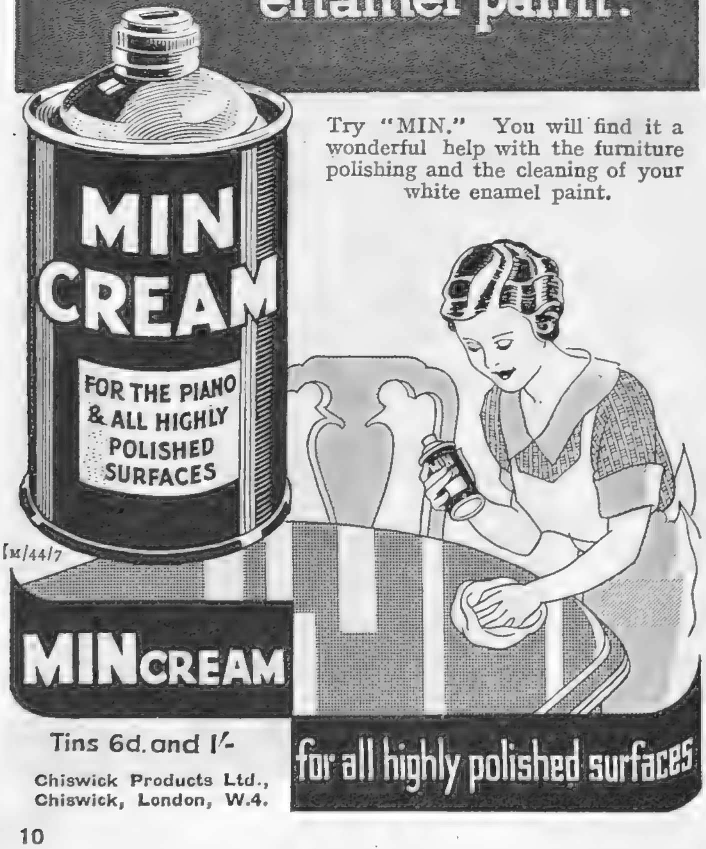

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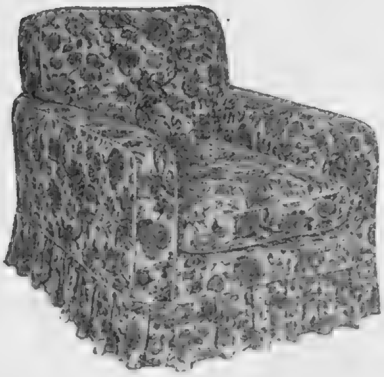

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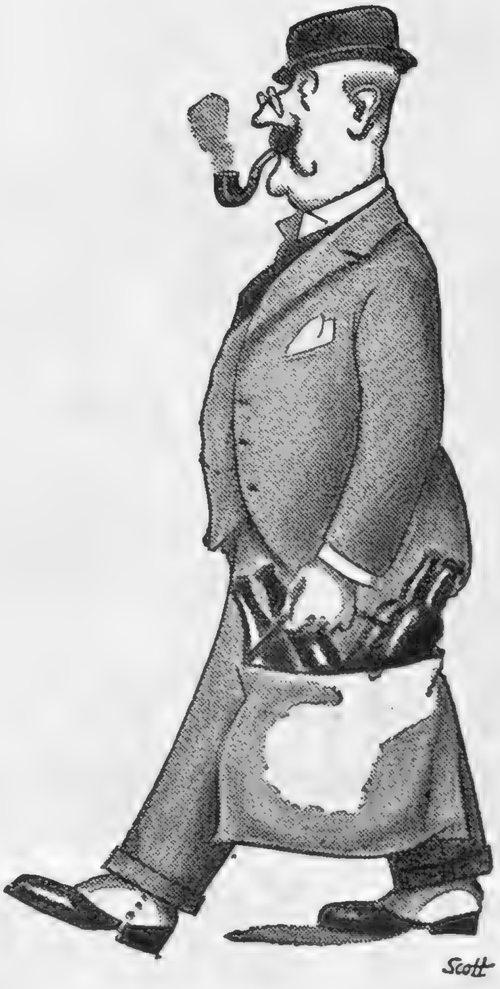


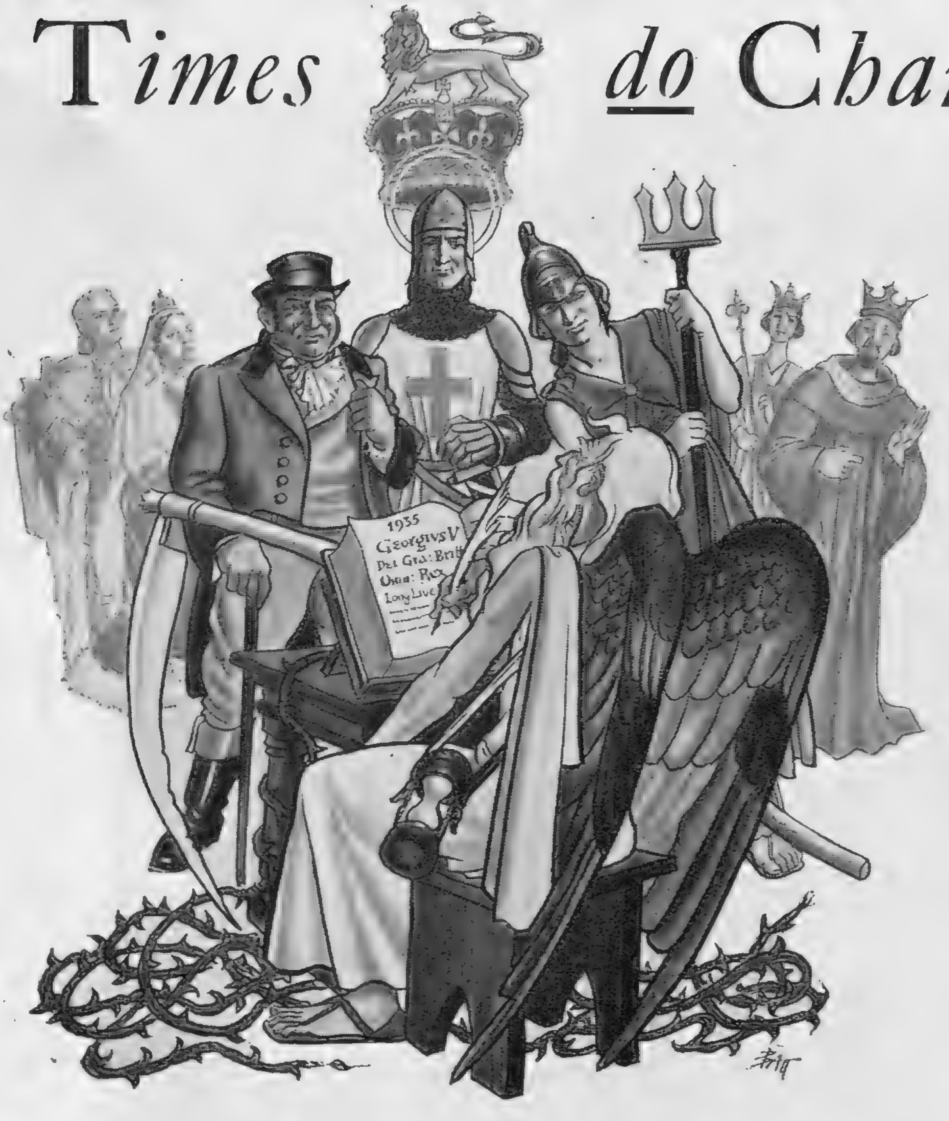
"Penny on the bottle"

*but*

Shell on the Road

**YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL**

# How Times do Change



## No. 5: Royal Jubilees

THE only English jubilees within recollection of the living are those of Queen Victoria, who firstly celebrated fifty years of her reign, and then, ten years later, achieved her Diamond Jubilee.

These two jubilees of Queen Victoria differed in some respects. In 1887 Her Majesty emerged from a self-imposed obscurity of widowhood almost for the first time since the death of the Prince Consort, and the fifty years of her reign were celebrated by the visit of four Kings and three Crown Princes, who rode in her jubilee procession.

The self-imposed retirement from public life of Queen Victoria had not increased her popularity with the public, who not only felt that too much of the hard work of Royalty was in consequence being unfairly thrown upon the shoulders of other members of the Royal Family, and the Prince of Wales in particular, but that a stronger effort by the Queen should have been made to subjugate private sorrows for the public weal. Pride, however, in the splendour and the rare occasion of the Queen's Jubilee, and the obvious effort then made to fall in with the wishes of her subjects, did much to restore that affection for the throne which for some time previously had lessened a little in warmth.

ACCORDING to the historian, Esmé Wingfield-Stratford, "there was a perfect orgy of collective self-satisfaction, and everybody was engaged in the delightful occupation of comparing the glory of 1887 with the prehistoric darkness of 1837. England had become self-conscious; she thanked God that she was not as other nations were, nor the present as the past had been." .... There was certainly never a time when spectres had seemed less formidable than in the 'eighties.

As was only to be expected, Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate, composed an ode suitable to the occasion, suggesting, incidentally, that Great Britain was being led by the Hand of Light.

IN the Diamond Jubilee of 1897 Queen Victoria broke a record which could not be claimed ten years earlier, for others had reigned for half a century. There was Henry III with fifty-six years to his credit, Edward III with fifty, while King George III reigned for fifty-nine years; but, considering his mental ailments, its length hardly gave cause for rejoicing.

In the matter of record-breaking, therefore, did the Diamond Jubilee differ from that of eighteen-eighty-seven. That was one cause for pride and congratulation. Another was that, despite advancing years, the Queen had been seen about more, and with the increased popularity this won there was added veneration. The Queen was more than a great figure-head. She was already something of a legend. Never was there anyone like her, nor would there ever be. Here was a great Queen for a great and greater Britain, and it was only fitting that to celebrate the sixtieth year of her reign invitations were not extended to foreign potentates resplendent in military uniforms, but to homelier figures, symbols of Empire, for which the influence of a Chamberlain of Birmingham, rather than a Chamberlain of the Court, had much to do.

The Poet Laureate in 1897 was no longer Lord Tennyson, who had crossed the bar five years previously. A lesser poet than he, Alfred Austin, now occupied his place, and his self-satisfied pipings were drowned in a warning from the Poet of Empire against self-glorification with "Lest we Forget."

AND now we are about to celebrate the Silver Jubilee of a King whose task since he ascended the throne has been beset with greater difficulties than his ancestors ever dreamt of. Both at home and abroad, in war and in peace, the path of King George V has not been smooth, yet the strength of the monarchy has never been more pronounced than it is to-day, and this is due to the tact, insight and statesmanship of a King who, with his Consort, has always acted up to the motto, "My country first."

Long Live the King.

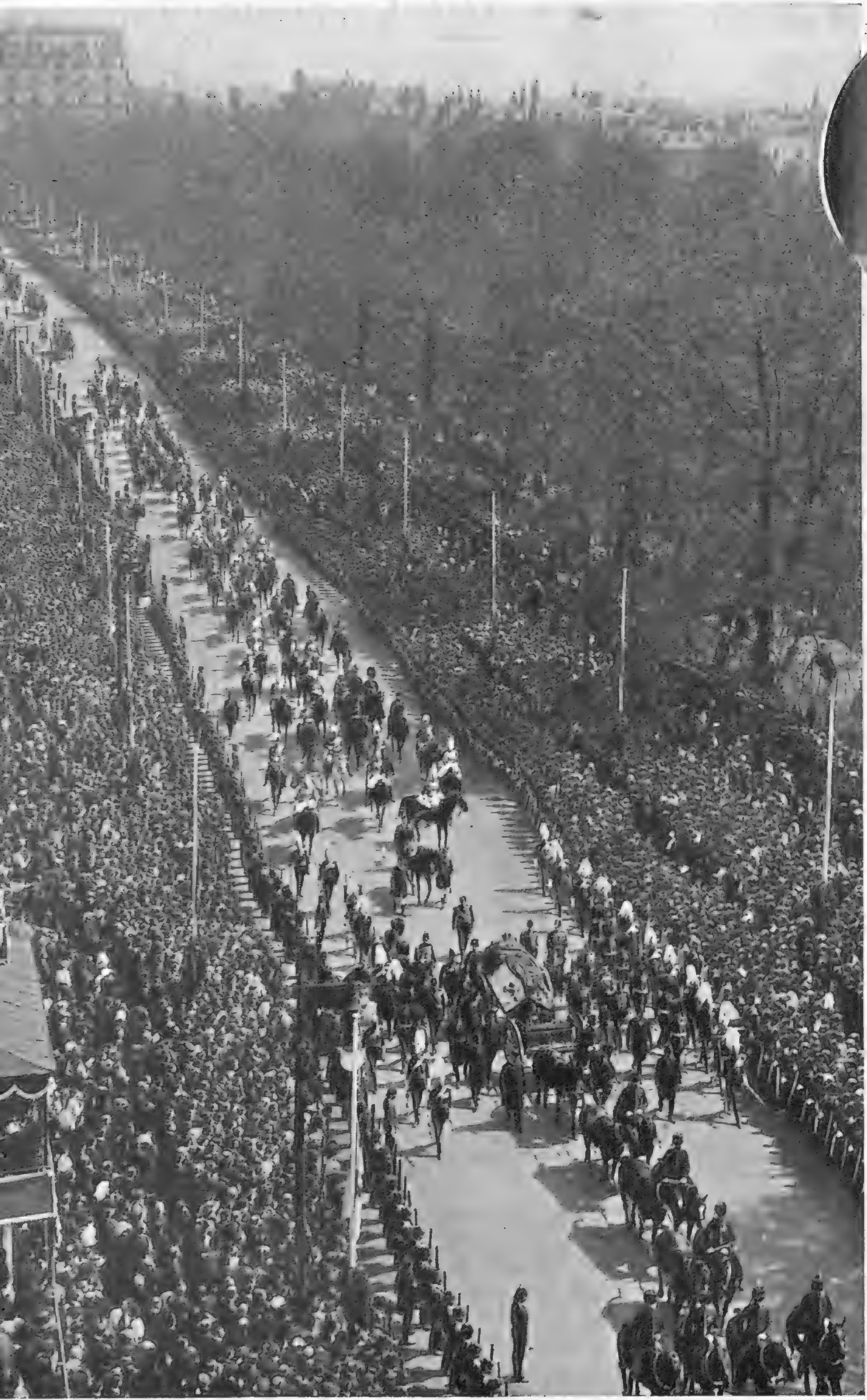
# THE FIVE

*The Queen of the Netherlands, 45 years' rule*

HOW fitting and justified are the present Jubilee celebrations becomes clear if we pause to consider the astonishing elimination that has occurred, in the past twenty-five years, among his Majesty's ruling contemporaries of 1910—among those, that is to say, who were on the throne or otherwise at the headship of the State in the year of King George's accession.

The casualties have been colossal. But five others survive to challenge the King in point of duration of reign.

Assuredly at no other period of world history can there have been, within so short a span, such wholesale deletion of rulers for one reason or another. There hardly seems to be any one left of the rulers of 1910 (not so fearfully long ago, after all), and we know how on two occasions we very nearly lost our own Sovereign—following his severe riding accident in France during the War, and when the wings of the grim angel beat o'er Buckingham Palace six years ago. Perhaps in the contemplation of what has befallen others who as co-equals sent their congratulations to King George a generation ago may we best appreciate our good fortune in having his Majesty still with us. For the casualties among these former fellow-rulers have not only been unprecedented in number, but due to every cause conceivable: revolutions, flights and abdications, assassination,



*THE funeral procession of King Edward passing along Piccadilly. What a cavalcade those royal mourners from foreign countries made. The brilliant uniforms of all those rulers and princes glittering in the sunshine of a wonderful May day . . .*

# THAT REMAIN . . .

King Victor Emmanuel III
35 years' rule

King Haakon of Norway
30 years' rule

King Gustav of Sweden
28 years' rule

President Gomez of Venezuela, 26 years' rule

## *Jubilee rulers are rare . . . Only Five others Share the Honour with His Majesty King George, among Sixty-eight Chiefs of State!*

By

Ferdinand Tuohy

deposition, supersession, poisonings, stabbings, executions, the shattering of great empires, the suppression of whole states. There have, of course, been a percentage of "deaths in their beds," together with the normal fading-out of elected rulers who had completed their terms of office; yet it is the other side of the picture that compels attention: the personal elimination through violence, through the brutal play of events, during the unexampled period we have lived through since the heralds announced a new King in Britain that May day five-and-twenty years ago.

Of fifty-four rulers listed in the *Almanach de Gotha* for that year, but half a dozen survive as chiefs of state in 1935. His Majesty's seniors (if so they may be called) in duration of ruling are:—

| | Years' rule |
|---|---|
| The Queen of the Netherlands | 45 |
| King Victor Emmanuel III .. | 35 |
| King Haakon of Norway .. | 30 |
| King Gustav of Sweden .. | 28 |
| Pres. Gomez of Venezuela .. | 26 |

Queen Wilhelmina did not actually begin to rule until the age of eighteen, in 1898. She accordingly celebrated her Silver Jubilee twelve years ago. King Victor attained the 25-year span in 1925; King Haakon in 1930; King Gustav in 1932; and the old Venezuelan last year. Attenuated list beside Jubilees of the past! Had King Albert lived a little longer he would have been in the above company, while King Alfonso would have appeared at the top, with full 49 years of sovereignty to his name, had he not come to grief four years ago.

THE principal foreign chiefs of state at the time of King George's accession, in addition to the five "Jubilee" record-holders above-mentioned, were:—

| | Acceded |
|---|---|
| Emperor Franz-Joseph .. .. | 1848 |
| King Nicholas of Montenegro .. | 1860 |
| King George of Greece .. .. | 1863 |
| King Leopold of Belgium.. .. | 1865 |
| Mikado Mutsuhito .. .. | 1867 |
| King Chulalonkorn of Siam .. | 1868 |
| Ferdinand of Bulgaria .. .. | 1881 |
| King Carol of Roumania .. .. | 1881 |
| President Diaz of Mexico .. | 1884 |
| King Alfonso .. .. .. | 1886 |
| Otto of Bavaria .. .. .. | 1886 |
| Kaiser William II .. .. .. | 1888 |
| Menelik .. .. .. .. .. | 1889 |
| King of Wurttemberg .. .. | 1891 |
| Khedive Abbas II .. .. .. | 1892 |
| Tsar Nicholas .. .. .. | 1894 |
| Pope Pius X .. .. .. | 1903 |
| King Peter of Serbia .. .. | 1903 |
| King of Saxony .. .. .. | 1904 |
| President Fallières.. .. .. | 1906 |
| King Frederick of Denmark .. | 1906 |
| King Manoel of Portugal .. .. | 1908 |
| Emperor Pu-yi of China .. .. | 1908 |
| President Taft, U.S.A. .. .. | 1909 |
| Muley Hafid of Morocco .. .. | 1909 |
| Mehmed V of Turkey .. .. | 1909 |
| Shah Ahmed Mirza of Persia .. | 1909 |

There were many other rulers of states in 1910—to be precise, some twenty or twenty-five others—but these were such small or transient fry as hardly to warrant inclusion here. Over half were South American presidents who lapsed from view in the normal run of things after completing their term (though one or two were murdered or abdicated). Or else the balance was made up of lesser Eastern potentates or a sprinkling of European princelings such as Albert of Monaco and William of Luxemburg. Such names would mean little if resurrected to-day. No doubt all are not dead, but they have long since ceased to tread the world stage. The foregoing list may be relied upon to yield the bulk of the drama, on the personal side, attaching to this story.

First to go, after King George's accession, was young King Manoel—and he departed with such rapidity from his palace in the hills that they still show you the English illustrated papers he was reading when the alarm came, together with his unmade bed. The Republicans triumphed in a day (October, 1910). The abdicating monarch sought sanctuary at Twickenham, where for over twenty years he was to give a striking example of how an ex-king should behave in exile. He never intrigued to return to Portugal, freely invested his wealth in Portuguese enterprises, and developed as hobby the cataloguing of old Portuguese editions. He was to have the unique reward, at his tragically unexpected death, of burial amid honour in his one-time capital, the body being taken back to Lisbon in a British warship. Manoel's widow, who never reigned, has retired to Bavaria.

A month or two later, "Leopold the Unloved" of Belgium passed away, verging on eighty. Because of his cruel exploitation of the natives in the Congo, a tragic slave-driving that made the shrewd old fellow one of the richest sovereigns in Europe, Leopold went down to the tomb amid much execration.

Then Frederick of Denmark, brother of Queen Alexandra, died in mysterious circumstances. The King was found dead early one morning in the Goose Market, in Hamburg, and because of the peculiar reputation this neighbourhood enjoyed, there were rumours concerning the exact nature of his Majesty's end. The year after, another

(*Continued on page 156*)

Dowager Lady Minto

Lady Cynthia Colville

Duchess of Northumberland

Dowager Lady Airlie

Duchess of Roxburghe

Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew

Lady Joan Verney

# The Royal Circle

## *Their Majesties' Personal Friends*

### By Charles Graves

KING GEORGE is much more retiring in private life than his father, the late King Edward. The result is that the public knows extremely little about him and Queen Mary, despite their many public appearances. It is general knowledge that he is fond of racing, yachting, stamps and shooting, and that Her Majesty is a keen collector of antiques. Beyond that a heavy veil descends. Does he play poker? Does she play bridge? Does he make jokes? What is the name of his valet? Who is his hairdresser? Above all, who are their personal friends?

Sometimes the veil is lifted by a speech of the Prince of Wales. Recently he said that the King gave up golf because it was too much for the Royal equilibrium. Sometimes you meet people who have been given the honour of an audience. At a Royal garden party two years ago the King stopped and spoke to Tom Webster, saying that he liked his rugger cartoons best. Recently a certain young A.D.C. to one of the Royal Princes told me how he had been dining at Balmoral. In his nervousness he upset the mustard and rapidly placed his plate over the spot. As far as he could see, the King had noticed nothing. A few minutes later the King suddenly spoke to him. He told him that the tablecloth was very old and very valuable. He explained the motif of the needlework, which was apparently a stag hunt. He pointed out the huntsmen and hounds and everything else. Then he added "And if you look under your plate you will see the stag." The young man blushed horribly and did nothing. But the King made him raise his plate and expose the spot.

That the King reads the gossip columns, or some of them, is certain. Some five years ago I was talking in the *Daily Mail* of a certain Guards officer who was an American and not a British subject. A few days later he was dining with the King, who referred to the paragraph, and told him that as he was not born an Englishman, he could, at any rate, never be awarded the Victoria Cross. The Royal interest in regimental traditions is well known to the officers of the Household Brigade. But not so much to the public. When, in 1917, a captain in the Royal Welch

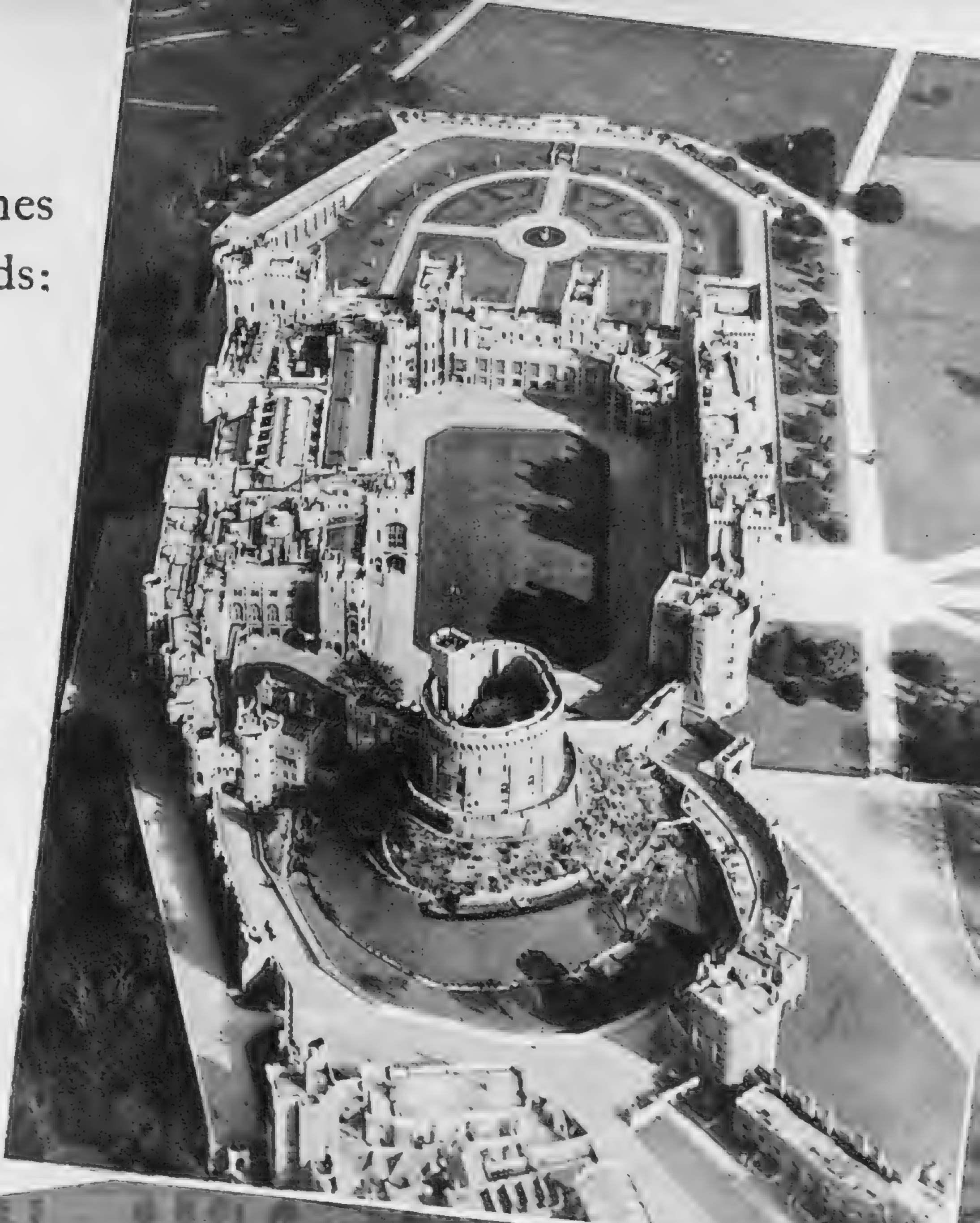
(*Continued on page 21*)

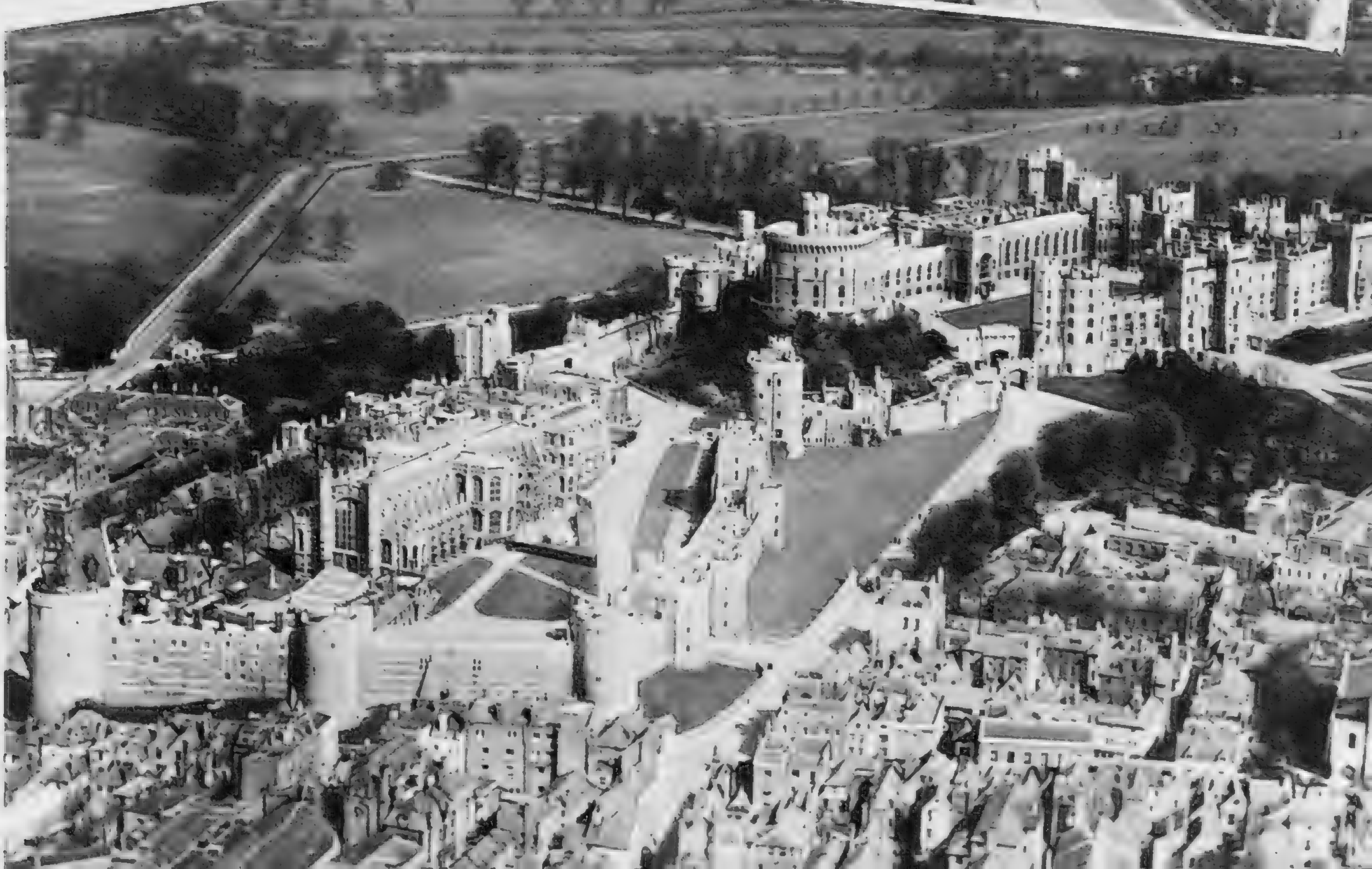
# The Royal Homes from the Clouds:

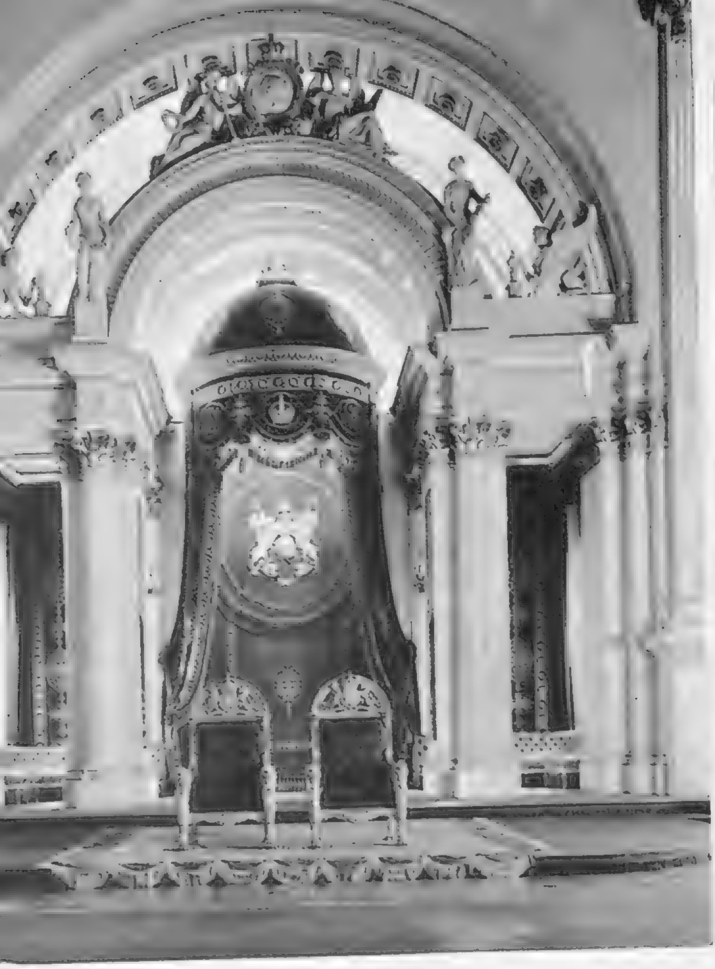
# WINDSOR CASTLE

*The accompanying two aerial views give a magnificent idea of the delightful situation of Windsor, which, since the time of William the Conqueror, has been one of the principal residences of the English Sovereigns. The Castle lies at the north-eastern edge of the town, on a slight but commanding eminence, and the massive round tower in the centre is a landmark for many miles on the surrounding plain.*

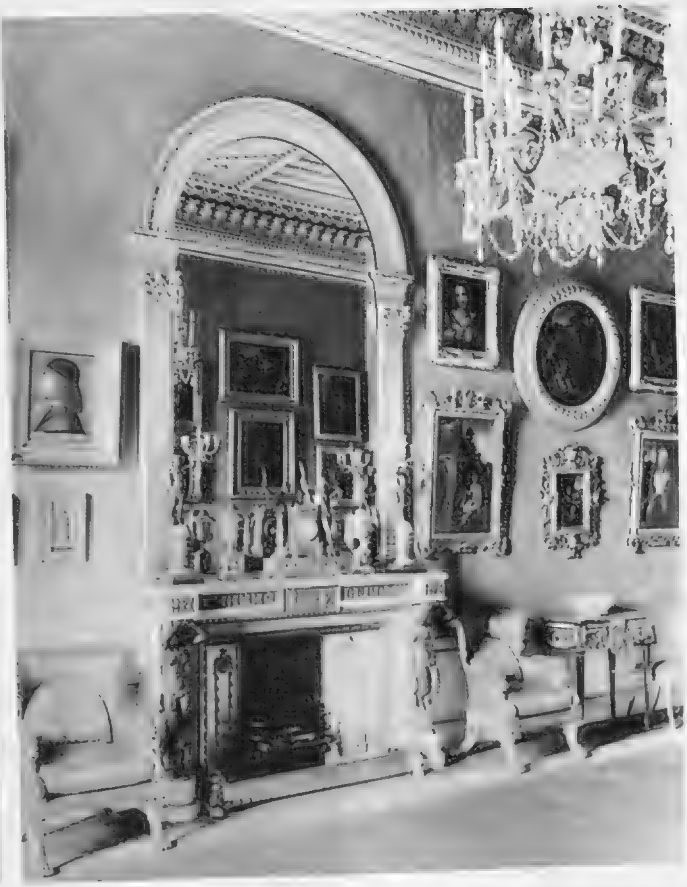
*On right:—A magnificent aerial view of Windsor, showing the Round Tower, on its artificial mound, and the surrounding buildings. Below: A picture showing how the houses of Windsor town come up to the Castle walls on the one side, while on the other there are acres and acres of rolling parkland*



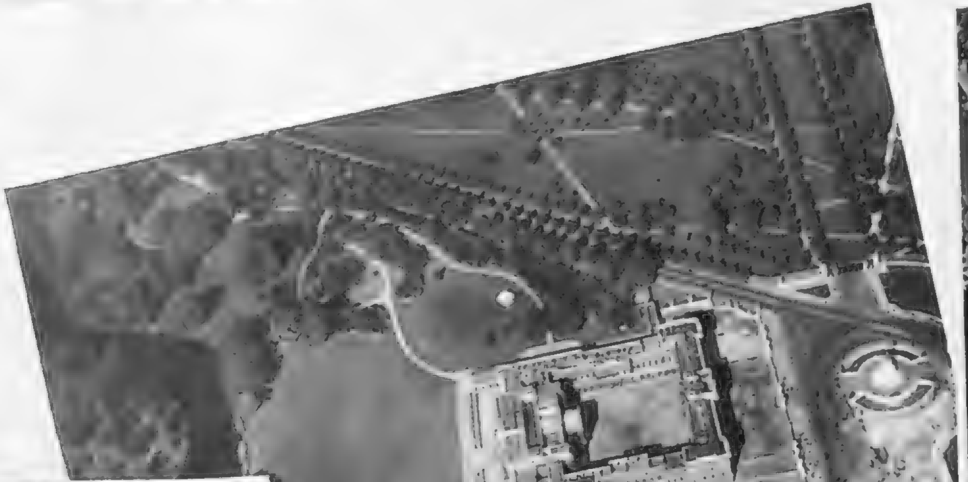




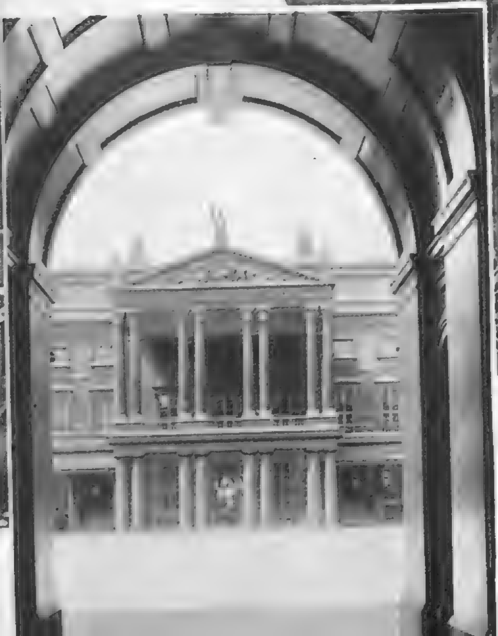
*The Daïs in the Ball-room where their Majesties receive the débutantes at the various Courts held during the Season. Behind the throne is the gold-embroidered canopy of crimson velvet formed from the hangings of the Imperial Shamiana beneath which the King-Emperor and Queen-Empress took their seats at the Coronation Durbar held at Delhi in 1911*



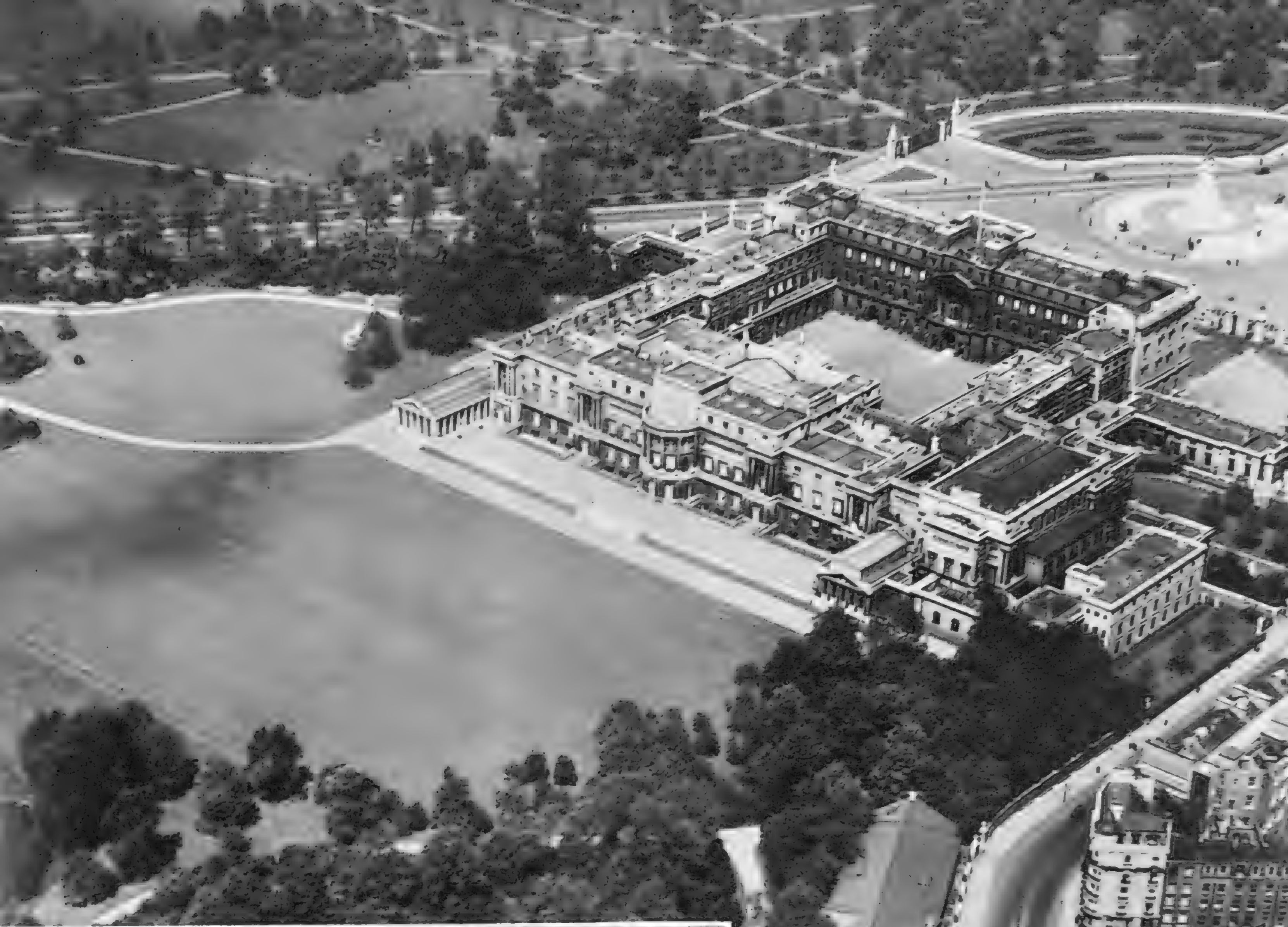
*The Royal Closet, showing the marble and ormolu mantelpiece made about 1785 from a design by Henry Holland*



*Rus in Urbe. A view of the Palace that makes it difficult to believe that it is set in the heart of the great metropolis*

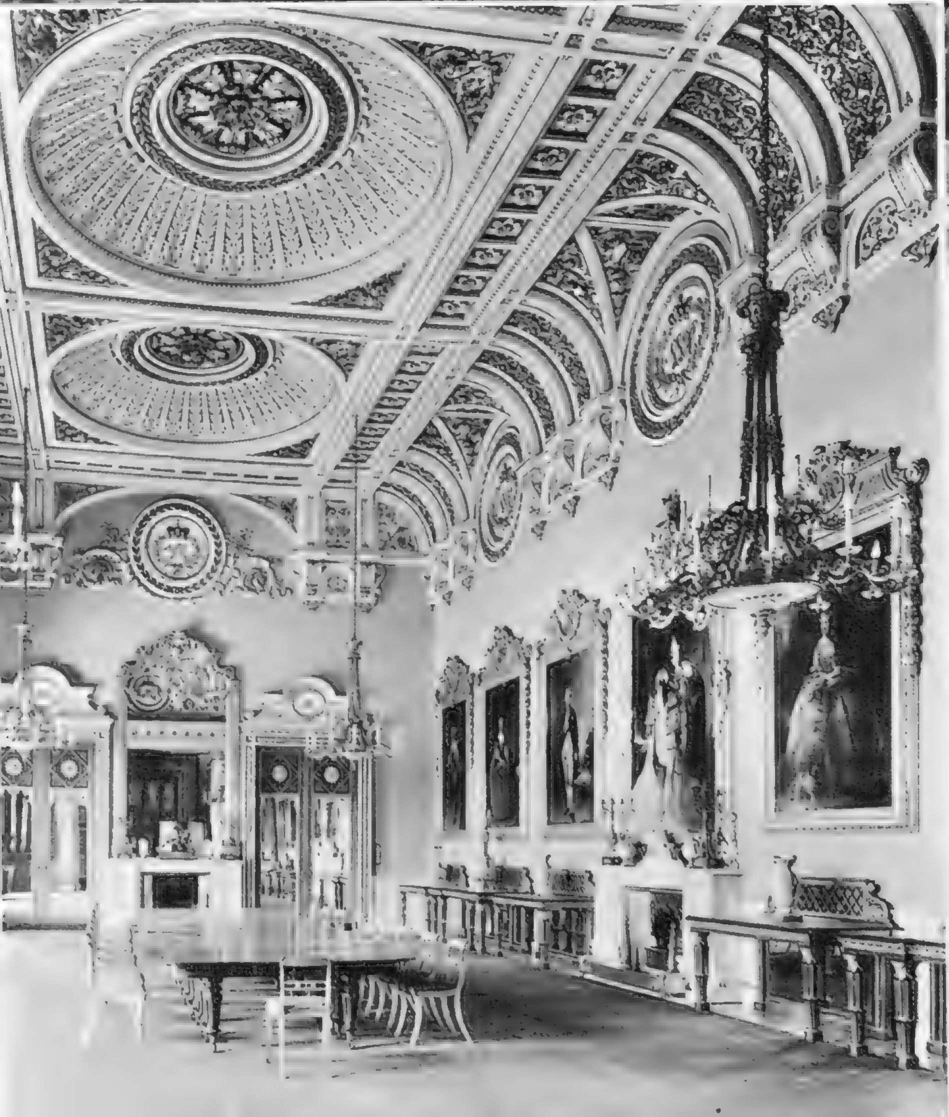


*The Grand Entrance, which faces the visitor when passing through the archway leading from the Mall*



*An aerial view of the palace, showing the extensive lawns where the Royal Garden Parties are held. The building was designed by John Nash for George IV., but was considerably altered by Blore in the second quarter of the last century*

# Buckingham Palace — and some of its interiors



*The State Dining-room, which is notable for the effect of extreme brilliance produced by the lavish use of gold on the plaster-work of the ceiling, on the mahogany sideboards, and on the ormolu-mounted doorways. The most outstanding feature, however, is the row of full-length Royal portraits extending along the wall facing the windows*

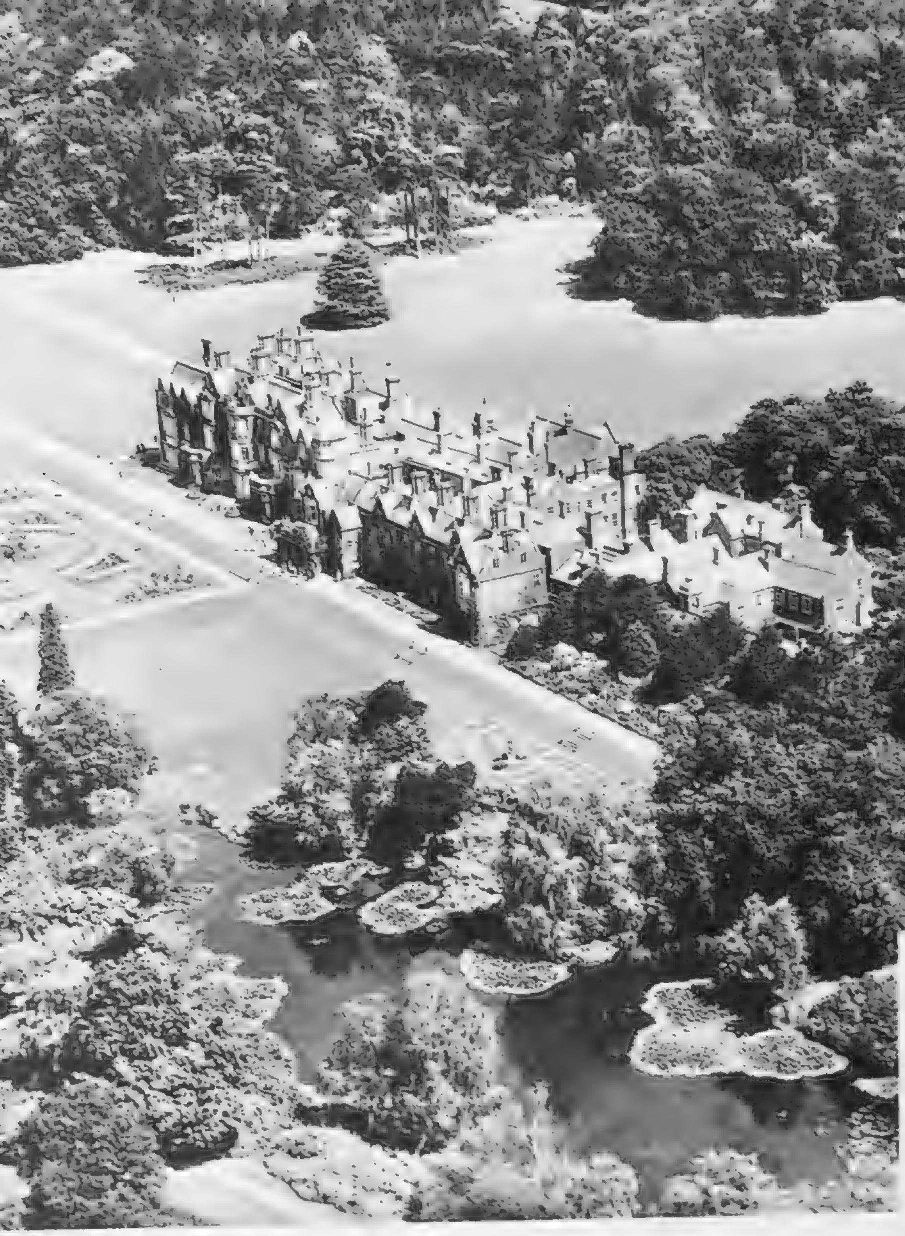
# The Royal Homes:

# SANDRINGHAM

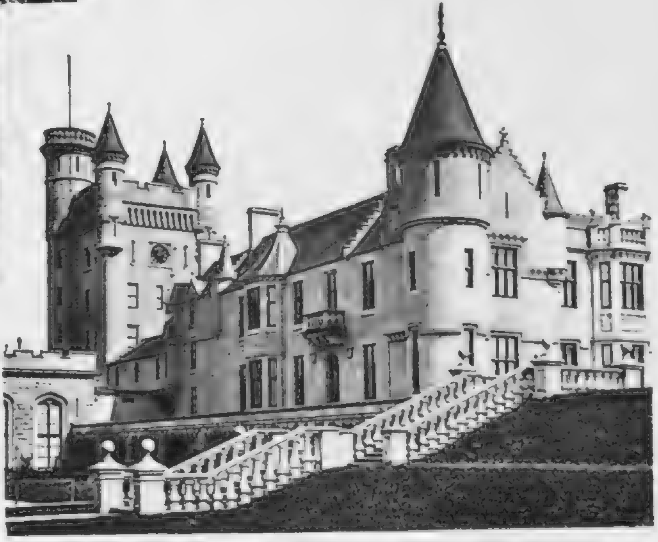
## —from the Air—

## AND

# BALMORAL

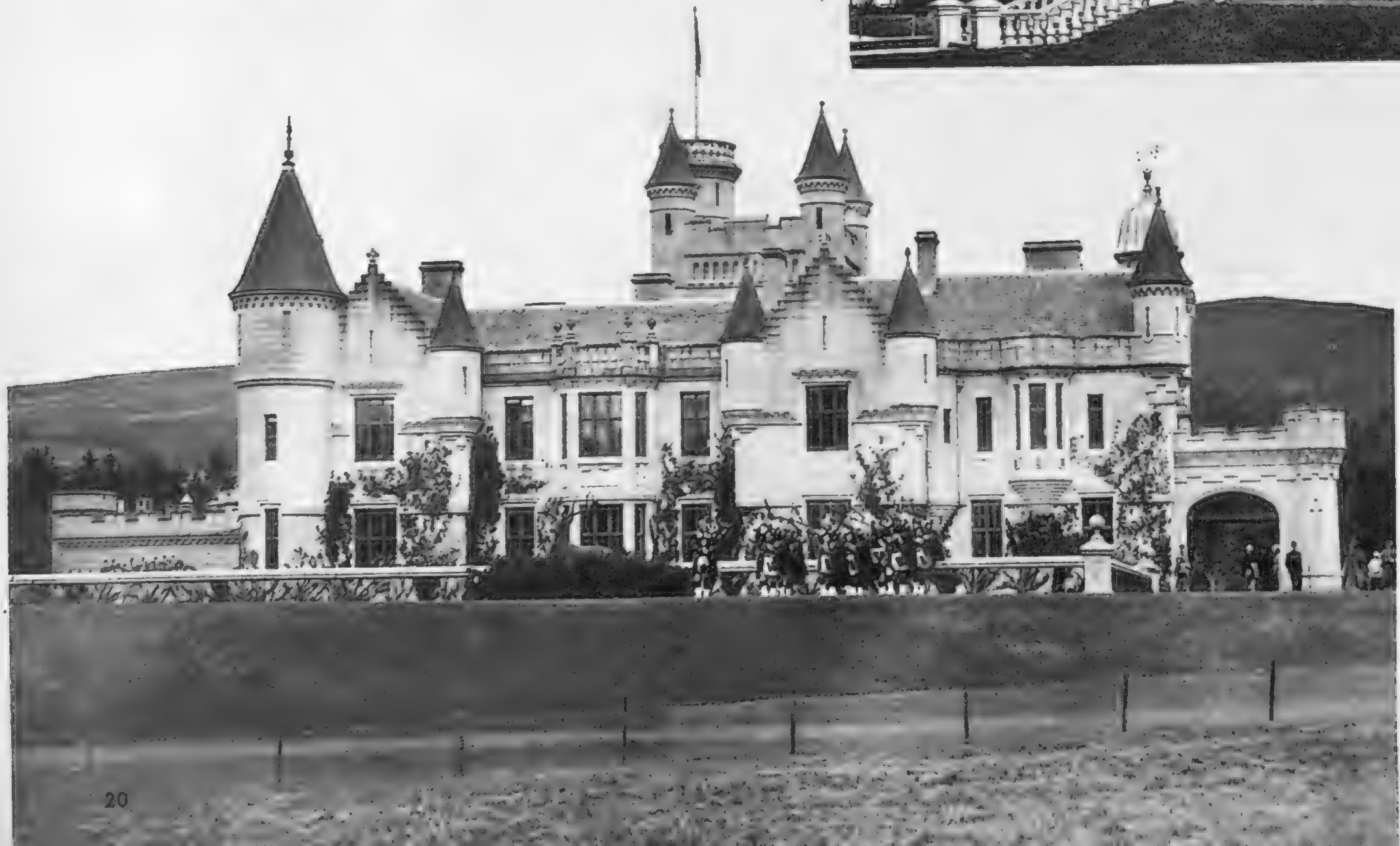


*Left:*
*The King's Norfolk Home. An aerial view of Sandringham Hall and its delightfully wooded grounds. The estate was bought in 1862 by Edward VII. (then Prince of Wales), and the then existing mansion was some years later replaced by the present building*



*A home in the Highlands. Balmoral, the famous royal residence in Aberdeenshire, where his Majesty spends the early part of the autumn. The Castle commands magnificent views of the River Dee, and of the neighbouring mountains*

*Below:*
*In the Scottish Baronial style: another view of Balmoral Castle. When the Prince Consort acquired this estate in 1852, the old Castle was found to be not sufficiently commodious for the Royal family, and the present granite building was erected between 1853 and 1855, at a cost of £100,000*



Sir Harry Stonor

Sir Clive Wigram

Lord Anglesey

Duke of Portland

(*Continued from page* 16) Fusiliers was decorated at an investiture, the King made him about turn, and then in a stage whisper said, "Never let them take the flash away from you." He was referring to the bunch of black ribbons worn on the back of the neck by officers of this regiment, which the Army Council had been making an effort to discard. When there is a change in Army dress you may be sure that the King insists on giving his personal approval before anything is done.

Yes, despite the retiring disposition of the King, one can glean all kinds of details about him. Not so long ago the Duke of Kent was saying at a cocktail party that his father had much liked Peter Arno's book of comic drawings, and in particular the one depicting a balcony scene. His fondness for *Rose Marie*, the musical comedy, was well known at the time because of his visits to it. From the gramophone companies one learns of the number of records of its tunes that he ordered. In a more direct way I learnt of his partiality for Tauber's singing. The occasion was a Royal concert at the Albert Hall last year. That same evening I heard of his Royal decision that encores should only be given when he asked for them himself. This is not often, if only because he has a set rule of retiring for the night at 10.40 exactly, and everything is scheduled to the minute.

BUT what of his and the Queen's personal friends? Well, there are about twenty of them. His closest acquaintance, the late Sir Charles Cust, died three years ago. They had been shipmates in *Britannia*, and when the King was so seriously ill at Bognor four years ago, Lord Dawson of Penn sent for him specially to cheer him up, which he did immediately. Sir Charles, who was a bachelor to the end, was in attendance on the King for thirty-nine years. His two chief hobbies were gardening and collecting naval prints. He was a great friend of the late Sir Charles Hawtrey, with whom he used to go for the cure to Marienbad. He lunched regularly at the Orleans Club. As a young man he served in the Egyptian War of 1882. A few years ago he had his shoulder struck heavily by the boom while racing in *Britannia*, and on one occasion he drove an L.M.S. railway engine from the Midlands to Euston. Admiral Campbell was another close friend of the King who has died in the past few years. He also, I fancy, was a shipmate in *Britannia*. He was exceedingly good-looking, and one saw him occasionally at Ciro's. The late Lord Stamfordham, who was the King's private secretary for so many years, is yet another friend whose loss the King felt deeply.

The late Annie Lady Cowdray was similarly a great friend of the Queen. She had a cottage in the Forest of Birse of which there were only three keys. The Queen had one, the third was in the custody of the housekeeper. When the Queen was at Balmoral she used frequently to go there and have tea just with Annie Lady Cowdray.

One of the Queen's greatest friends to-day is the Dowager Lady Airlie. She looks like a tall French marquise, with her magnificent figure and her white hair surmounted by a hat nearly always tilted at a slight angle. I once had the good fortune to travel out to Egypt with her in the *Narkunda*. She was the life and soul of the ship. Also on board was a musical comedy touring company going out to Australia. The Dowager Lady Airlie took complete charge of the proceedings, ran the ship's concert, and herself played the drums. Only a real *grande dame* could be so jolly and yet never for an instant lose her dignity. She is now a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen. She will always be remembered at Glamis, where the Duchess of York was brought up. On one occasion the heel of her shoe came off while she was doing an eightsome reel. In order not to break up the dance, she finished it with the recalcitrant shoe in her hand. Her husband was killed in the South African War. She herself lived most of her life at Cortachy Castle, famous for its ghostly drummer who is supposed to announce in advance each death that occurs to a male member of the family.

The Dowager Lady Minto is another close friend of the Queen. Her husband was Governor-General of Canada. When she was out there she endured all the rigours of the Klondyke with him. She canoed for hundreds of miles; she crossed the Rockies on a cow-catcher; she grilled bison steak for the party, and skated herself into the hearts of the Canadians. Before her marriage she was Miss Mary Grey. On one occasion at Ottawa her husband, as Governor, gave an official garden party. Nobody turned up to it. The A.D.C. had forgotten to send out the invitations. History does not relate the reprimand. In her very full life the Dowager Lady Minto has also been Vicereine of India and, among other duties, once entertained the Amir of Afghanistan. He drank three bottles of soda water, which apparently made him as lively as a Scotsman would become after a similar number of bottles of whisky. To-day she is still a great connoisseur in wood carving, and is very fond of turquoises. Not long ago she became a member of the London Ice Club, thus renewing her Canadian memories.

The Queen's oldest friend is probably Lady Bertha Dawkins, who has a suite of rooms in Kensington Palace. As Lady Bertha Wilbraham, being the daughter of the former Lord Lathom, she was a first-class amateur actress. Tragedy entered her life very young, for her husband died within two years of their marriage. She has, however, a daughter—Edith—who figures so often in the organisation of charity balls.

TWO duchesses are particular friends of the Queen. One of them is the Duchess of Roxburghe. Her husband died three years ago. She was Miss May Goelet, of New York, an heiress whose father left three million pounds. It was said at the time that five European princes, as well as platoons of earls and viscounts, all proposed marriage to her. She, like the

(*Continued on page* 136)

Duchess of Portland

Lady Anglesey

Lady Hartington

# Out *of the* Frying Pan

REMY'S eyes were dangerous under the black brows that almost met above her short, straight nose. When her eyes were dangerous, she looked very like her famous brother, like the photographs magazines delighted to print of him in his favourite rôles, staring from behind a machine-gun or over a black automatic.

All the Shanleys had that dangerous look when they were angry. It had made James Joseph Shanley a great section boss; in this new era it made his son, Rex Shanley, a motion-picture star.

Meeting Remy's look, Rex said: "If it isn't too much trouble, of course." His voice had a silky note. When she did not answer, he smiled at her—a brilliant smile that somehow did not soften the hardness of his face.

"We have ten servants in this mansion," said Remy Shanley. "I don't suppose it's too much trouble to get a dinner for ten, even on four hours' notice. If you'll give me the guest list I'll arrange the table. You don't expect me to be here, do you? I've got a date."

Her brother looked surprised. Remy couldn't tell whether the surprise was genuine or not. He was an actor, and a much better actor than people gave him credit for being, as Remy knew. As a gangster he wouldn't have survived fifteen minutes: yet look how well he played the rôle.

"I thought you'd like it, darling," he said. "Harvey—he's always amusing—and Hans von Weigand and the Journers. They got in by plane from New York to-day."

"Sure, I know," said Remy.

She got up and went restlessly to the end of the long room. On her feet she was rather splendid, with curved hips and breast, with long, slim legs like a dancer's, with a dash about her. But it was Remy's hair that had given her a reputation in Hollywood. Against the green curtains that fell full length at the windows, it was an amazing red that broke away from her face in waves, that winged back from her ears as though a wind blew about her. Only one other place could you ever see that colour—in the coat of a sorrel thoroughbred going to the post in full sunlight. To see Remy Shanley's hair was to realise how many women had failed to achieve it. The instant you saw it above Remy's small, irregular face you knew that when she was a freckled kid it had swept down between her skinny shoulders in that same hot flame.

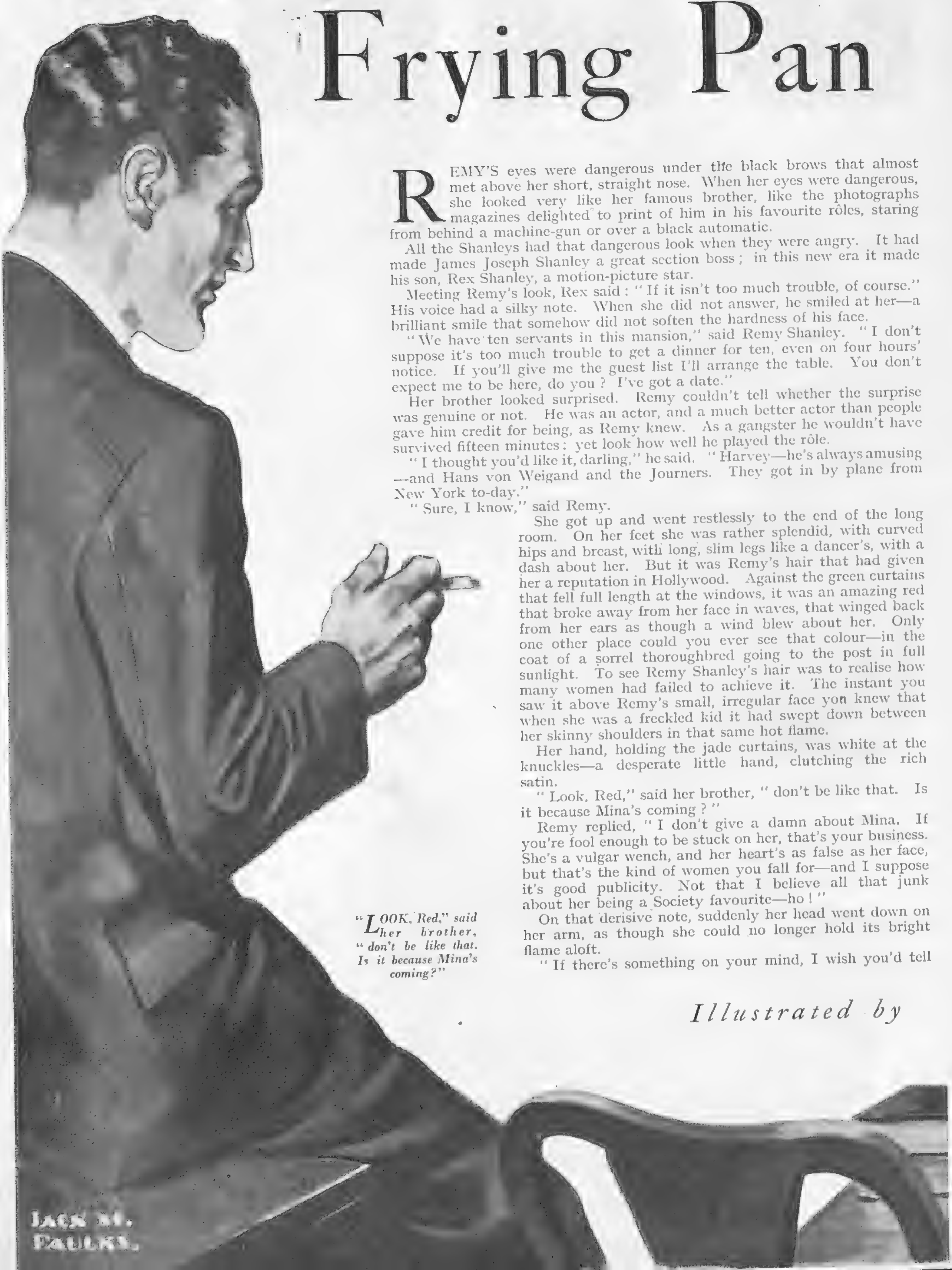
Her hand, holding the jade curtains, was white at the knuckles—a desperate little hand, clutching the rich satin.

"Look, Red," said her brother, "don't be like that. Is it because Mina's coming?"

Remy replied, "I don't give a damn about Mina. If you're fool enough to be stuck on her, that's your business. She's a vulgar wench, and her heart's as false as her face, but that's the kind of women you fall for—and I suppose it's good publicity. Not that I believe all that junk about her being a Society favourite—ho!"

On that derisive note, suddenly her head went down on her arm, as though she could no longer hold its bright flame aloft.

"If there's something on your mind, I wish you'd tell



*"LOOK, Red," said her brother, "don't be like that. Is it because Mina's coming?"*

*Illustrated by*

# *About that crazy, murderous night of Battle when a Boy boxed for his life and the flaming glory of a girl's Red Hair*

## *By*

## Adela Rogers St. Johns

me," Rex said, sympathetically. No one, Remy thought—and hated herself for thinking—could have read that speech more perfectly.

She came back towards him, restless, obviously shaken. Her eyes narrowed until only a glint of grey showed between the black lashes, but they took in the room swiftly, with contempt. That much-photographed room. The shining bare walls. The copper-coloured divans, banded in cold metal. The glass-topped tables and metal lamps. The geometric desk.

"I am a completely useless female," said Remy Shanley, very low, "living a completely useless life in an interior decorator's house among a lot of synthetic people whose very names aren't their own. The only person I have to love is a brother who has forgotten where he leaves off and his acting begins. I live in a land where even the damn sunshine isn't any use, because sun arcs are brighter than the sun. I never hear anything except voices that are still talking into microphones, and they never talk about anything except makebelieve. I can never believe a word they say, because they're all writing dialogue; nor anything they do, because it's their business to dramatise everything; nor even the way they look, because they're just animated photographs. I live in a town which every living inhabitant pretends to hate but from which no one ever escapes——"

Her palms struck the table; they cut her words in two.

The silence was uneasy, ashamed.

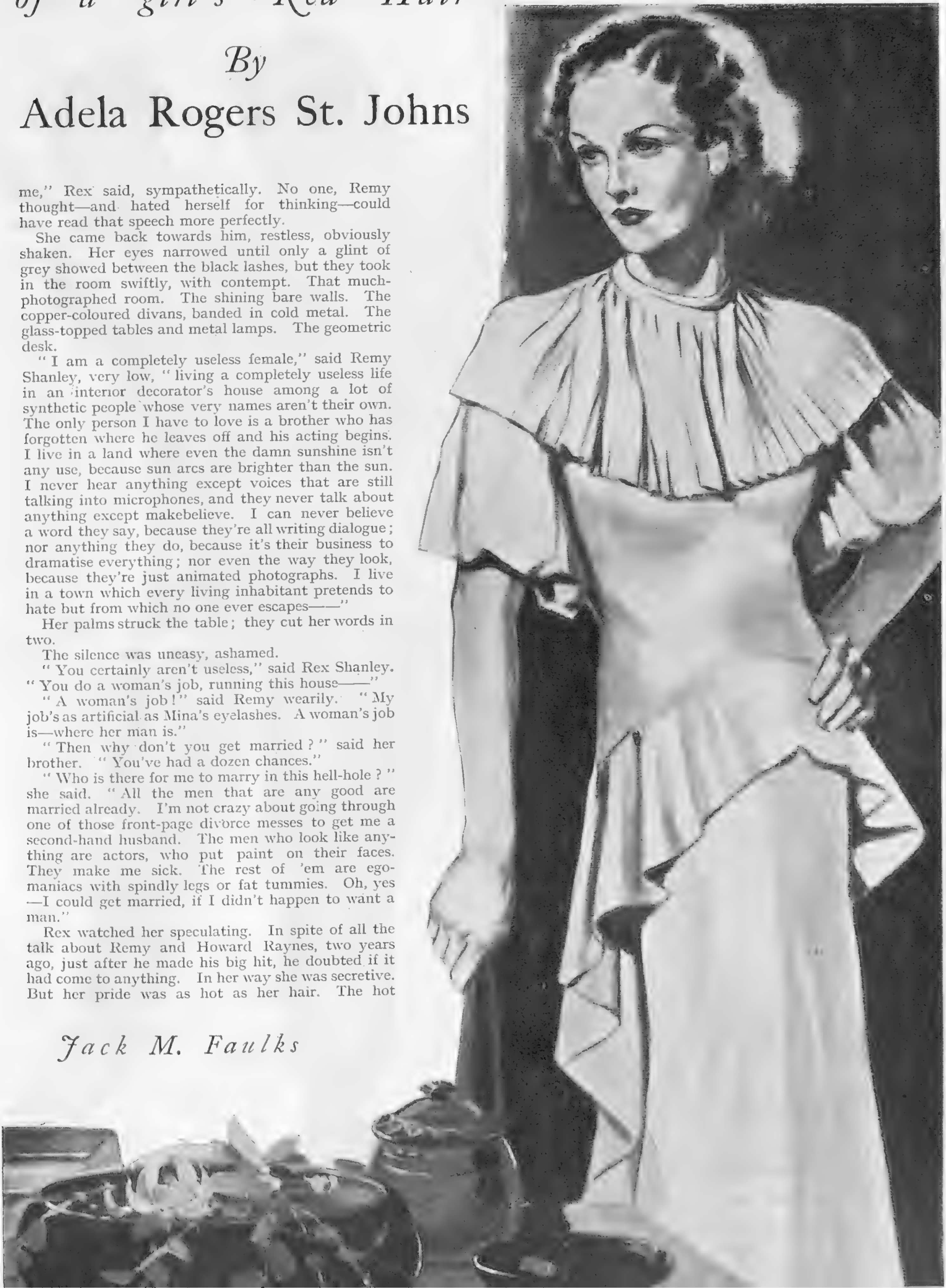
"You certainly aren't useless," said Rex Shanley. "You do a woman's job, running this house——"

"A woman's job!" said Remy wearily. "My job's as artificial as Mina's eyelashes. A woman's job is—where her man is."

"Then why don't you get married?" said her brother. "You've had a dozen chances."

"Who is there for me to marry in this hell-hole?" she said. "All the men that are any good are married already. I'm not crazy about going through one of those front-page divorce messes to get me a second-hand husband. The men who look like anything are actors, who put paint on their faces. They make me sick. The rest of 'em are ego-maniacs with spindly legs or fat tummies. Oh, yes—I could get married, if I didn't happen to want a man."

Rex watched her speculating. In spite of all the talk about Remy and Howard Raynes, two years ago, just after he made his big hit, he doubted if it had come to anything. In her way she was secretive. But her pride was as hot as her hair. The hot



*Jack M. Faulks*

restlessness of her smouldered; it didn't erupt. Certainly Preston Curtis, who wrote scenarios at twenty thousand a crack, had been crazy about her. All Remy ever said about that was that he ought to see a good dentist.

"Why don't you marry Lenny?" he said. "He's not bad-looking, and he makes plenty of dough. He'll be one of the big directors. You could help him a lot."

"If he tells me the story of one more picture he has made or is going to make," said Remy Shanley with a smile that was sheer insolence, "I'll make the front pages for you. I gave him six months to mention something beside himself and motion pictures, and then I gave him the air."

"Hans wants to make tests of you," said Rex, and he was angry now. "I don't understand you at all. For three years, ever since you were sixteen, everybody in Hollywood has been trying to make tests of you. You're a handsome kid, Red, and with my name——"

"I wouldn't be a movie actress," said Remy Shanley, "if I had to take in washing—like our grandmother did. I know it sounds crazy. A million girls would like to be in my shoes. But they don't know what it's really like. It just isn't good enough. I don't want to make-believe. I want to live—to live something on my own. If it's only for an hour, I want to get hold of life. I'm so sick of imitations."

"We haven't done so badly," said Rex Shanley coldly. "You're not particularly grateful, are you?"

Her eyes met his. "No," she said, "not particularly. For what? I've been worth my keep in publicity value alone. Rex Shanley's devotion to his motherless kid sister. How Rex Shanley's little sister worships her big brother—smeared all over everything, until it's so cheap and common. I've been a pretty good front for you, too. Some one of these chiseling dolls would have hooked you before now if I hadn't been around, and you'd be paying more alimony than it costs to feed and clothe me."

"Just what is it you want?" asked Rex, and he looked older, and the heaviness around his jowls that was beginning to worry his cameraman was plain.

For a moment the veil dropped from the girl's face. She looked like a hungry child, like a child seeking comfort, seeking a mother's hand in the peopled dark. Simplicity touched her with magic.

"I don't know," she answered. "I don't know. Something *real*—someone real—who needs me."

She got up and went to the door, with that restless stride of hers.

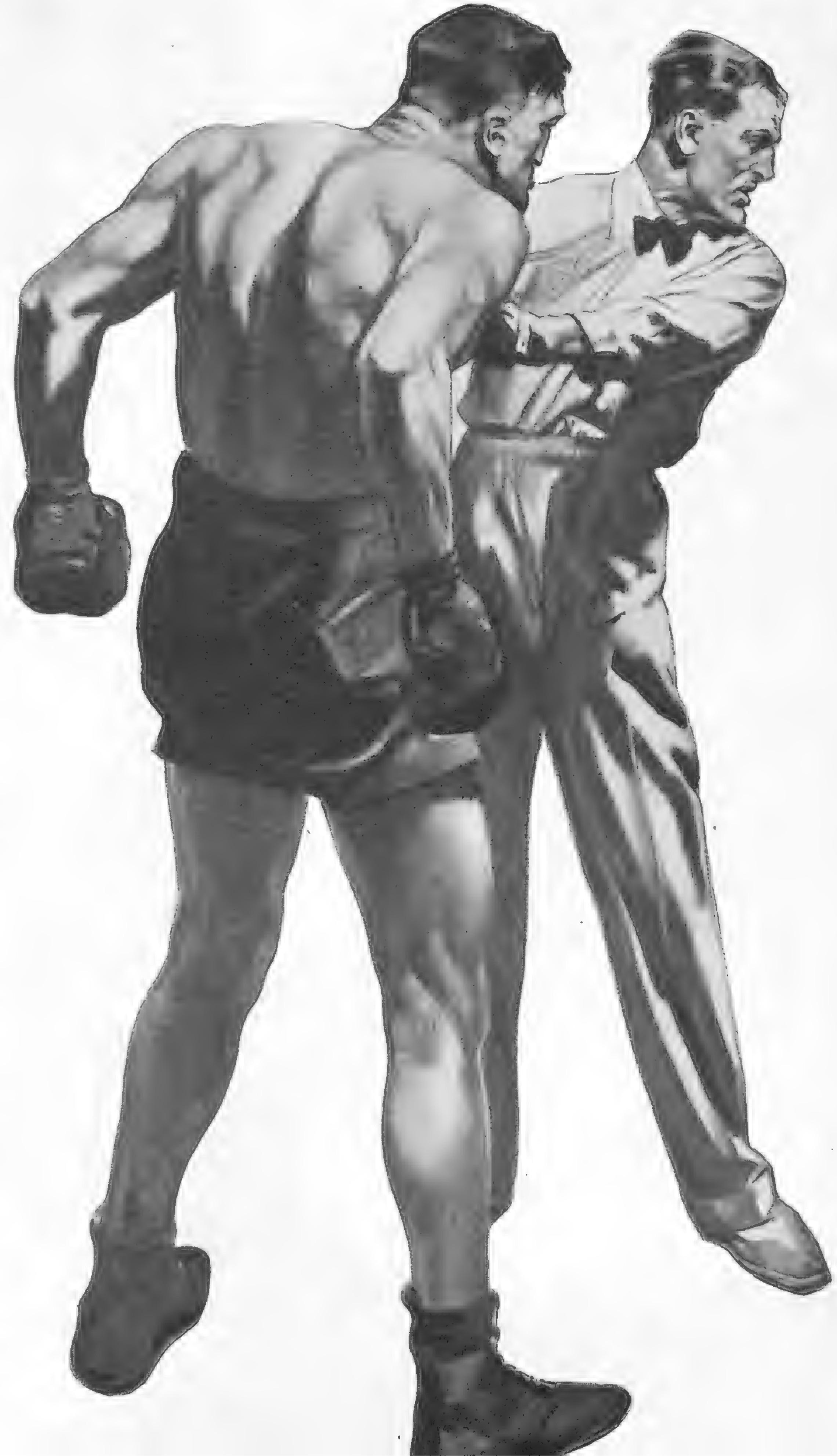
"I won't be here for dinner," she said.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to the fight with MacFarley."

"I don't know that I'm keen about you going to the fight with him. Sports writers aren't supposed to be exactly the proper escorts for young girls, are they?"

Remy's eyebrows flew up. "Darling!" she said, and shrieked with laughter. "I suppose I should stay at home—and dine with Mina! Hell, I wish you were right. I'd like to get



my hands on something real, even if it was a live cobra." Her voice shook on the last words. Her face was haggard and Celtic, with desperate yearning. She went out swiftly—a young girl seeking to find something for which she knew no name.

IT was a July night and hot with dry California winds from the desert.

In his dressing room, under the ring that stood in the centre of the Olympic auditorium, Terry Cahill sat on a small stool, his black head with its rough crest of curls back against the wall.

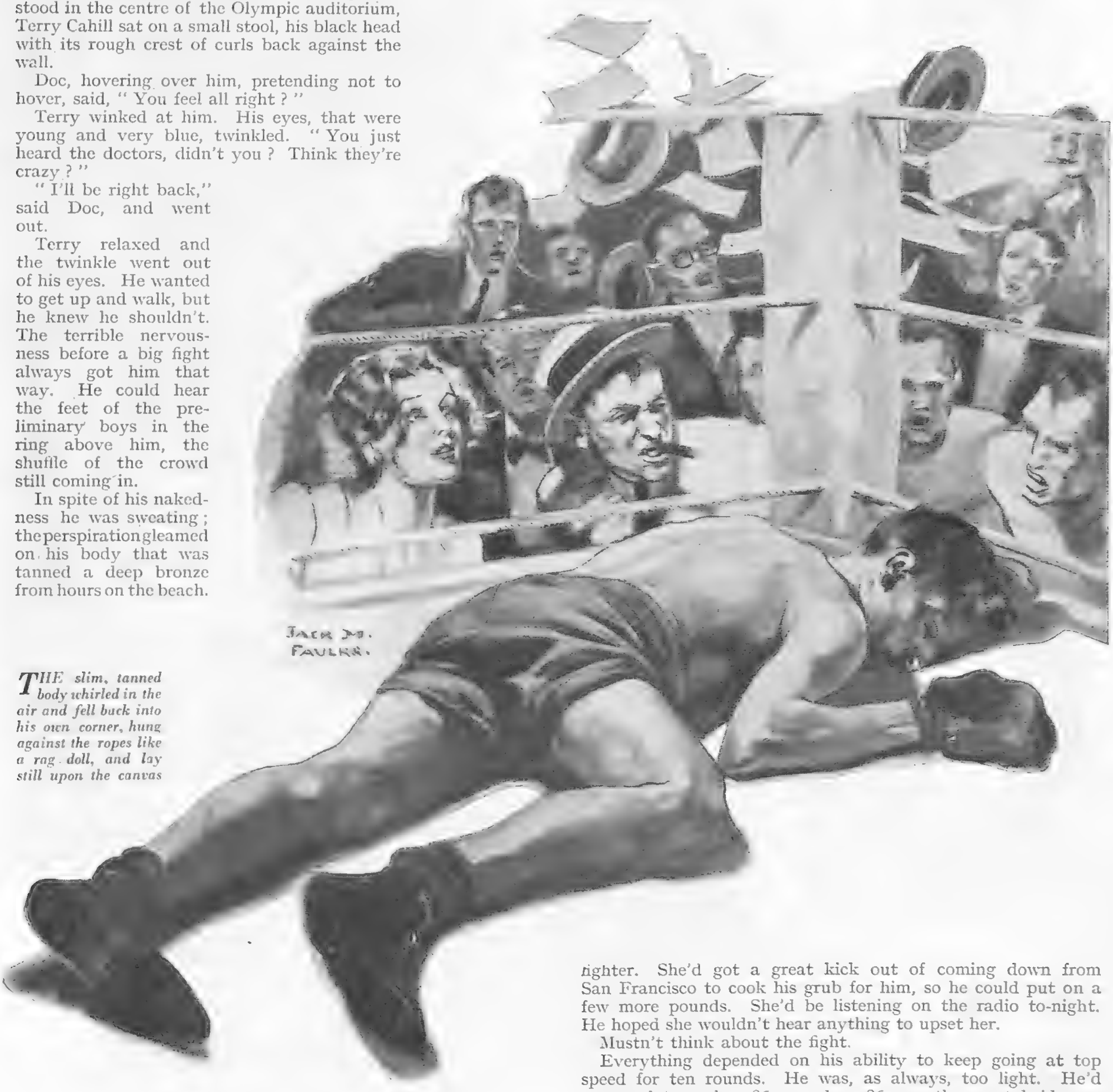
Doc, hovering over him, pretending not to hover, said, "You feel all right?"

Terry winked at him. His eyes, that were young and very blue, twinkled. "You just heard the doctors, didn't you? Think they're crazy?"

"I'll be right back," said Doc, and went out.

Terry relaxed and the twinkle went out of his eyes. He wanted to get up and walk, but he knew he shouldn't. The terrible nervousness before a big fight always got him that way. He could hear the feet of the preliminary boys in the ring above him, the shuffle of the crowd still coming in.

In spite of his nakedness he was sweating; the perspiration gleamed on his body that was tanned a deep bronze from hours on the beach.


JACK M. FAULKS.

*THE slim, tanned body whirled in the air and fell back into his own corner, hung against the ropes like a rag doll, and lay still upon the canvas*

He was sweating, his nerves were twitching, and he was very uncomfortable. Deliberately, he made himself relax every muscle of his finely conditioned body, until the torture grew less. Still the thoughts that went through his head were like dreams, just as you wake up and aren't sure whether they are real or not.

Dannenberg *v.* Cahill.

The slugger against the boxer.

The oldest story in sport.

"Mustn't think about the fight, you dumb ox," he told himself. "You think too damn much for your own good anyhow."

Golf. He'd broken ninety just before he started to train. Funny game. He'd always been pretty good at games. When he was a kid, he'd meant to be a big league ball player—right field, like the Babe. That was before they'd found out he could box, and Doc had taken charge of him. He certainly hadn't meant to be a fighter. But he was awfully young; he'd just drifted into it. No place else he could make that much dough, at seventeen.

Well, the money he'd fought to get had taken an awful load off Mom's mind, all right, with all those kids. Good kids, too. Especially Joey. Joey was a hell of a good kid. He'd see that Joey got to college, too. Mom kind of liked Terry being a fighter. She'd got a great kick out of coming down from San Francisco to cook his grub for him, so he could put on a few more pounds. She'd be listening on the radio to-night. He hoped she wouldn't hear anything to upset her.

Mustn't think about the fight.

Everything depended on his ability to keep going at top speed for ten rounds. He was, as always, too light. He'd managed to make 186 pounds—186 was the most he'd ever weighed for a fight, but he'd grown in the last year: he was 22 now. But a heavyweight ought to weigh more than that. He was still 24 pounds lighter than Dannenberg.

That gorilla wasn't worrying about weight, with his superb natural 210 pounds, nor about lasting ten rounds, nor pacing his fight, nor keeping away from punches. All *he* had to do was to go in there and sling rights and lefts and see if he could connect with Terry's incredibly swift, graceful body.

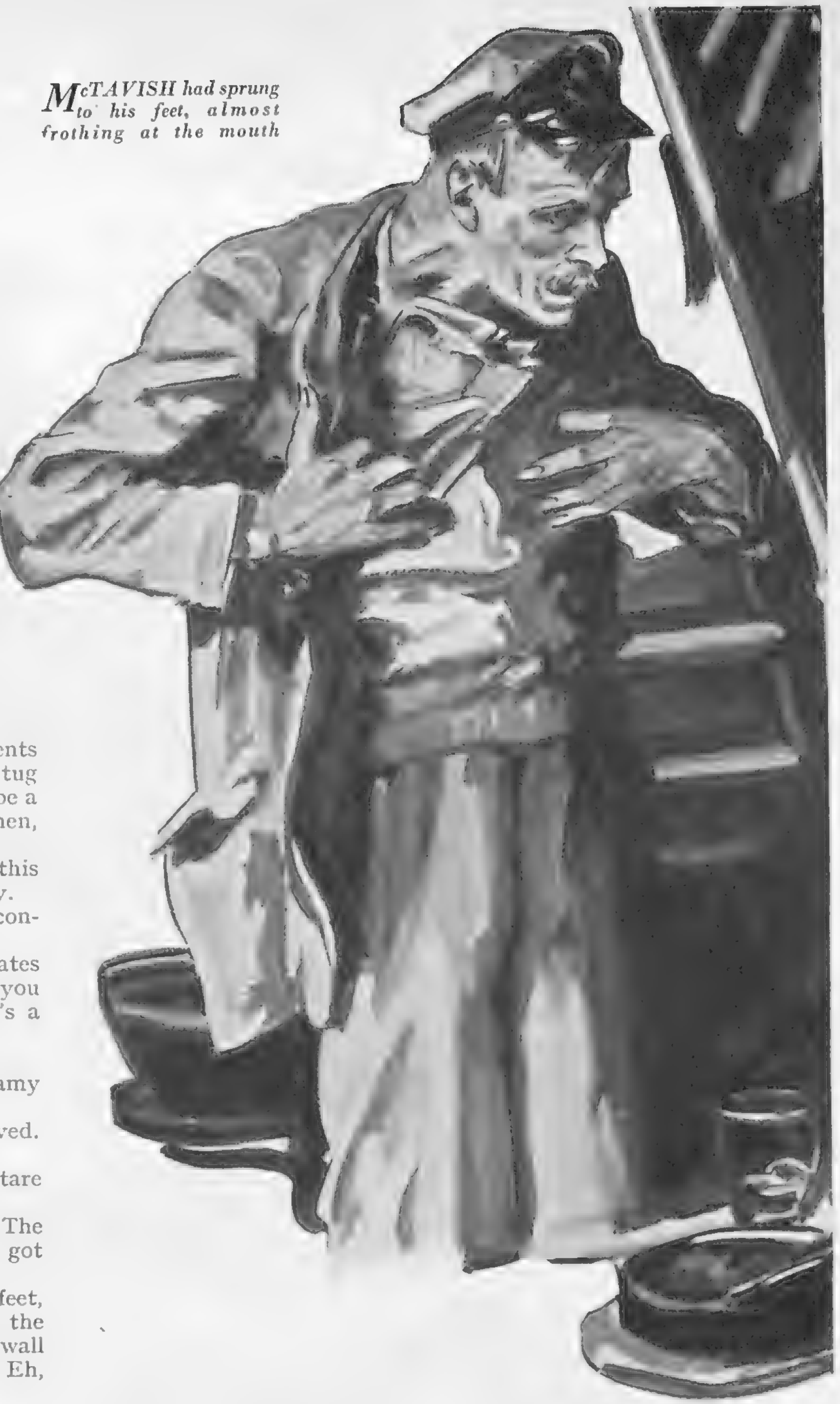
"He's got a face like King Kong," said Terry Cahill, and chuckled and found himself on his feet, moving back and forth with light, nervous steps. A female writer had once called him the Mordkin of the ring. Little Joey had been awful sore about that. "Well, kid, I can't sock *her*," Terry had told him.

Hot rage flooded him suddenly. For a flash he gloried in his famous left jab; he wanted to put it in Dannenberg's right eye lots of times. But the rage didn't last. It wasn't the primitive, sustained rage of the real fighter. (*Continued on page* 144)

# Simple Arithmetic

## *Contraband—and Calculation—at Sea*

### By R. V. Gery



*McTAVISH had sprung to his feet, almost frothing at the mouth*

CAPTAIN BELLAMY leant back in his chair and looked round the saloon table.

"Well, gentlemen?" he said.

A moment since he had dropped a bombshell among the officers of the freighter *Glendale*—Iquique to Valparaiso and intermediate ports—and all seven of them were staring at him open-mouthed. McTavish, the lean, red-moustached Scots engineer, was the first to recover himself.

"D'ye mean to say," he ejaculated, "that we're runnin' contraband?"

Bellamy nodded. "Just so, Mr. McTavish," he said equably, "if you like to put it that way. I'd prefer to call it a little speculation—but contraband, if you wish. Those fifty cases in number one hold marked 'Agricultural Implements,' are rifles and ammunition. They'll be glad to see them in San Tomas."

The *Glendale* was lumbering south and a little east; it was nearly midnight and very dark. Ten miles off to port lay the coast—the coast of a republic torn by internecine strife, its lurid affairs daily fodder for the Press of the world. Ahead, a short fifty miles, was San Tomas, the capital, and the *Glendale's* next port of call. Normally a dull enough spot, heat-blasted and squalid after the manner of its kind, but now a storm-centre, its little, saddle-coloured inhabitants plunged to the elbows in intrigue, in murder, and in the deadly give-and-take warfare peculiar to their lively politics.

McTavish tugged at his moustache.

"Ye're dealin' with the revolutionaries?"

"Certainly," said Bellamy. "I fixed it up with their agents at Iquique there. We'll be met outside San Tomas by a tug and make the transfer before daylight. Nobody's going to be a penny the wiser—and I don't mind telling you, gentlemen, there's very pretty money in the deal."

Again there was a silence, while his listeners digested this announcement. Then McTavish spoke again, thoughtfully.

"Aweel——" he said, and left it at that. Bellamy continued.

"They're paying us two thousand dollars, United States currency, for the job—on delivery. There are the seven of you gentlemen, and a little simple arithmetic'll tell you that's a hundred and thirty or so apiece——"

"Whut!"

It came like an explosion from the engineer, and Bellamy fixed him with a suddenly belligerent eye.

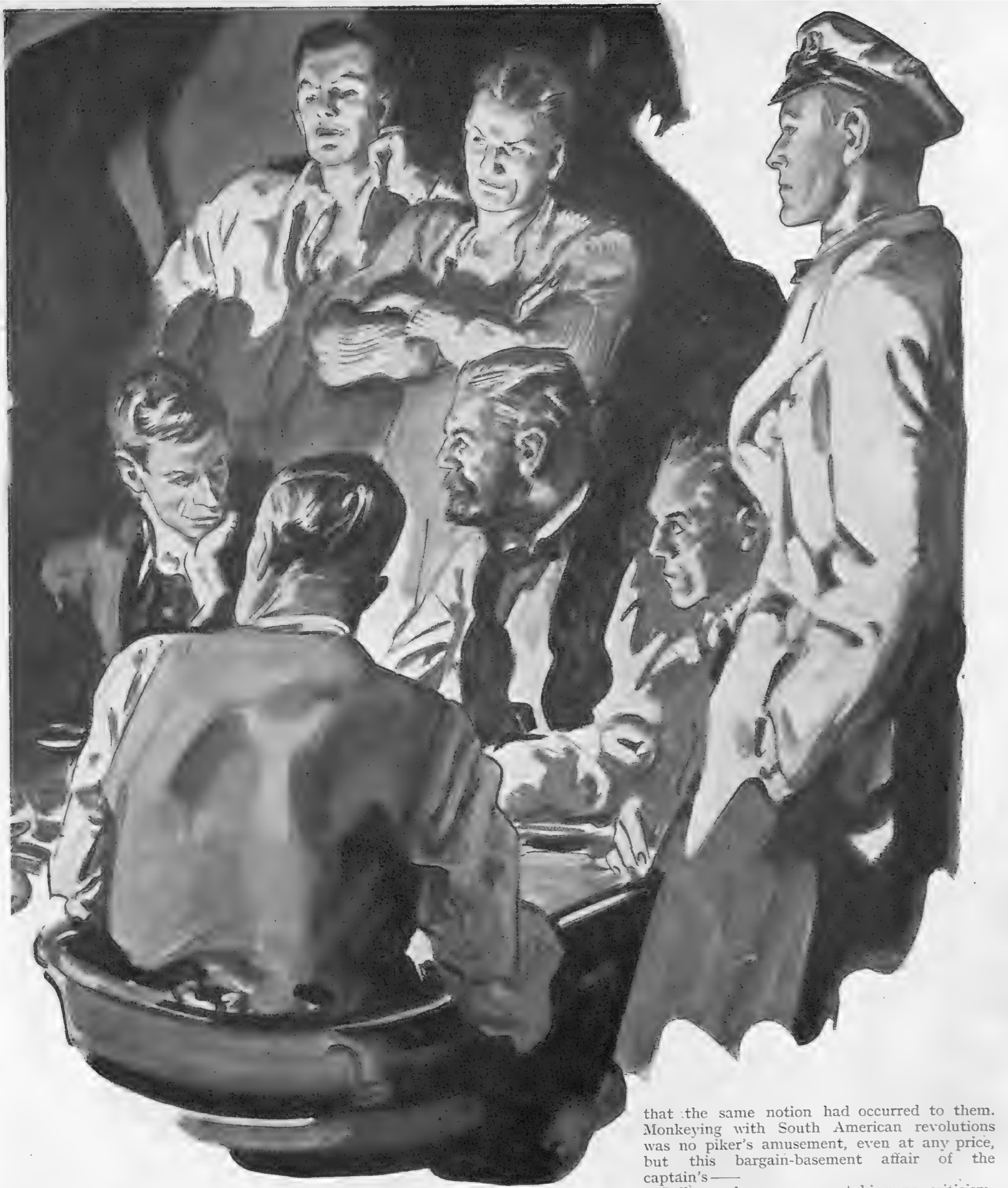
"You heard what I said, Mr. McTavish," he observed. "Sevens into a thousand are——"

"Ye said two thousand!" McTavish returned the stare with interest, but Bellamy was entirely unperturbed.

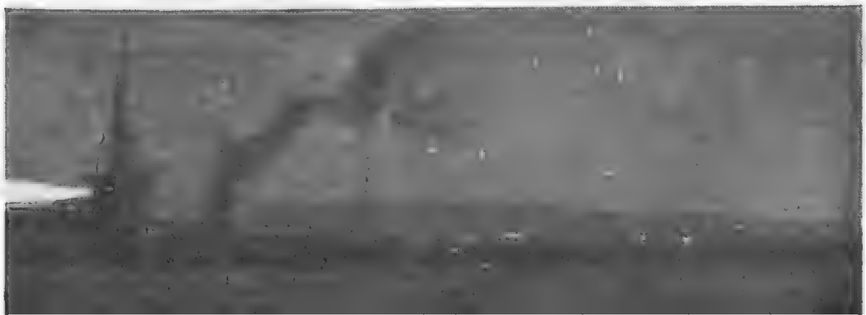
"I'm taking fifty per cent.," he announced curtly. "The idea's mine and the negotiations were mine. All you've got to do is to obey orders."

"Obey ma auntie!" McTavish had sprung to his feet, almost frothing at the mouth. "All we've to do's to tak' the risk, ma mannie—and fine we ken whut that is. A wall and a firin' party, if the Spig government catches us. Eh, frien's?"

He swung round on the other officers, and it was apparent



Illustrated by Gilbert Wilkinson



that the same notion had occurred to them. Monkeying with South American revolutions was no piker's amusement, even at any price, but this bargain-basement affair of the captain's——

Bellamy, however, was taking no criticism. He was a portly, autocratic little man, with a trick of blaring down opposition, and he called all his talents into play now.

"That'll do, sir—that'll do!" he snapped. "I'm under no obligation to discuss the matter with you. I went into this as a piece of private business, and it's mere generosity that I'm allowing you in on it at all. If you don't like to split on those terms, gentlemen, why, you've only got to say so, that's all. So much the better for me."

Ship's discipline is strong, even on a decayed veteran like the *Glendale*, and McTavish subsided, glaring. The Captain rose.

"We're to meet the lighter at six bells," he said firmly. "Mr. Mason, see all lights doused. Get the hatches off number one and derricks slung ready. The rest carry on, please, gentlemen."

He went marching out of the saloon, leaving his subordinates looking at one another. For once there seemed little or nothing to say.

MR. McTAVISH descended to his cabin, slamming the door behind him with a crash that might have been heard all over the ship.

"Hoomph!" he snorted, in bitterest scorn. "He wad offer, eh? The wee sneevelin' blastie! Weel, he's a deal to learrn yet, the crawlin' Shylock! Mphm, ay!"

He glowered at himself in the mirror—a hatchet-faced, vinegarish countenance—and fumbled in the cupboard for suitable consolation. Sitting on the edge of his berth, he drank moodily.

"Fufty per cent.!" he growled. "Man, it's fair murrder!"

There was a quick tap at the door, and a bullet, black head was thrust round it.

"Lodge of sorrow, chief, eh?" Cotton, the second officer, grinned infectiously. McTavish grunted.

"Come in, Muster Cotton, come in!" he said. "Ay, I'm e'en meditatin' on the shortcomin's o' puir human nature. Losh, yon black-hearted billy! Fufty per cent.!"

Cotton's grin widened. "Sure!" he said. "And if you do a little simple arithmetic——"

"Dinna!" McTavish waved agonised fingers. "Dinna remind me, Muster Cotton, or I misdoubt I'll be forgettin' maself an' havin' his life."

"I wouldn't blame you at that," said Cotton, accepting the proffered whisky. "But the question is—what are we going to do about it? Take it lying down? I don't know about you, but I'm getting a bit tired of this Bellamy."

McTavish continued sitting in his attitude of disgust, glass in hand.

"Ay!" he said after a moment. "It's wearyin', Muster Cotton—a thorn in the flesh. Sumple arithmetic, eh?"

He fell into a malign abstraction, his red-rimmed eyes on the floor. Cotton permitted him to remain undisturbed; he knew McTavish's moods, and the devious, scheming mind that went with them. And the fifty per cent. rankled no less with him than it did with the engineer. Dollars were dollars, after all, however they came.

McTavish stirred. "Ou, ay!" he said, half to himself. "Sumple arithmetic, it was, was it no? Weel, there's ways an' ways o' usin' that, Muster Cotton—maybe we micht show our guid frien' somethin' of 'em, after all's said."

"Got any ideas?" Cotton brightened, but the engineer shook his head.

"Na, na!" he said. "I was thinkin', nothin' more, Muster Cotton."

The second glanced at him. When McTavish took this retiring, deprecatory attitude, there was usually something more than fluff in his head.

"Well," he was beginning, "if anything does occur to you, chief——"

McTAVISH came to himself with a jerk and sat up listening intently. From above sounded the trample of feet, a hoarse shout, and the jangle of the engine-room telegraph. The *Glendale* veered sharply to starboard, heeling with the turn until crockery went noisily to leeward, and McTavish's whisky bottle rolled a-dribble into a corner. Somewhere out in the darkness there was a single report, loud, peremptory and unmistakable.

"Guid losh!"

The engineer vanished out of the door, as if picked up by a whirlwind. Cotton stared after him for a second. Then he, too, ran hot-foot for the bridge. As he went he heard the telegraph jangle again, and the engines slow and stop. The blinding beam of a searchlight hit him in the face as he pelted up the ladder.

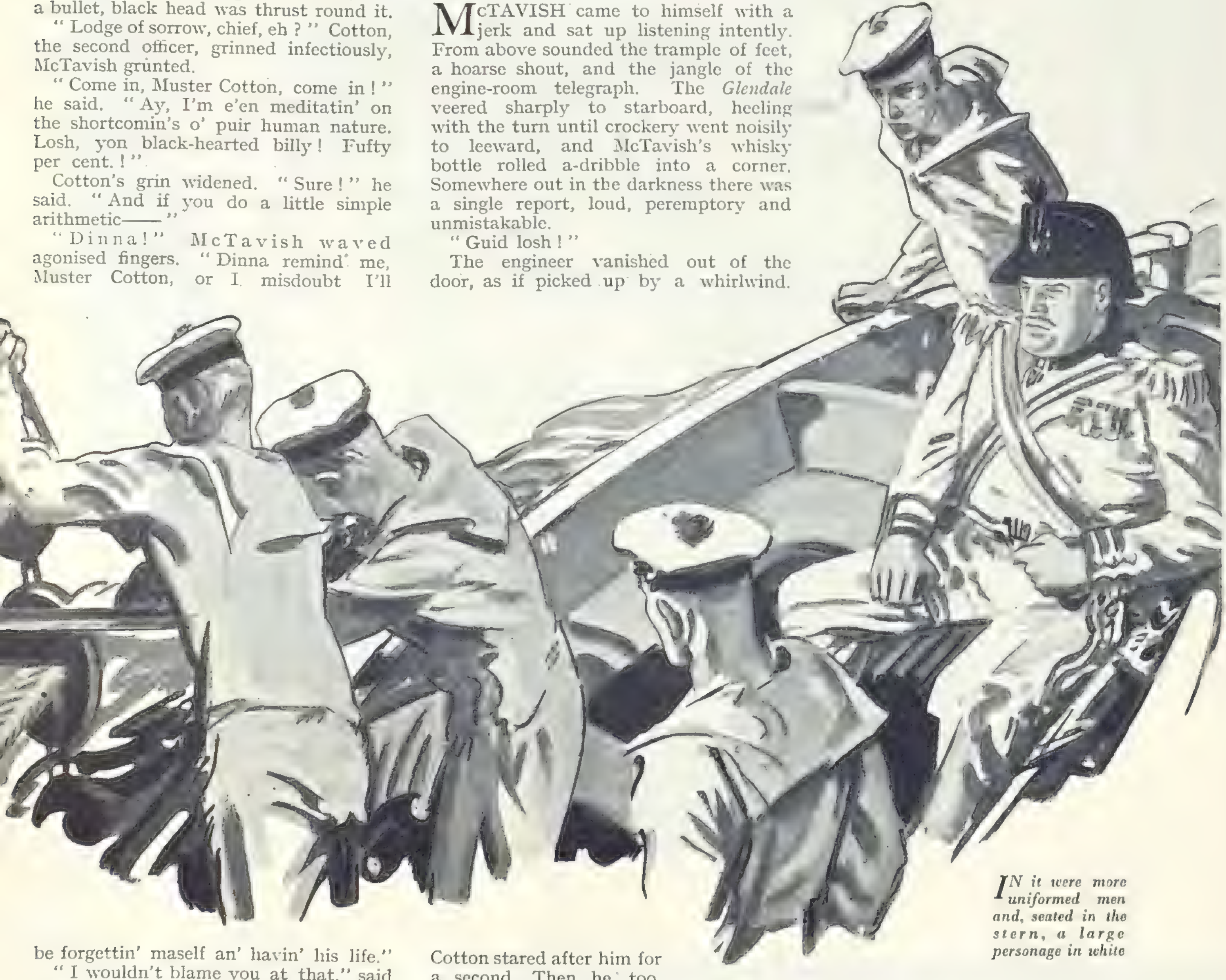
"Spotted, by the Lord!" he heard Mason, the first officer, say just in front of him. "It's the Spig navy."

It was—the single, old-type torpedo-vessel of the San Tomas Government. The *Glendale* had been neatly intercepted, and there was little doubt for what reason when a boatload of excited, heavily armed Latins boarded her three minutes later. Their officer, a businesslike little man wearing pince-nez and holding a big automatic, ran up on to the bridge. Bellamy met him, blustering.

"What the devil's the meaning of all this, sir?" he roared, shaking an accusing forefinger. The newcomer shoved the pistol in his ribs by way of sedative.

"Be still? You are arrest!" he snapped. "You carry the contraband, no?"

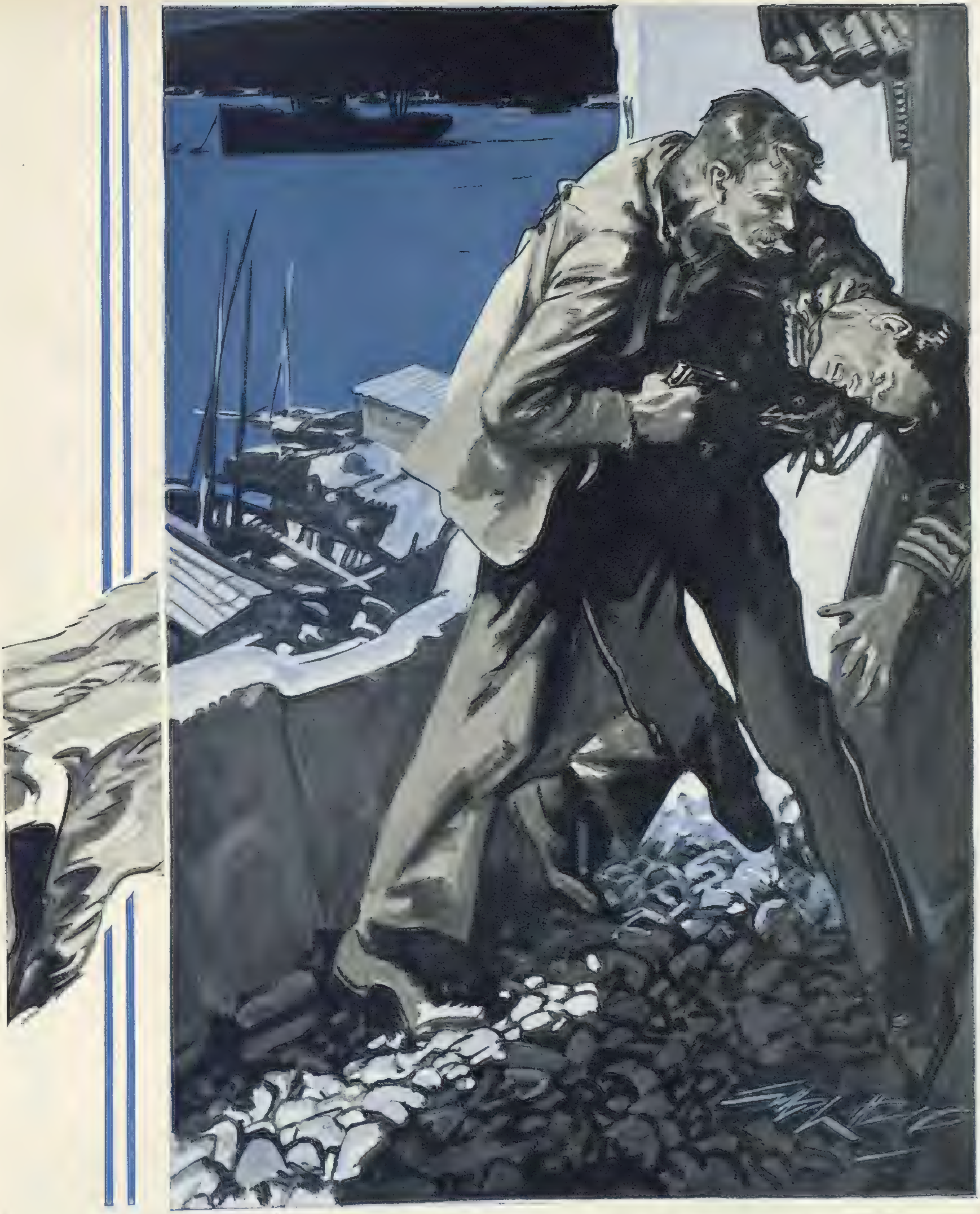
"I do not, sir." Captain Bellamy's bluff might possibly have succeeded but for the tell-tale open hatch forward and the derricks. The San Tomas men made a swift inspection by the light of electric torches, and even Bellamy's blasphemy was stilled.



*IN it were more uniformed men and, seated in the stern, a large personage in white*

"But—it's on the high seas, damme!" Cotton heard Mason protesting. And another voice, "Plurry lot of difference that'll make to this mob! We're for a firin' party, like Mac said."

Indeed, such a fate seemed not in the



*HE shook the paralysed officer until his eyes nearly jumped from their sockets, and jabbed him savagely in the ribs with the muzzle of the automatic*

least improbable. There was a grim assurance about the movements of the prize crew that presently took charge of the freighter and shepherded her officers in a body into the saloon. Cotton began to have visions of an unpleasant ceremony in the dawn, and the more he considered it the less inviting it seemed to be. Gun-running to the insurgents, with these curt little loyalists, was not likely to be a popular exploit.

Captain Bellamy appeared to think the same, for all his truculence left him abruptly, and he dropped into a chair the picture of consternation.

" G-good heavens, gentlemen ! " was all he could get out.

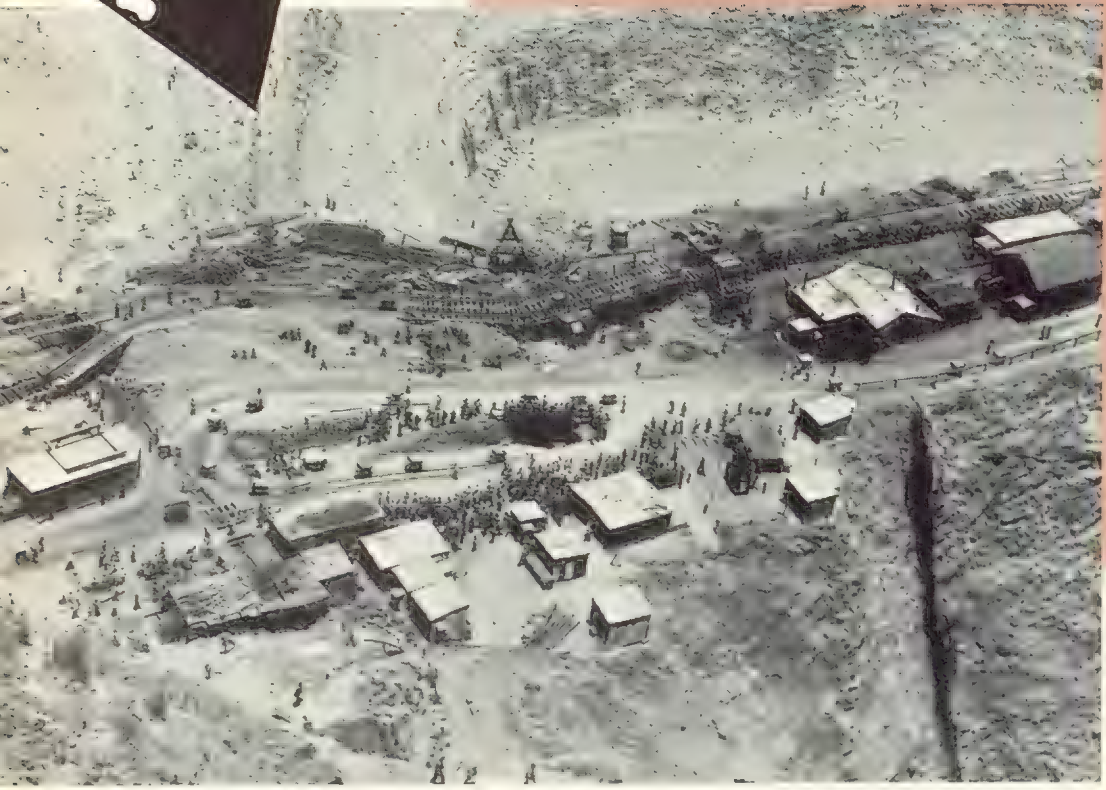
Nobody took much notice of him. The others were gathered in twos and threes, talking in low tones, with sidelong glances at the taut figure in the doorway. The *Glendale* had started again, and was wallowing her way ahead ; by six she would be in San Tomas roads. Cotton wondered idly what would come then. The *calabozo*, certainly ; but after ?

(*Continued on page* 108)

# White Fire

## *A Little of the Story, written by Chance, Greed and Death, of*

## *DIAMO*



*THE famous Premier Mine near Pretoria. An unusual picture of the largest open diamond mine in the world. It employs thousands of men, and it was from this mine the gigantic Cullinan diamond was taken*

"DIAMONDS," I said, "have been a drug on the market——"

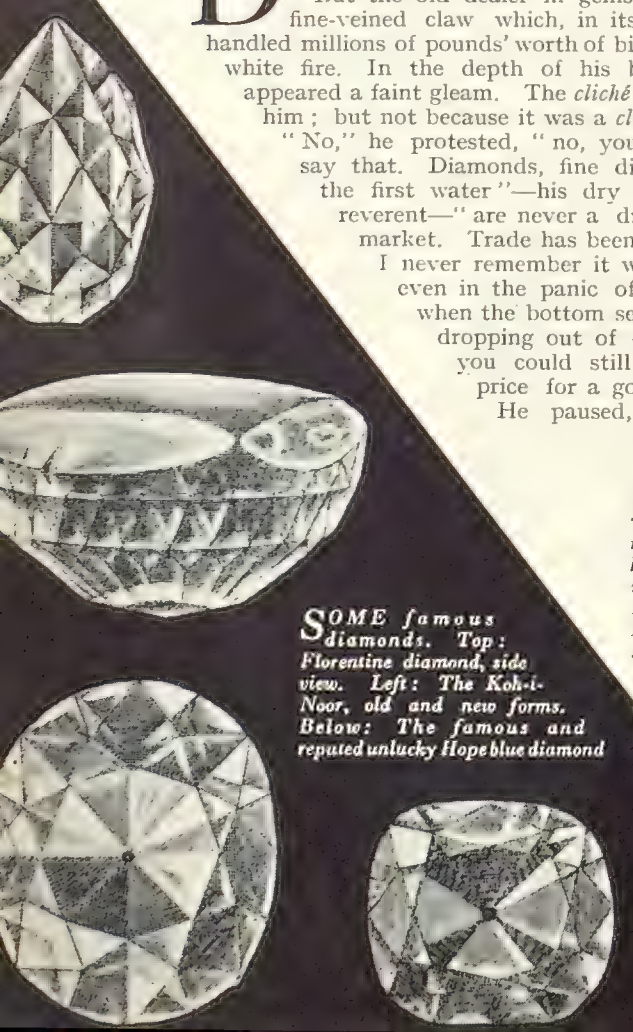
But the old dealer in gems held up a fine-veined claw which, in its time, had handled millions of pounds' worth of bits of frozen white fire. In the depth of his basilisk eye appeared a faint gleam. The *cliché* had moved him; but not because it was a *cliché*.

"No," he protested, "no, you must not say that. Diamonds, fine diamonds of the first water"—his dry voice was reverent—"are never a drug on the market. Trade has been very bad; I never remember it worse. But even in the panic of May, '32, when the bottom seemed to be dropping out of everything, you could still get your price for a good stone."

He paused, and the corners of his eyes wrinkled in what might have been a smile. "I bought some De Beers deferred at that time at thirty-four shillings."

Warmed by the recollection of this triumph of a wise man over the ignorant, the foolish, and the fearful, he opened a little wider for my edification and instruction the rich storehouse of his experience. I perceived that to refer carelessly to diamond values touched him as sharply as a suggestion reflecting on the virtue of his wife or the honour of his children. I also perceived that dealing in diamonds demands more than mere commercial acumen. One needs to be a philosopher.

And now these philosophers of the markets are beginning to smile again. Their long winter is ending. They peer out of their igloos and see white flashes and the familiar play of prismatic colours. After four years, diamonds are in demand again. More than a million pounds' worth of fine stones sold in the London market during the last quarter. Indian princes and merchant bankers turning into diamonds the huge profits made by the sale of gold hoards at fabulous boom prices. The Diamond Syndicate rubbing its hands as it sees the inroads made into its *caché* of stones, the store held resolutely off the market during the lean years. Men climbing down again into the vast pits at Kimberley, preparing to resume digging in those magic funnels of



***SOME famous diamonds. Top: Florentine diamond, side view. Left: The Koh-i-Noor, old and new forms. Below: The famous and reputed unlucky Hope blue diamond***

*A DIAMOND bigger than a matchbox. J. Jonker holding the diamond which bears his name. He discovered it at Elandsfontein and sold it for £70,000*

*By*
C. Patrick Thompson

# *NDS*

*KIMBERLEY. A view of the city that has produced so many millions of pounds' worth of diamonds and yet which remains to-day little more than a collection of huts and sheds*

bluish brecca composite where diamonds are embedded like currants in cake. Washing begun of the two million loads of blue ground which has been lying untouched these last three years on the "floors" of vast earth, De Beers Consolidated reporting in March a 1934 income from diamonds of £900,323, against a trifling £297,430 in 1933.

SPRING, indeed, has come.

It is a synthetic spring. Men made it. Back of it lies a tale of dreams and schemes, a tale of imperialism, ambition, intrigue, money and blood—the sanguinary tale of the struggle for control of the diamond pocket found by the white man on Chief Waterboer's tribal lands north of the Orange River. Some see in the story of Kimberley only another sordid episode of imperialism and high finance. But I always find it more enthralling than the bizarre tales which have entwined themselves around such diamonds as the Lion of Lahore, the Koh-i-noor, the Hope Diamond, and the sinister Golconda, of which more later.

IT was one day in 1867 that a Dutch farmer, Van Niekerk, visiting a friend on his farm on the Griqua tribal land, by the Orange River, was struck by the astonishing brilliance of one of the stones the children were playing marbles with. He thought it might be of value, passed it on to a trader, who passed it on to Lorenzo Boyes, the magistrate at Colesberg, Cape Colony, who in turn sent it to Dr. Atherstone, the Cape mineralogist. "A diamond, worth £500," was the expert's verdict. The Cape Governor, Sir Philip Wodehouse, bought the stone at that price.

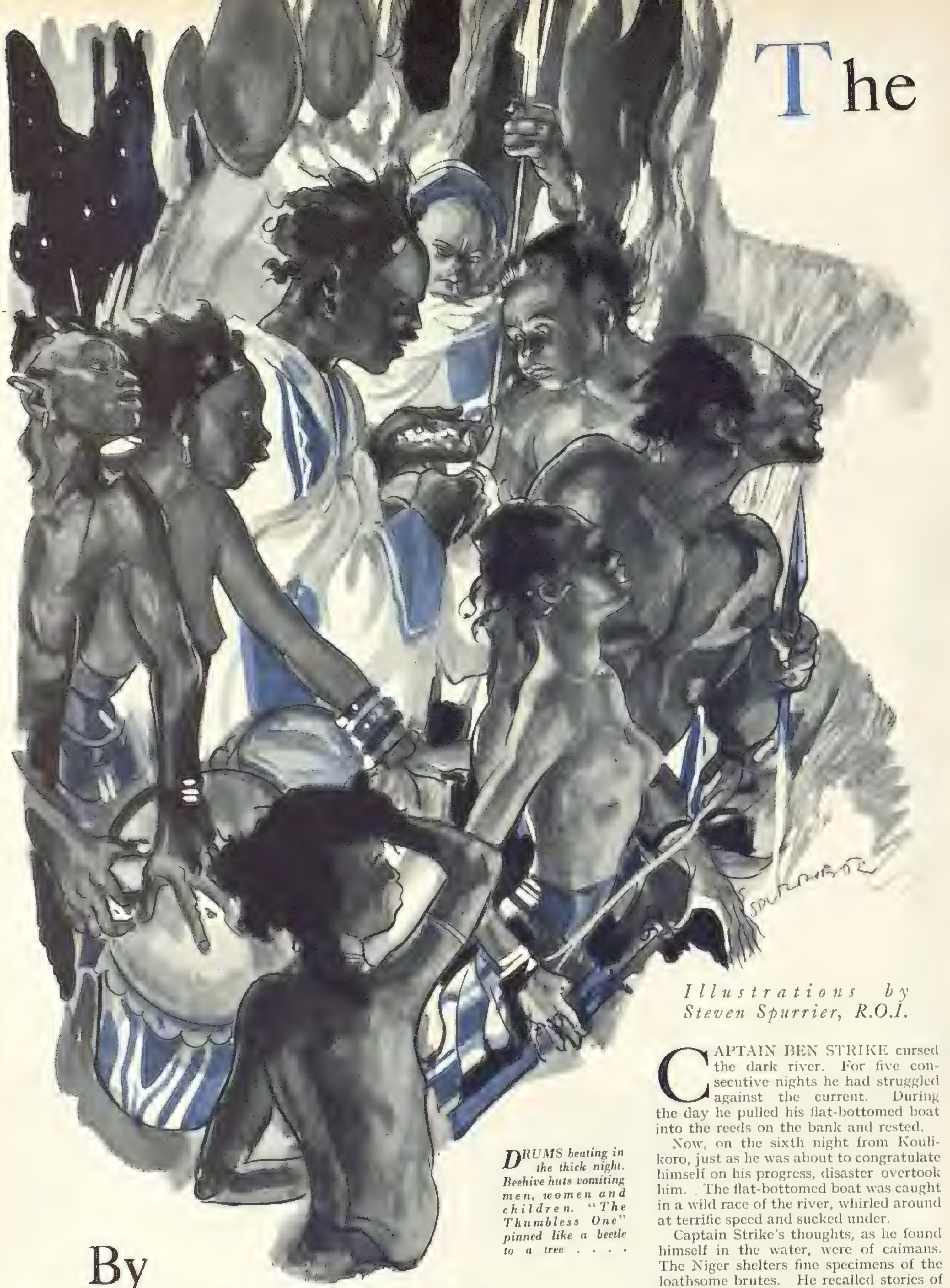
Two years passed, and then a witch doctor brought Van Niekerk—who had put the word out that he was interested in any other bright stones that might be found—another large, brilliant stone. He had been (*Continued on page 96*)

*MRS. EDWARD McLEAN wearin the famous Hope blue diamon This stone is reputed to bring bad luc and misfortune to whoever possesses*

*A PLACE of precious stones. A pair of diamond diggers filling a truck with earth which will be subsequently washed and combed for diamonds*

*AT the Premier Diamond Mine. A view of the elevators used in the process of shifting and sorting the diamondiferous earth and rock*

# The



*Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.*

*DRUMS beating in the thick night. Beehive huts vomiting men, women and children. "The Thumbless One" pinned like a beetle to a tree . . . .*

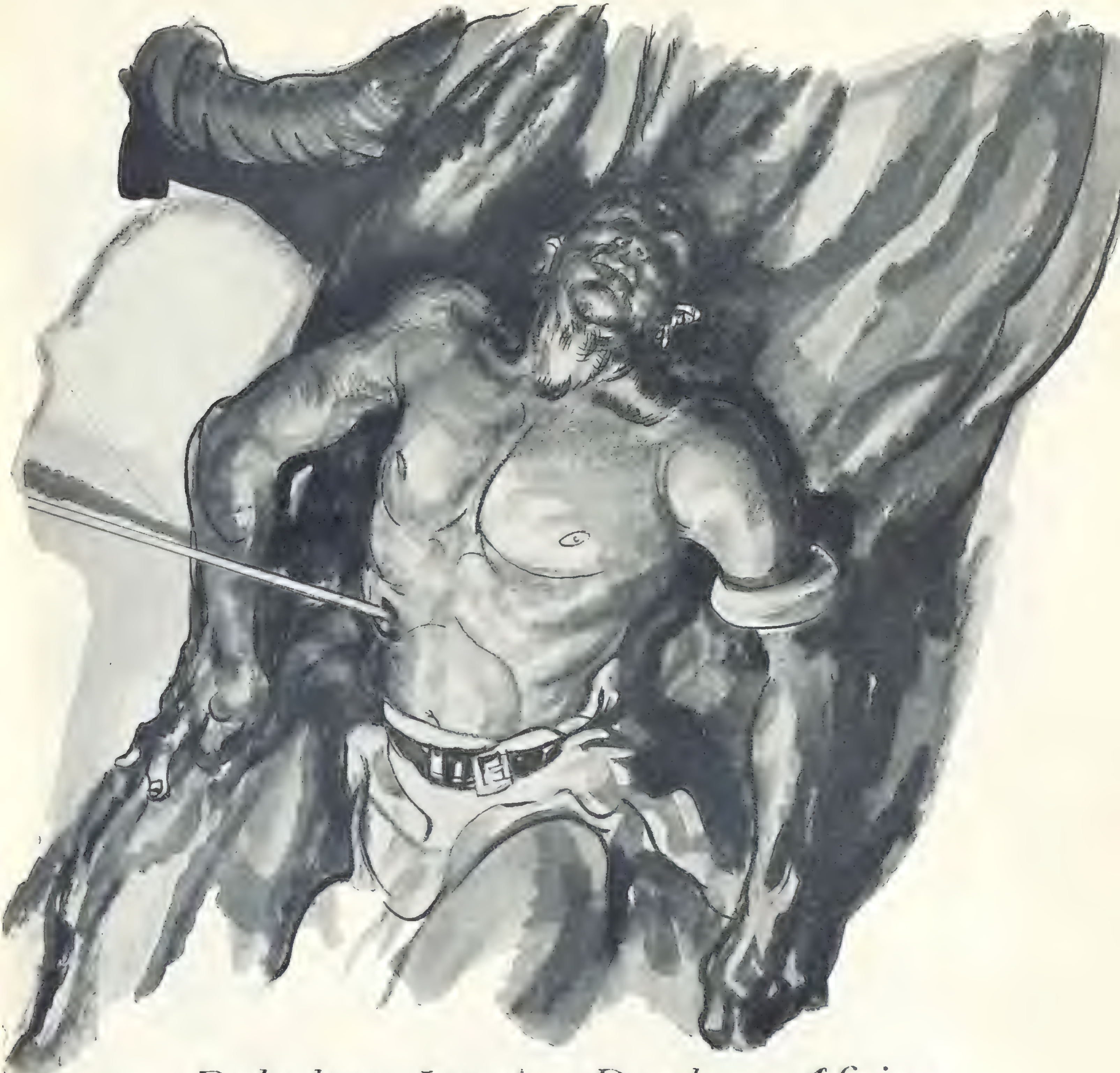
### By James Francis Dwyer

CAPTAIN BEN STRIKE cursed the dark river. For five consecutive nights he had struggled against the current. During the day he pulled his flat-bottomed boat into the reeds on the bank and rested.

Now, on the sixth night from Koulikoro, just as he was about to congratulate himself on his progress, disaster overtook him. The flat-bottomed boat was caught in a wild race of the river, whirled around at terrific speed and sucked under.

Captain Strike's thoughts, as he found himself in the water, were of caimans. The Niger shelters fine specimens of the loathsome brutes. He recalled stories of their ways. The caiman abhors fresh meat, and he has a habit of sitting on a capture for eight days till it reaches the state of decomposition that makes it choice eating.

# Thousand Eyes *of* Fire



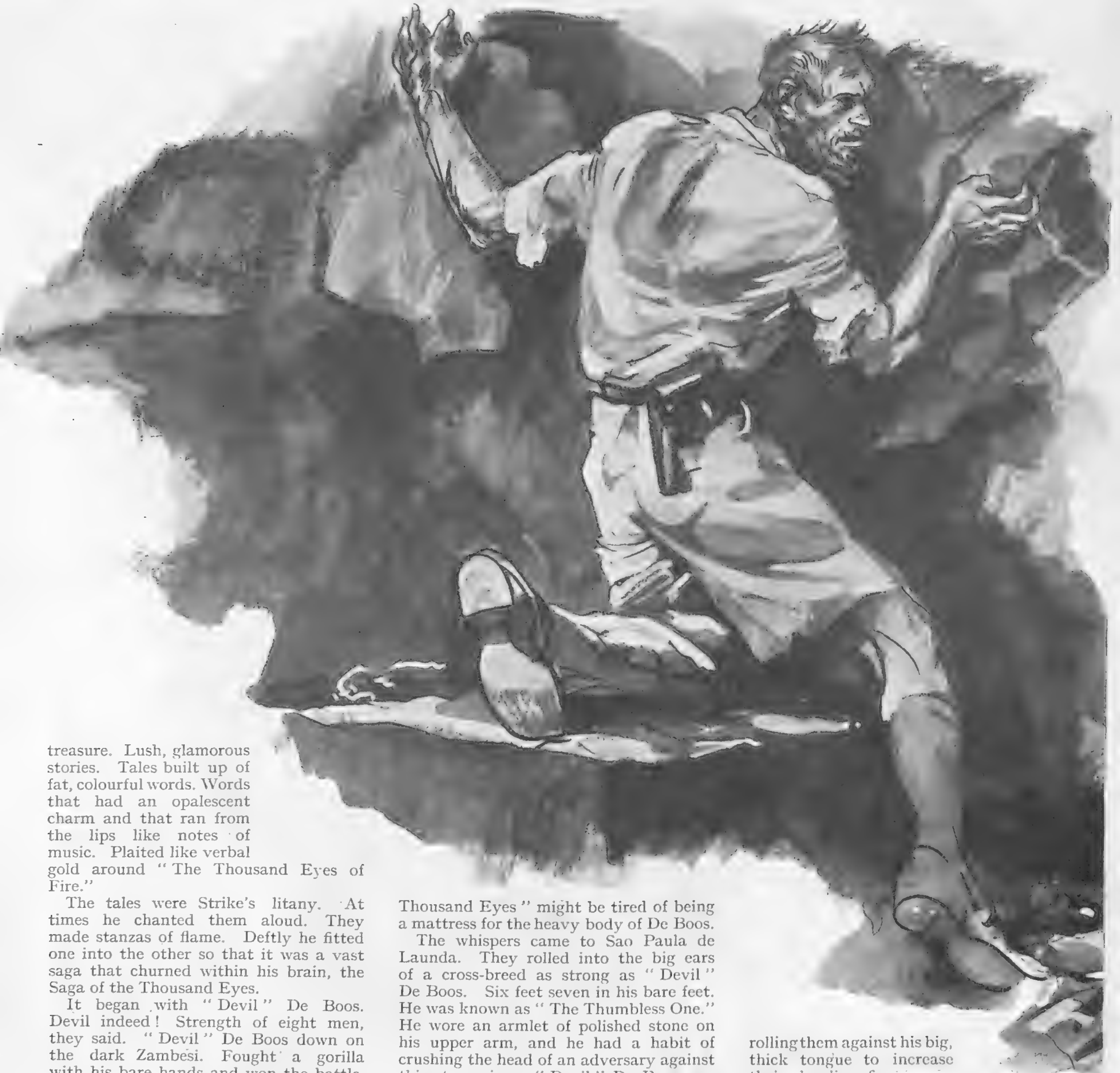
## *Fabulous Jewels—Darkest Africa —White Man—Black Woman*

The recollection of this anecdote made Captain Strike flail the dark water with unusual vigour. It was after midnight, the thick African night made the banks invisible. He swam blindly, fighting the current.

His feet touched bottom. He was on dry land, but, unfortunately, the strip was small. He moved forward ten feet and found himself again in the water. He retreated swiftly, his lips blaspheming. Warily he moved in a circle; he discovered that he was on a small sandbank in the middle of the river.

The caimans decided his actions. He would wait till morning when a native boat would surely come along and rescue him. The publicity of the rescue was annoying. Captain Strike's movements were secret. He was on the trail of something extraordinary. Something that had brought madness and death to scores of men who had hunted it in the jungle stretches between the Zambesi and the Rio de Oro. The captain was searching for "The Thousand Eyes of Fire."

THE mosquitoes made sleep impossible. Strike scooped out a hole in the sand the length of his body, and covered himself till only his mouth, nose, and eyes were exposed; but the insects did not allow him to doze. He lay awake and thought over the innumerable stories that he had listened to during the three years that he had spent in search of the treasure. Lush, glamorous stories. Tales built up of fat, colourful words. Words that had an opalescent charm and that ran from the lips like notes of music. Plaited like verbal gold around "The Thousand Eyes of Fire."



The tales were Strike's litany. At times he chanted them aloud. They made stanzas of flame. Deftly he fitted one into the other so that it was a vast saga that churned within his brain, the Saga of the Thousand Eyes.

It began with "Devil" De Boos. Devil indeed! Strength of eight men, they said. "Devil" De Boos down on the dark Zambesi. Fought a gorilla with his bare hands and won the battle. Captain Ben Strike thrilled when he pictured De Boos. He felt a kinship towards him. The world, so Strike thought, was filled with a lot of gutless shrimps under the yoke of a million laws.

"Devil" De Boos had by violence, robbery, and murder gathered together the greatest cache of precious stones that had ever been collected. Gems of extraordinary beauty found their way into the great pouch made out of the hide of the white oryx on which he slept. Stones that were the grand courtesans of their class, glittering soulless things for which men had braved hunger and thirst and death.

The natives whispered of "The Thousand Eyes of Fire." The whisper went abroad through the jungle. Hot tongues slobbered over it. Made the gems larger, more brilliant, more numerous. Possibly the treasure desired a new master. "The Thousand Eyes" might be tired of being a mattress for the heavy body of De Boos.

The whispers came to Sao Paula de Launda. They rolled into the big ears of a cross-breed as strong as "Devil" De Boos. Six feet seven in his bare feet. He was known as "The Thumbless One." He wore an armlet of polished stone on his upper arm, and he had a habit of crushing the head of an adversary against this stone ring. "Devil" De Boos was found with his skull fractured, and "The Thousand Eyes of Fire" in the pouch made from the hide of the white oryx had left home.

CAPTAIN STRIKE, fighting the mosquitoes, pictured "The Thumbless One" on the run. Northward. Strike knew that the murderer ran northward. He had checked his journey. Strike had a flair for topography.

"The Thumbless One" and the pouch moved through jungle tracks, dark, moist, leech-ridden. The hinterland of Angola, skirting native villages. Living on stolen maize and nuts, but happy in the possession of "The Thousand Eyes."

Strike, in fancy, saw "The Thumbless One" looking fearfully at the gems. Caressing them with torn and bloody fingers. Thrusting them against his sweaty face. Kissing them, licking them, rolling them against his big, thick tongue to increase their dazzling fire.

Strike was thrilled at the picture of the fellow. He wondered what the undeveloped brain of "The Thumbless One" thought he could purchase with the gems. Women, food, drink; but how make the exchange?

Strike fought an aggressive mosquito and spoke aloud. "The silly swine!" he growled. "You can't swop things like them unless you have brains."

On and on ran "The Thumbless One." The stones fighting with each other for the rare sunbeams when he opened the pouch. Vermilion, saffron, lavender, sea-green, cerulean, blinding white. Consuming the soul of the poor devil that carried them. Making him mad.

In the wild Quilengues district that is the lion-hunter's paradise, " The Thumbless One " tried to steal a bag of kouskous from a hut in a little village. It was night, and, unfortunately for the thief, the owner of the hut had been visited the previous evening by a lion that had carried away a milch goat. The goat owner thought he might return for another, so, when he heard " The Thumbless One " in the bushes, he drove his spear forward with all his force. The spear skewered " The Thumbless One " to a baobab tree. The Saga was fattening.

Drums beating in the thick night. Beehive huts vomiting men, women and children. " The Thumbless One " pinned like a beetle to the tree, the chief of the village thrusting his hands into the pouch and making sounds of wonder. Captain Strike saw them. " The poor mutts," he murmured. " The poor silly saps."

The chief appropriated the treasure. He didn't know its value. He and his people had a belief that the jewels were the eyes of gods. In the nights they spread the gems out on mats of woven fibre and made obeisance to them.

The picture of the worshipping natives floated before the eyes of Captain Ben Strike. He saw them crouched on their haunches staring at the glittering jewels. Making offerings to them. Blood of white roosters, baked meats, speckled grains of maize. He grinned as he slashed at the tormenting mosquitoes.

Strike had checked the tragedy that came to that village. A terrible tragedy. Black even for Africa, where the blackest tragedies have their being.

A youth from the village, acting as a bearer to a lion-hunter, journeyed down to the coast. Like all out-back folk, he bragged of the possessions of his village. He told of " The Thousand Eyes," and how his people thought them alive. He didn't, because he had seen an " eye " on the finger of the big *baas* who employed him. A white " eye " that flashed . . .

Four desperate white men of Matadi listened to the youth's bragging. The four started for the village. The " eye " on the finger of the lion-hunter was a diamond of the first calibre.

The four were weeks on trek. They fought their way through virgin forests, combated wild animals and serpents, suffered thirst, hunger, and malaria, but they never thought of turning back. " The Thousand Eyes " were to them what the pillar of fire and the cloud were to the Israelites in the desert.

They entered the village in the night while the people slept. They attacked the hut of the chief holding off the villagers while they tried to find where the gems were hidden. Their rifles were busy while they searched.

The chief was old but brave. They toasted his toes, but his courage did not falter. His gods had sent the bag of glittering things, and they could burn him alive before he told of the hiding-place.

The four tried the torture on the chief's favourite wife. Her screams were deafening. The chief told. The jewels were in the hollow of a dum-palm at the back of the council house.

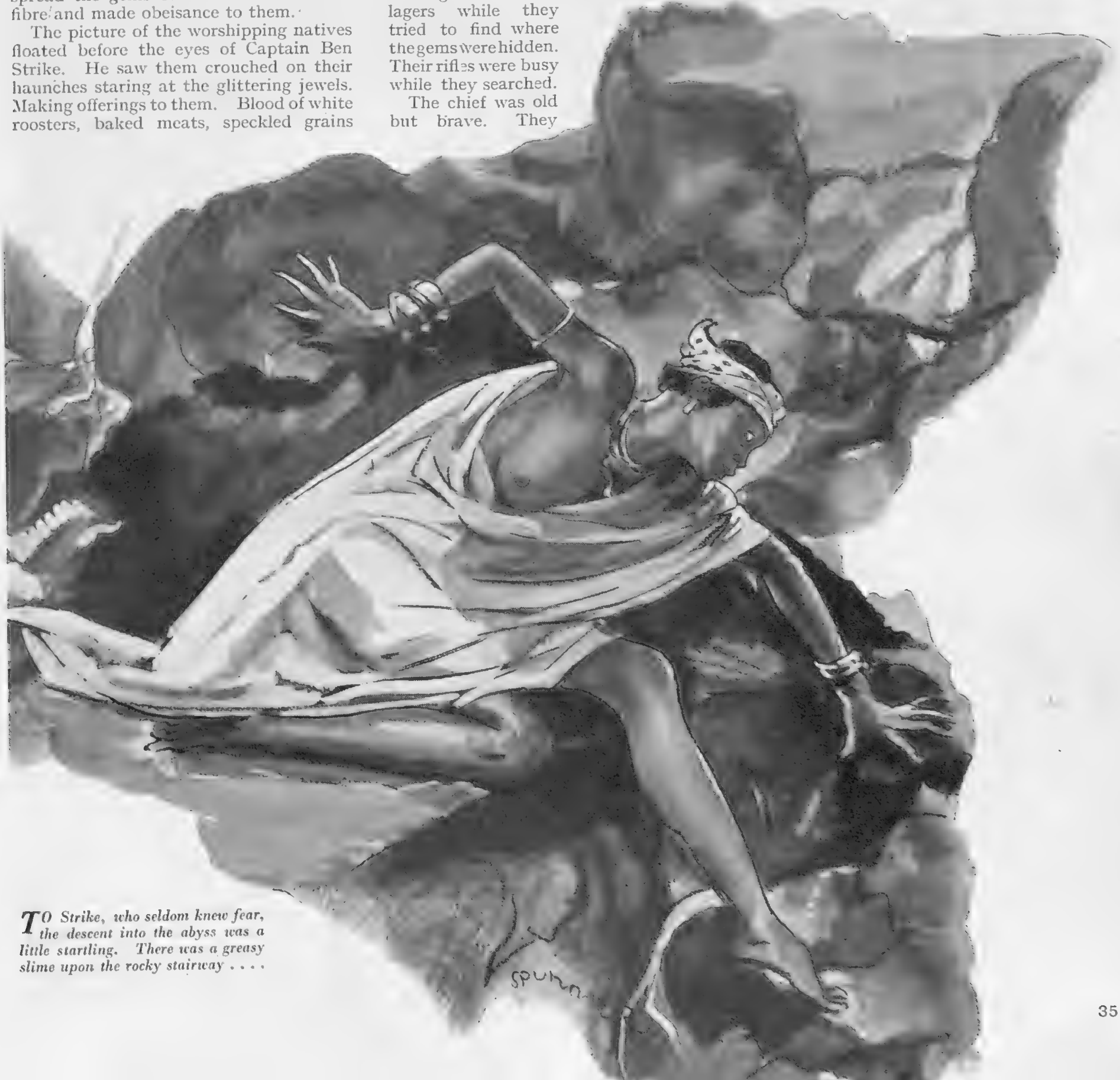
The four found the pouch, then, angry with the stubborn old warrior and his people, they shot up the village. Men, women and children fell before the rifles of the quartet. They set fire to the miserable huts and departed with the treasure.

One man of the murderous four reached the coast. He entered Matadi late on a summer evening. He was staggering, chanting an obscene song, and he carried a pouch made of the skin of the white oryx.

This man turned into a lane near the native market. In that same lane he was found on the following morning, his throat sliced from ear to ear, but the pouch and its contents had disappeared. . .

There was a gap in the story here. A gap that Captain Ben Strike had been unable to bridge. " The Thousand Eyes," said gossip, had gone inland. Speeding up the Congo to

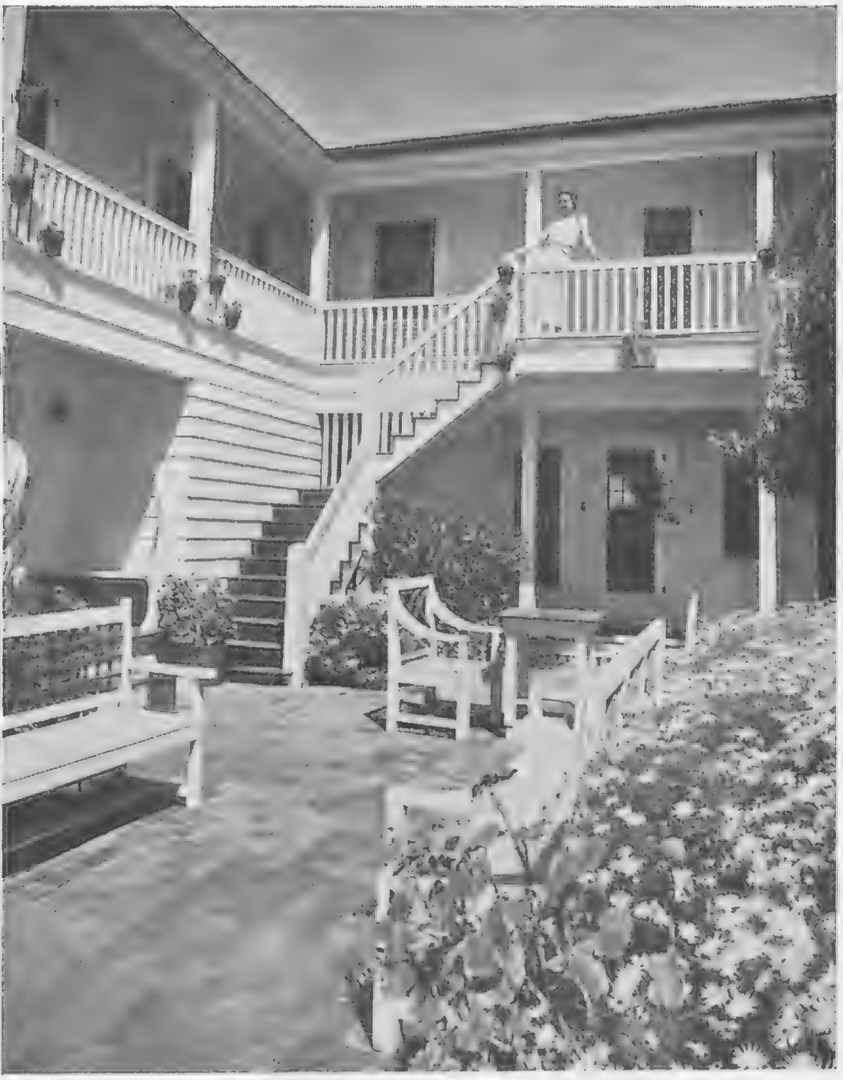
(*Continued on page* 128)



*TO Strike, who seldom knew fear, the descent into the abyss was a little startling. There was a greasy slime upon the rocky stairway . . . .*

# Palaces

*NORMA SHEARER, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, enjoys a game of beach ball on the sands at Malibu*



*ONLY a few of the houses at Malibu have a garden, and the home of Sylvia Sidney is one of the few. This famous star is seen on the balcony admiring the beautiful blossoms in the miniature garden of her beach house*

THE Beach Houses of film stars are mostly palaces, standing elbow to elbow, divided by a strip of wooden fencing. They have anything from ten to sixty rooms. Many of them have luxurious fresh-water swimming pools built into the private beach that belongs to each residence. The continuation of these private beaches is the Pacific Ocean. The swimming pools are illuminated below the water with powerful coloured lights that turn the green or blue tiles a curious puce, and play strange tricks on the tones of bathing suits that swim industriously in warmed water transformed to an unearthly shade.

The houses have white arc-lamps, like searchlights, fixed at each corner of the roof, facing the sea. By the light of these lamps residents can hold bathing parties at any hour, or play table tennis from dusk till dawn, if they feel so inclined. Sometimes there are small, cleverly cultivated gardens. More often, there is merely a tiled terrace leading to the pool; and the whole of that section of the residence is referred to casually as the "back yard."

Gables and half-timbered walls, venetian blinds, and the gayest awnings and swing-sofas; balconies and sleeping porches flung over the edge of the waves; and even sound-proof glass windows, to keep out the booming of the Pacific breakers on the beach. All these amenities may be found in profusion in Filmland's Beach Homes, which are in some ways more startling than the houses of Hollywood proper. At least, that is always my feeling, partly inspired, perhaps, by the thought that these places were intended originally to be "just shacks"—for week-end rest and relaxation.

To-day they have become the all-year-round dwelling-places of many famous people. Norma Shearer and her husband, Irving Thalberg, for example, live permanently at the beach; so does George Bancroft and Bébé Daniels, and Leila Hyams, and Herbert Brenon, and Sylvia Sidney. Others, such as Dolores del Rio, Louise Fazenda, Richard Barthelmess, John Boles, Warner Baxter, Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton, Richard Dix, Ann Harding, Miriam Hopkins, and Marion Davies, keep their Beach Houses open all the year round, and dash to the sea for week-ends or a rest between films, though their real homes are further inland.

It is such a little distance from Hollywood to the ocean. Not nearly so far as from London to Brighton. Even Malibu Beach, where so many film stars have houses, is only twenty-five miles by road from the Studio Town; while Santa Monica and Palisades del Rey are not over twelve miles in a car. Laguna, where Mr. and Mrs. Frederic March have a real cottage, is a longer run; but that is not much more than fifty miles. To work in a Hollywood studio and then drive home to eat one's dinner with the waves beating on the sand outside the open windows is no more effort, and takes rather less time, than going from Charing Cross to Richmond.

The fact that there is a twelve-months-season at any Californian beach is a great attraction. All the year round, apart from the queer fogs which Californians call "Sea Mists," it is possible to bathe, play tennis, and lie in the sun on the beach. One Christmas Day I went to the biggest Beach Club—Casa del Mar, close to Santa Monica—with Alexander Korda, Victor Varconi and his wife, Paul Lukas and his wife (all of them Hungarians), and we sat round in bathing suits, bathed, took sun-baths, and had lunch on a terrace in the open air! That sort of thing makes a Beach House well worth while.

There is a regular Millionaires' Row of Beach Palaces at Santa Monica. The road slopes down sharply from the broad,

# behind a Fence

*The Beach Houses of Film Stars are palatial places, bounded by fences made of wood*

## By Margaret Chute

palm-bordered Promenade which is so reminiscent of the Promenade des Anglais at Nice, except that it lies along the top of a cliff instead of at water level. At the foot of the cliff this road becomes quite narrow; and then begins a long line of imposing houses, standing so close together that they seem to be almost touching. Fences of wood divide the houses; and it will never be anything but odd to me to know that millions of dollars are sunk in that line of houses, which might well be a street of suburban villas, from the point of view of proximity.

I ASKED Bébé Daniels, who owns so much property in Hollywood and the nearby beaches, why people with such big bank balances were content to build luxurious houses with neighbours sitting more or less in their pockets. Why did they not grab some land on either side, and have a little privacy? The answer to that is simple. Land, on the rim of the Pacific Ocean, is so prohibitive in price that to buy enough to have a garden, or even a yard, left and right of your dwelling-place would cost more than even a film star cares to afford.

Marion Davies has by far the largest house in that row of Pacific Palaces. It has sixty bedrooms and three garages; it covers three sides of a square, with the sea as the fourth wall. It is greyish white outside, with green paint, green tiles on the roof, and green shutters. It is a marvellous house, with a gigantic dining-room that faces the sea, and would look perfectly all right at Versailles, or in any other palace. The paintings are Old Masters—genuine ones; there is a magnificent Oriental carpet, and the sideboard supports a dazzling collection of old English silver. The Gold Room, a reception room de luxe, has walls decorated in gold leaf, and curtains covered in gold brocade. A pool, of course, finds its rightful place; a terrace, too, table-tennis tables, a private film theatre, and the kind of effortless comfort that belongs to such a house.

Marion Davies has another residence on the beach, which is known as the "Guest Cottage." Here she has entertained, from time to time, guests for whom she cannot find sleeping accommodation in the larger house. The Cottage has twelve rooms, six bathrooms, and admirable quarters for the staff; a private beach, too, of course; and a drive of twenty minutes lands its owner in the centre of Hollywood Boulevard. This cottage has been let, from time to time. Billie Burke (Mrs. Florence Ziegfeld) once paid £500 a month for it. When the depression placed its clammy hand on Hollywood Marlene Dietrich became the temporary owner of the Cottage for a mere £300 a month!

In this same road, where the back entrances of every house are really the front entrances, Harold Lloyd still has a house, and so had Norma Talmadge, but hers now belongs to George Bancroft. Originally, it was the property of Bébé Daniels, which brings me to the story of Hollywood's most famous landlady, and the three houses she owns on the Beach. Bébé, being a shrewd business woman with a sound knowledge of architecture and antiques, has invested her large salary for a long time in real estate.

She has bought (*Continued on page 152*)

*NOT many stars make their permanent home at Malibu, but for Norma Shearer and her husband, Irving Thalberg, it is their home address. They have a beautiful house there, and the above is the awning-roofed lounging verandah*

*THE coloured brick terrace and swimming pool at the home of Norma Shearer. The entire "front yard" of Miss Shearer's house is fenced off from the beach by a wall of cut bamboo*

*MIKE McTIGUE, at one time light heavy-weight champion and who beat Battling Siki, a wild and monstrous Senegalese*

*BATTLING SIKI, who fought Mike McTigue in Dublin on St. Patrick's night, 1923*

*SACKVILLE STREET, buildings, stood as a*

# An Odyssey *of*

ON a St. Patrick's night in Dublin twelve years ago Death was all around. For the city was as an armed camp, and she had ceased to dream in her dear, old, lazy, lovable way; the rebel was abroad and rampant. Coats were trailed everywhere: there was no sanity. And as if to fan an already raging fire Michael Francis McTigue, a man of county Clare, had returned from America, in whose Ring he had won fame and fortune, to fight Battling Siki, a wild, monstrous Senegalese. Which, though characteristically and roguishly Irish, was in the prevailing condition of things not the kind of celebration his patron Saint would have approved, as the good and pugnacious Michael, in his ample reflection, will allow.

Guns barked and spat. Sackville Street, with its burned and ravished buildings, stood as a monument to lawlessness. I saw in every soldier-policeman a living arsenal all ready to explode. I had come alarmingly near to Hell. Yet folks laughed, laughed, so it seemed, at an incredible cheapness of life, as if it were nothing, as if it had to be. And I could scarce believe such a jumble of paradoxes—tragedy and laughter, shouts and whispers, humour and blasphemy, philosophy and madness, neighbourliness and war.

Reno, as it was when Jem Jeffries fought Jack Johnson, was Arcadia compared to a rivened, impossible Dublin to which I had come, for even at then untamed Reno not a trigger was fingered or pulled: a temptation to do so was resisted by depositing all guns in the safe keeping of Tex Rickard, the promoter.

On this night in the Dublin I loved and had in all my days gone a-dreaming with, the hierarchy of the Irregular Army had broadcast a warning in bold, unmistakable language that if the prize-fight were not abandoned the blood would for ever be on the heads of the organisers. The answer of the Regulars was: "The fight must be, though the heavens should fall. To call a halt would be to confess our impotence. We refuse to be intimidated. We mean to govern."

A few miles out of the city Siki had his camp; and to it I went. For news came that he had been spirited away. I found him under close and special guard, a woeful, apprehensive, pathetic Siki who, though he could neither speak nor understand other than his own bastard French, was obviously and painfully fearful of some awful and personal disaster. White women fussed and petted him, the while their men folk threw dice. And in my disgust I sickened and raged.

"But it is nothing," I was invited to believe in the jargon of Montmartre. "Siki would run away; it is necessary that he should be coaxed. The ladies are the diplomats of his entourage. *Comprez?*"

There was then confided to me the story of how the negro had been brought from Paris. He was stolen from the Boulevards upon which, following his victory over Carpentier, he had strutted, and not until he had wakened from a carousal did he realise that he was in Ireland. His reaction was to scuttle; he preferred to stay rather than be shot, as he surely would have been had he levanted. I left him to the cajoleries of the painted women.

SOME hours later I set out for the Scala Theatre in company with Carpentier, Descamps and Major Arnold Wilson. A well-known Harley Street doctor was also of our party, and he, being a Trinity man, acted as escort. "Boys," he ordered, when we had reached Princess Street, "for the love of Mike keep close together; hang on to the tails of my coat and there'll be no kind of trouble." And

*with its burned and ravished monument to lawlessness*

*(Left)* *MAJOR ARNOLD WILSON, who accompanied the author to the Scala Theatre, Dublin, to witness the fight—(Above) The children of Dublin took a curious interest in the Senegalese boxer. He is seen here talking to a crowd of Irish boys and girls*

# Sport

## No. 3: *By* Ben Bennison

### *A Never-to-be-forgotten St. Patrick's Night . . . Dublin as an armed Camp . . . Mike McTigue fights Battling Siki and Death stalks the town*

he, being more than a six-footer, and I being laughably short and little, I did cling to him closer than a brother. I saw in him more generous shelter than the fighting Carpentier or Descamps, who in his funny, whimsical way was for giving a clownish imitation of the storming of the Bastille. "For—look!" he cried as he beheld the theatre, with its ring of soldiery.

"François," I rebuked, "if you so prattle you will be killed."

His rejoinder was a foolish, mocking grin; and on we went, pushing, shoving, squeezing a way through a roaring mob until we found ourselves jammed against a long line of barriers, behind which giant policemen, batons drawn, revolvers on hips, were stationed. Carpentier, hard on my heels, was recognised in a flood of light that beat upon him, and he was lifted shoulder high to be dropped over the wooden wall. I followed, to the accompaniment of screams of laughter, bump, my hat gone. And I doubted whether I remained whole, so bruised my body and barked my shins. Never before or since have I been in such a shindy. Yet I had to laugh. For everybody laughed.

It was Saint Patrick's night!

I was none the less profoundly grateful when I reached the door of the theatre. The presentation of a ringside ticket and other proof of my *bona fides* was not enough to gain admission. Without fuss or ceremony, but kindly, I will allow, I was searched for firearms. Vouched for, I was passed inside. Boxing was already in progress, to the din and clatter of some 2,000 people, among whom, to my astonishment, were many richly gowned women. I took a seat on the stage, upon which the ring had been staked. My immediate neighbours were Dr. Devine and Arnold Wilson. Near by sat Descamps, his hands fiddling and tugging at the ropes. I had had scarce time to take my bearings when there was a nerve-shattering bang.

"Guns," I speculated.

"No, a bomb; but it is only a little 'un," answered the doctor. "Sit tight, and the Devil take them."

"But bombs, (*Continued on page 116*)

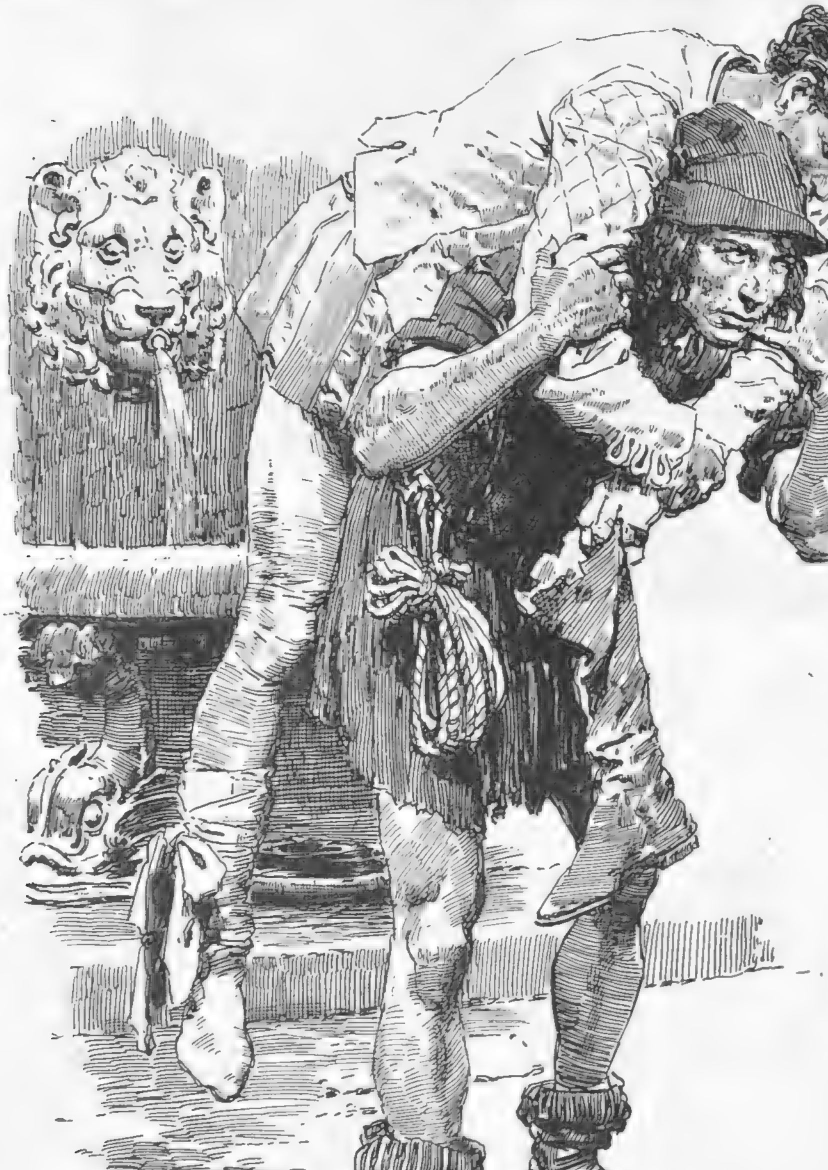
# Old Tales Re-told

## Benvenuto Cellini, Artist and Lover

### Further exploits of the man who was duly described as "the Incarnation of the Renaissance"

### Written and Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.

*LAST month I told of the early days of Benvenuto Cellini, artist, craftsman, soldier, lover, incarnation of the Renaissance: born in 1500, fugitive from his Florentine home at fifteen; protégé of Pope Clement VII; bane of succeeding, Farnese Pope, Paul III; artistic duellist, imprisoned in St. Angelo for his freedom of the sword. He strove to escape by a rope fashioned from the coarse sheets of his donjon bed, lowered himself to the ground, sped across the well-known courtyard—only to find that a high, almost impregnable wall had been built during his incarceration.*



*HE hoisted Benvenuto on his back and carried him to the steps of St. Peter's Church*

CELLINI, so he thought, knew the ground-plan of the Castle as the palm of his hand. He could hardly believe his eyes when he saw two high walls confronting him They had been built since his incarceration by the constable of the Castle. It was impossible to reach the top of the wall without a ladder, and Cellini, formerly aflame with hope, saw with dismay Fate's latest ruse at his expense.

As he looked round in search of some means to scale the walls, the sound of a steady, rhythmic step approached. There was nowhere to hide. Cellini decided to make a virtue of necessity, face the sentinel, and die fighting.

Dagger in hand, he waited motionless. A short distance away, the sentinel stopped. There was a moment of tense silence while they faced each other. . . . Then—the sentinel turned and, with the same calm step, paced solemnly away.

Was he an unknown well-wisher, or merely one who deemed discretion the better part of valour? No one knows.

Cellini cast round until he found a long pole which he laid slantwise against the wall. He crawled up, slid back, crawled and struggled again and again until at last he reached the turret-top. There he managed to fix one of the strips of linen by which he had escaped from his cell and started his second descent.

But the delicate, strong artist's hands were bleeding, the nails torn, the muscles almost nerveless from his climb. As he trusted his full weight to them, they failed him. The tortured grip loosened, and he fell headlong to the ground.

IT was daylight when he recovered consciousness. He lay battered and bleeding with one leg broken and helpless. But he lay on the open road—free.

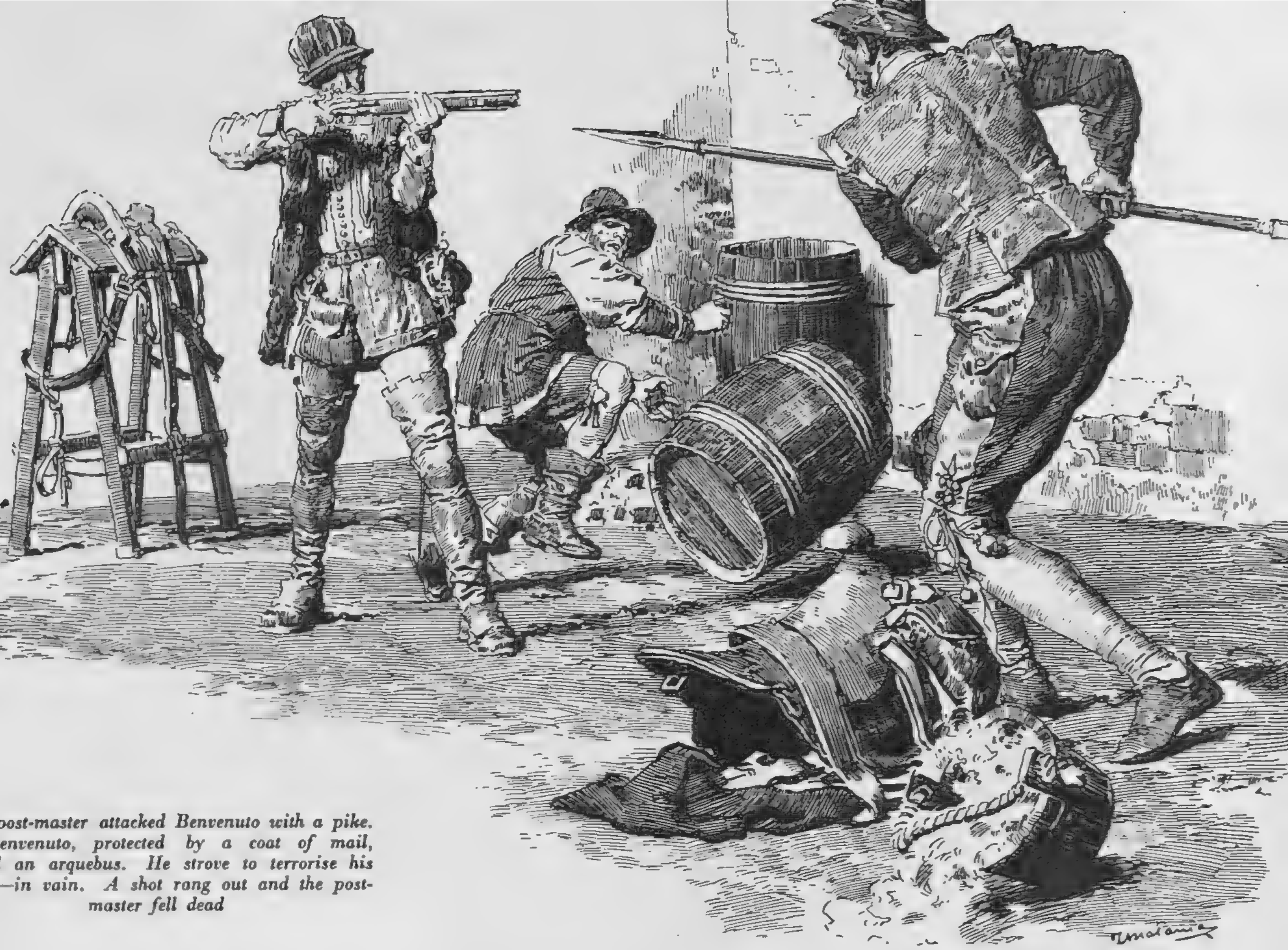
A few words of fiction from a master brain lulled the suspicions and enlisted the aid of a water-carrier. He hoisted Benvenuto on his back and carried him to the steps of St. Peter's Church. From there, crawling on all fours, dragging his broken leg behind him, he hoped to reach a certain patrician palace where he was sure of protection.

On the way his appearance attracted the attention of a servant of Cardinal Cornaro, who ran to his master and gave him the news: Benvenuto Cellini had escaped!

The Cardinal, who had always had a weak spot for the great artist-craftsman, immediately despatched men to fetch him, and gave him the hospitality of his house.

To harbour a fugitive from the Pope was hazard enough, and Cardinal Cornaro, realising that his only defence was attack, decided to go openly to the Vicar of Christ and intercede on Cellini's behalf.

When the story of the escape was told, with the obvious intention of impressing the Pope with the superb bravery of the exploit, Paul III answered that he had once done the



*The post-master attacked Benvenuto with a pike. Benvenuto, protected by a coat of mail, levelled an arquebus. He strove to terrorise his enemy—in vain. A shot rang out and the post-master fell dead*

same thing himself! When he was a young man he had been imprisoned for having forged a Papal brief. He, too, had escaped from St. Angelo just as had Benvenuto—with this difference, that the additional walls had not then been built.

He seemed leniently disposed to the fugitive, but the soul of diplomacy is equivocation. Benvenuto had many enemies. And Pope Paul Farnese was not Clement VII. Paul Farnese intended to get Cellini back in his power, and Paul Farnese brought so much pressure to bear on the Cardinal that one day, still an invalid, Benvenuto was taken to one of the ground-floor apartments of the Pope's private gardens.

He went there in the seeming of a guest: in reality, he was a prisoner. He was allowed to receive visitors. He was attended by doctors. He enjoyed every kind of attention. But hope of escape there was none. And he was advised by the Cardinal not to touch a morsel of the food which would come from the luxurious kitchen of the Holy See. Cornaro would himself provide Cellini's victuals daily.

Benvenuto's anxiety was only too well founded. Often Pope Paul had quoted the dictum that the head of the Church has the power to reverse any decision. Time came, and he acted on it.

One night the dog that shared Cellini's durance—a companion whose faithfulness no worldly consideration could impugn—began, for no apparent reason, to howl. Was it coincidence? Or instinct? Or that curious prophetic gift seemingly vouchsafed to dogs in legend and history at rare moments of intense peril? Who shall say?

But at one in the morning armed guards tramped into the prisoner's sleeping apartment. No explanation was given. Benvenuto was put on a stretcher and was carried to the Tower of Nona, where he was imprisoned.

To-day, the dog whose warning he could not take is immortalised in all his fidelity, his affection, his prophetic perception in Cellini's memoirs.

It was now that Cellini, for the first time in his life, knew the bitter experience of real prison. The cell where he was put was dreary, filthy, dark, a hole beneath the garden with stagnant water on the floor; infested with poisonous insects. . . . " The fœtid breath of a living death was a foul and dark latrine," as an Irish poet was to sing. Daylight came through a narrow aperture for just ninety minutes every day.

His only means of cheating the maddening length of time was to swallow opiate after opiate and sleep his life away.

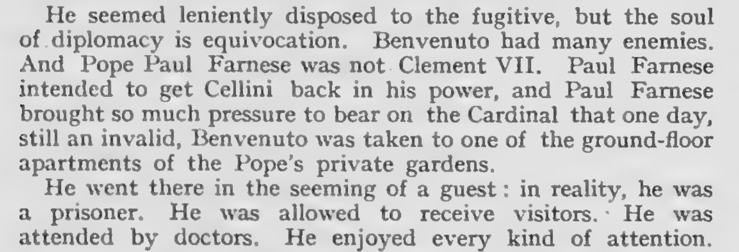
Under such conditions even his strong constitution began to fail. Prison to a man like Cellini, who had always lived life to the full and drained every cup to the dregs, was worse by far than to one inured by birth to resignation and renunciation.

He even thought of suicide, and that, from Cellini, instinct with the double-distilled, quintessential élan vitale of the Renaissance was like seeing water run uphill.

But Cellini's friends had not neglected him. Attempt after attempt was made to break down the malignant enmity of the Pope.

Pier Luigi Farnese, Paul Farnese's son, operated behind the scenes, successfully counteracting any attempt at Cellini's freedom.

Fearful that the Pope might yield to persuasion, an attempt was made by Benvenuto's enemies to ensure his perpetual imprisonment. One night, while he was eating some salad, Cellini noticed that it crunched between his teeth. He took



*The famous salt-cellar designed and executed by Cellini. This work, more than any other, has been considered by posterity as the most characteristic work of the supreme artist* it to the light, scanned it, saw refracted from the leaves dancing prismatic rays. His food had been sprinkled with powdered diamond.

He had been in prison for about six months when Cardinal Ferrara had a brilliant idea. Taking advantage of a moment when Pope Paul had drunk a little too much "Vino de-li Castelli," he made him sign Cellini's pardon! Without delay—for revocation might come with sobriety—the necessary formalities were completed.

In the dead of night, shattered and incredulous Cellini was taken from his living tomb and borne to the house of the Cardinal.

After so many troubles and so much suffering, one would think that his first step would have been to put thousands of miles between him and such a formidable enemy as the Pope, but the fascination of Rome has made scores of people brave dangers and run risks.

Cellini was no exception to the rule. Ever since the epoch of the Pagan Rome, to be homesick for the Eternal City has always been more than human endurance can bear. The Tristia of Ovid remain as an everlasting Testament of what it means to leave the City of the Seven Hills.

Instead of flight, work. Still lame, Cellini forgot everything whilst occupied with his instruments, happy gazing at the blue flame which would slowly melt the metal in the crucible.

IT was about this time that Cellini received from Cardinal Ferrara the order for the world-famous salt-cellar. This work, more than any other, has been considered by posterity as the most characteristic work of the supreme artist in metal. It is mentioned in every encyclopædia, every book on Benvenuto Cellini.

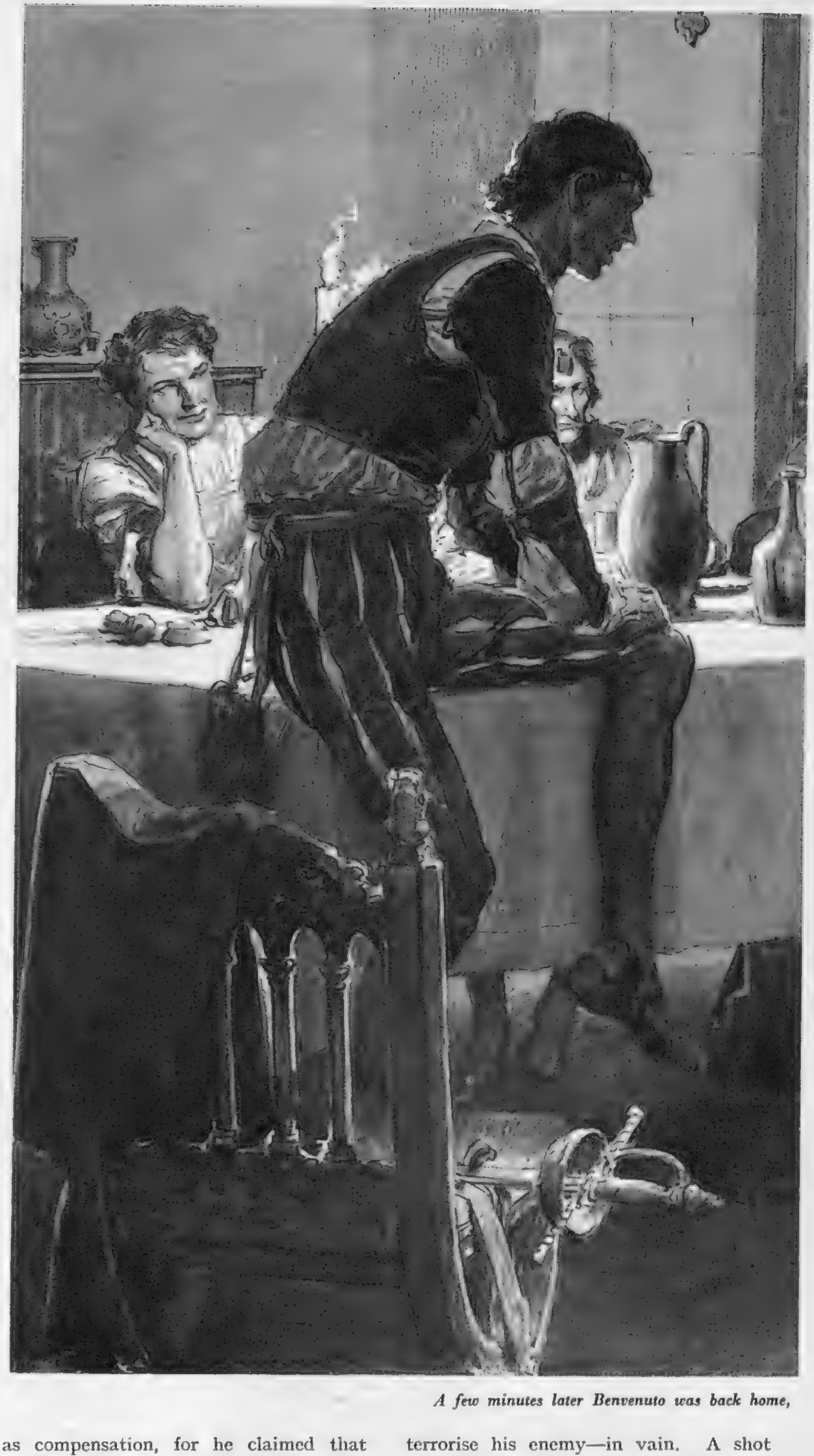
The conception of the work was mainly based on two figures representing the earth and the sea; symbols of pepper, which comes from the earth; and salt, gift of the sea. The intricacy and complication of this salt-cellar was such that, when Cellini showed the model in wax, it was the general opinion it would take more than one life-time to finish.

The Cardinal, who had given this order on behalf of the King of France, was reluctant definitely to place such a commission. He wrote to the King, who answered—that Cellini should be brought to Paris without delay.

Cellini, partly on account of his complete confidence in his ability, partly for the panache of his braggadocio, told the Cardinal that not only would he finish the work, which would be more complicated and more beautiful than the model, but that he hoped to have ample time to achieve many more works far more important than the salt-cellar.

Ten days afterwards two different parties took the road to the north; one, the Cardinal's retinue, magnificently equipped; the other, Cellini's. He preferred to pay his own expenses, and be free to take a different road and visit some relations on the way.

One day making a break in his journey to attend to some private business, he hired a horse. He accoutred it with his own harness, and set out for Siena. On arrival, he returned the horse to the post-house, omitting to take his saddle and stirrups. But when he tried to retrieve them, the post-master refused to return them. He kept them as compensation, for he claimed that the horse had been too hard-ridden.



*A few minutes later Benvenuto was back home,*

Cellini was warned to have nothing to do with the post-master, whose choleric violence was a byword.

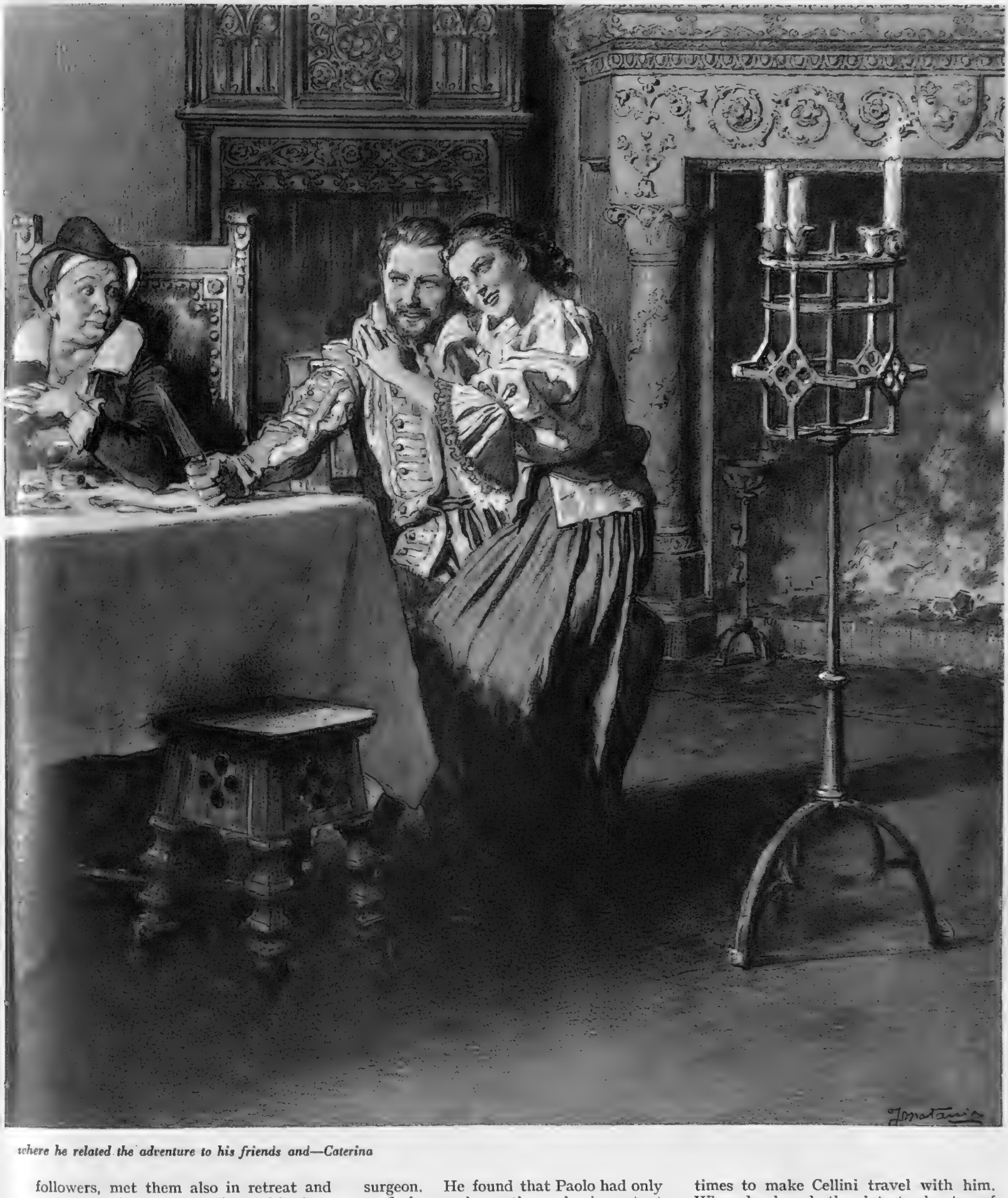
The touch of danger was the one spur wanting to drive Cellini straight to the post-master to claim his belongings.

Words are like cherries, one is never enough: and one leads to many others. So the dialogue became a quarrel, and the quarrel a fight. The post-master attacked Benvenuto with a pike. Benvenuto, protected by a coat of mail, levelled an arquebus. He strove to terrorise his enemy—in vain. A shot rang out and the post-master fell dead.

Cellini claimed that his weapon was levelled above the man's head; that the bullet hit the arch of the street door, rebounded, and "unfortunately" entered the windpipe of the advancing post-master.

Just another "mishap"—one of the train of accidents that dogged Cellini throughout his career.

The fight turned from a duel to a "war." The sons of the dead man turned on Cellini's train. One of them, Paolo, was wounded. Cellini retreated—just to reload—went back to help his



*where he related the adventure to his friends and—Caterina*

followers, met them also in retreat and was persuaded to seek safety with them in flight. One grim jest I must recall, suited to that brutal yet fecund era.

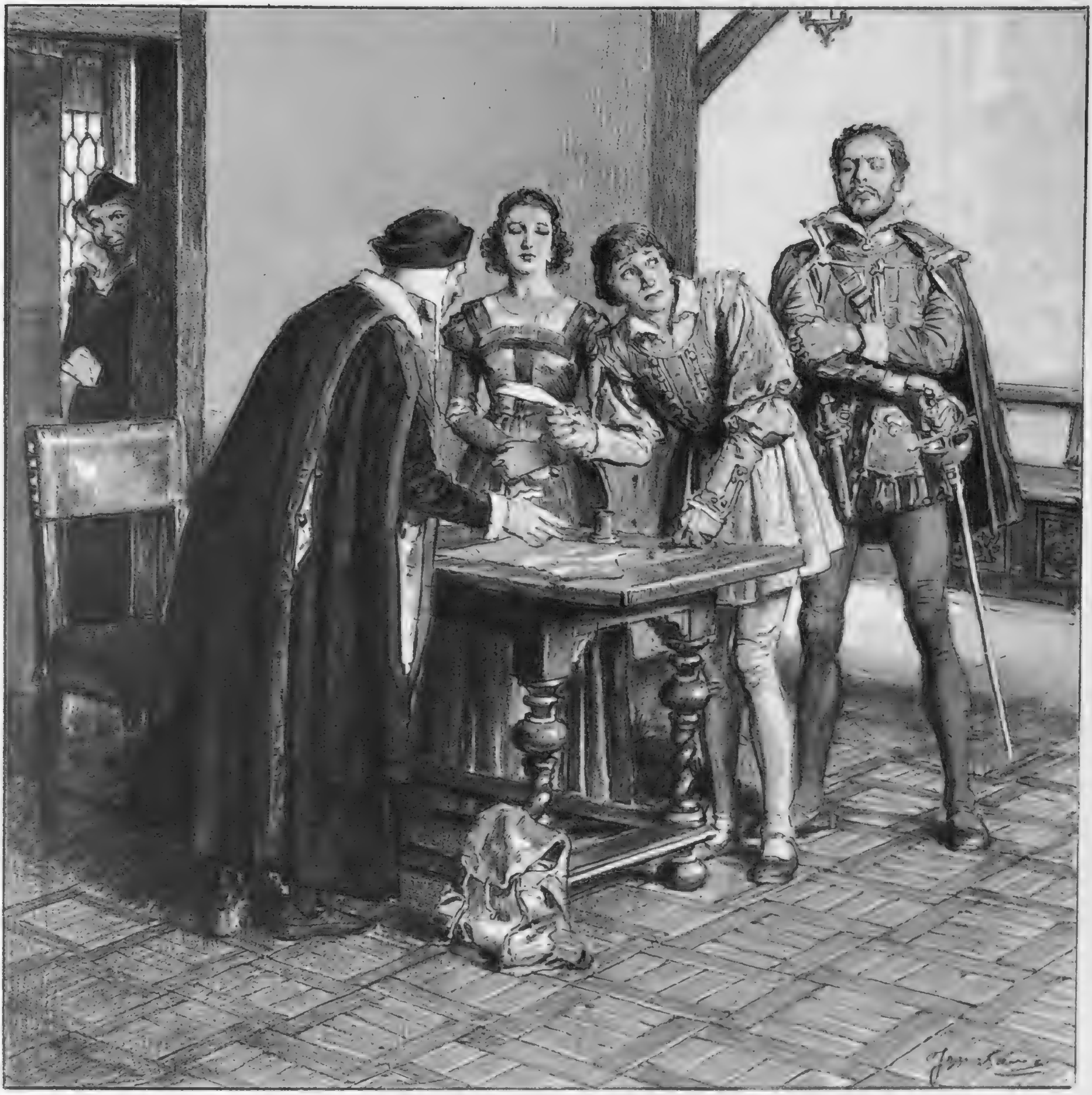
There was a certain Milanese called Cherubino. In spite of having sworn that he did not belong to Cellini's party, he had received a serious wound at the side of his mouth. Cherubino had been the amusement of everyone during the journey. Even though now he laughed, perforce, on the wrong side of his mouth, he still laughed and joked. At Staggia, where they considered themselves beyond reach of reprisal, they summoned a surgeon. He found that Paolo had only a flesh-wound, so the only important operation was to stitch the large mouth of the facetious and ugly Milanese.

By general request the surgeon was asked to sew it up entirely, so that he might keep quiet! But after three stitches the Milanese took a spoon, put it between his lips, and amid general laughter told the surgeon to leave an opening sufficient for the introduction of such an instrument, so that he might at least sustain life till he reached his friends.

The Cardinal had in vain tried many times to make Cellini travel with him. When he heard the latest chapter of accidents which had befallen him, he said: "God grant I may carry you at least alive to the King according to my promise!"

When they reached Ferrara, the Cardinal installed Cellini and his assistants in his own ducal palace, and went on alone to France to attend to the formalities of Cellini's engagement.

Months passed before the artist was summoned to Fontainebleau, where the King was living. No further "accident" marred the journey, and towards the



*The marriage was duly performed. The notaries, unaware of the real position, left with their conventional oily greetings*

beginning of October Cellini knelt in homage to Francis I., that fleeting, splendid, perjured prince who blazed a Renaissance meteor over Europe.

He was received with the King's characteristic affability. He was highly praised for an elaborate cup and basin. The King remarked, with his facile compliments, that no ancient artist of classic fame had ever attained such perfection of design and workmanship.

FOR all the formalities conducted between King and Cardinal, there had as yet been no word spoken of money, and on this golden rock the argosy of Benvenuto nearly wrecked. The Cardinal suggested that Cellini should have 300 crowns a year. Benvenuto expressed his gratitude to the Cardinal for having saved him from the dungeons of St. Angelo, and, scorning to meet the offer with a counter-proposal, decided to go away.

A heartbreaking scene followed when he dismissed his two assistants, and told them to go back to their country. A day or two later, with but very scanty luggage, Benvenuto left Fontainebleau for an unknown destination.

But the news of Cellini's disappearance had been brought to the King. A party of horsemen was sent after him, and, to avoid any possible fight, Ascanio was sent with them. Cellini had travelled but two miles when they caught up with him. When he attempted to resist, Ascanio implored him by all the saints in heaven to do nothing foolish. The guards told him that if he caused any trouble they had orders to bind him hand and foot, and carry him with them by force.

In addition, Ascanio reminded him that, whenever the King sent anyone to prison, it was five years before he ever granted their release.

The mere word "prison" had a magic effect on Benvenuto. He went with them, meek as a lamb. On the way to the King's palace they met the Cardinal. Ferrara, overjoyed at the speedy, bloodless carrying out of the King's command, greeted him with joy: "Our Most Christian King," he said, giving to Francis the most ironical of his titles, "has of his own accord assigned you the same salary that he allowed Leonardo da Vinci—seven hundred crowns a year. Over and above that, he will pay for whatever you do for him. He likewise makes you a present of five hundred crowns for your journey. It is his pleasure that they should be paid you forthwith."

When Cellini met the King again, not only were money matters satisfactorily settled, but he was given an order of unparalleled munificence. The king ordered twelve statues of life-size to be wrought in silver and to be used as candelabra for his state table. They were to represent six gods and six goddesses.

Cellini was installed in one of the king's castles that should serve him for workshop and dwelling-place in one. It was a picturesque place near the walls of the city. But there were many others who hoped for that place. Despite the royal authorisation, Benvenuto found grave difficulty in establishing his full title to and gaining undisturbed possession of the property. It appears also that the just complaints of Benvenuto to the king wearied that capricious monarch, and one day when Cellini again approached him with a request for some other less-sought-after residence, he said: "Who are you? What is your name?"

Benvenuto was dumb with surprise.

Urged again to tell his name, he answered: "Benvenuto Cellini."

"If you are that same Benvenuto that has been described to me, act like yourself," said the king. "I give you free permission. Go your own way. Depend upon it, my favour shall never be wanting."

In other words: "Murder whom you will: I will protect you."

Benvenuto did not need to be told twice. He provided himself with weapons, armed his assistants, and, backed by royal protection, faced—and outfaced—his antagonists. Several episodes are recorded, but beyond threats and half-drawn daggers, nothing happened.

CELLINI was introduced into the royal dining-hall while the king was dining in state with the Cardinal and other dignitaries. They all paid high compliments to the famous basin and cup, when the king said that Cellini ought to make him a salt-cellar.

He asked the king to grant him leave of absence for a few minutes: he had only to cross the Seine. He soon reappeared and placed before the king the famous wax model that he had made in Rome. Forthwith the king gave Cellini the order to cast it in gold.

In the meantime he carried on with work for which he had been promised a thousand gold crowns. When he went to the treasurer's house to collect the money, he met with many difficulties which delayed the consignment of the gold.

Cellini wanted to get it before dark for fear of a possible surprise by night. At length, by dint of firmness and persuasion, he obtained the money, and instead of putting it in a bag, he put it in a Florentine basket with two handles. He covered it with his cape and went his way.

At the same time a few suspicious-looking servants of the treasurer went out too, but took a different direction.

Benvenuto crossed the bridge of the Change and passed through a little alley in the direction of his house at Nesle. A few hundred yards from it four swords, held in four tense right hands, barred his way.

He put his back to the wall to face—and parry—the thrusts of his assailants.

Cellini took care to show that his left-hand was free and that he had only the cape wound round his arm—a common habit in the duel.

His opponents, never dreaming that under the cape could be hidden the coveted treasure, slackened their attack and finally retired.

A few minutes later Benvenuto was back home, where he related the adventure to his friends and—Caterina.

This new character was the dominant one in Cellini's Parisian life. She was a French girl of perfect beauty that Cellini kept as model and mistress. She lived at the Castle of Nesle and shared the life of Cellini's studio. She was the first woman of whom he decided to make a portrait which was much bigger than life size.

But before the tragedy of Caterina, the comedy of an exploit that failed.

Quick-tempered people are never tactful, and Cellini, who had succeeded in preserving all the favours of the king, did not succeed in gaining those of Madame d'Etampes, the "uncrowned queen." He did try, but to no avail. His ultimate effort was to bring her a golden cup. She was in *déshabille*, and kept him waiting for a long time—so long, in fact, that he left and gave the cup to someone else.

In spite of all this, Cellini was happy. In his own household, at least, there were no troubles. But happiness—as usual—did not last.

He had engaged an assistant, Paolo Miccieri by name, a product of the worst elements in Florence, concealing an inherent falsity behind a pious and dutiful exterior.

He was installed as a kind of secretary and curator of Cellini's possessions, the most treasured of which, as Benvenuto had so often told him, was Caterina.

"Keep ward," said Cellini. "Blood runs hot; the call of youth cannot be withstood. Keep her away from young men."

And Miccieri, forswearing himself by the saints, making on his false heart and lips the sign of the Cross, swore . . .

One day, Cellini and all his assistants were invited to spend a day in the country. Miccieri made the excuse that he did not want to leave the house, filled with the precious materials of Cellini's art, unguarded but by two women, Caterina and her mother, and stayed behind.

But a strange feeling of unrest marred his artist's pleasure in the countryside and the man's pleasure in gay company. As the hours sped by, the premonition turned, by God knows what telepathic alchemy, to an instinct of stone-cold certainty.

At last, obsessed, he bade farewell to his host, took his two attendants with him, and rode headlong back to his house.

Far ahead of his friends he entered the courtyard of Nesle and, as he sprang from the saddle, he heard the old woman shout with terror in her voice: "Paolo! Caterina! The master is back!"

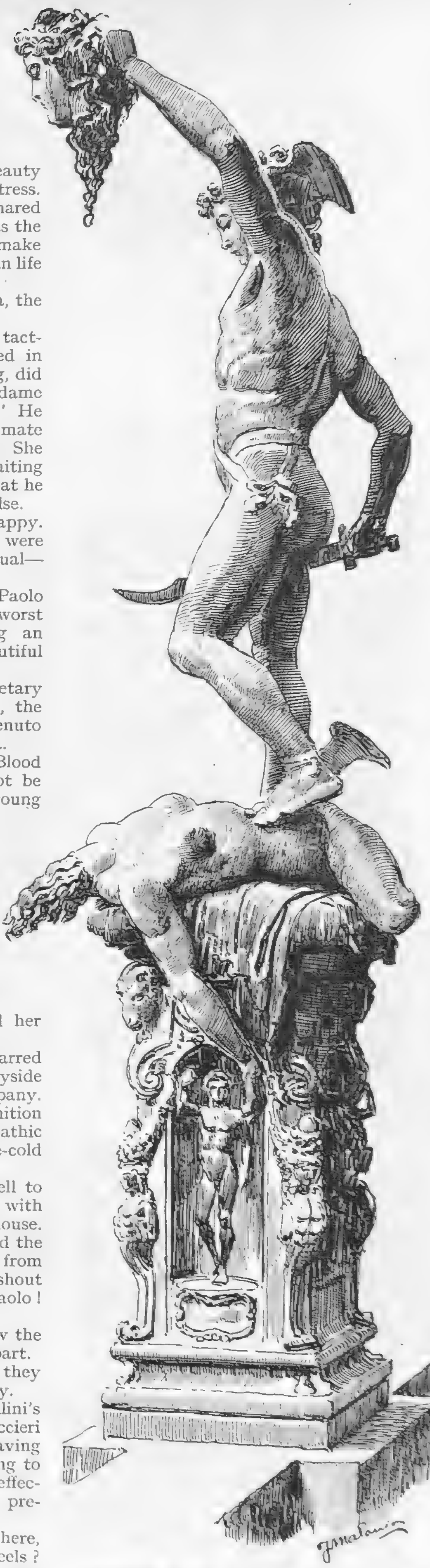
As he burst in at the door, he saw the clinging figures dislimn and start apart.

Terrified, confused, shame-bound, they knew not where to look, what to say.

A swish and a glitter and Cellini's sword leapt from the scabbard. Miccieri—as spineless as faithless—fled, leaving the girl at Cellini's mercy. She clung to Cellini's legs, imploring mercy—an effectual if unintentional fetter that prevented him from pursuit.

What did he think of as he stood there, the ruined romance clinging to his heels? The ruin of his happiness? No—the happiness that was ruined.

"A sorrow's (*Continued on page* 106)



*UNDER the immortal Loggia dei Lanzi, in Florence, Cellini left to the admiration of posterity his Perseus Holding the Head of the Medusa*

# *I'll Tell You*

## *By Mary*

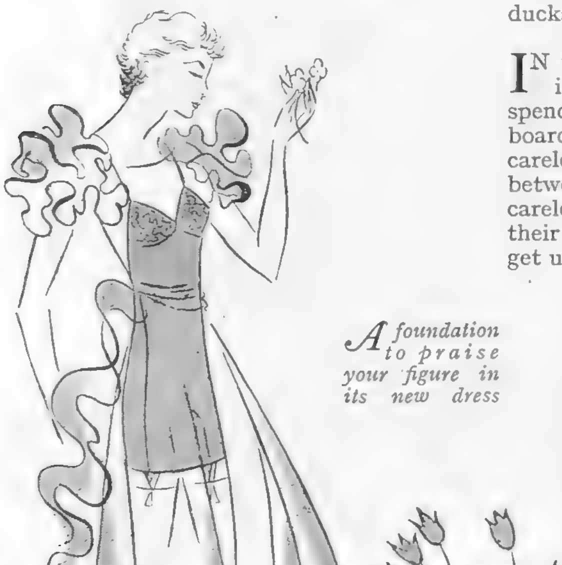
*A quick face-pack for the day when your face looks like dirty weather*

LET us face figures.

Yes, I know all the fashion girl-writers have been telling us that curves are in, womanly woman figures are getting a big break with this season's styles; femininity is stressed. But that doesn't let any of us out.

After watching luscious mannequins Mae-Westing it across dress show floors it seems to me that our figures are going to need more discipline than ever.

Certainly curves are being worn. But what sort of curves? Wandering, go-where-they-like curves? Not on your life. They have to be carefully controlled curves. No drooping bust lines, pouchy diaphragms, no stomachs and hips publicising their existence.



*A foundation to praise your figure in its new dress*

So, having depressed you so far, I'll now uplift you with news of a miracle foundation which is the avowed enemy of the foregoing.

I am justified in using the word miracle, for it is a miracle what this foundation does to your figure.

The one I have is featherweight, pink and pretty. A lace bras lifts up the bust sharp and high: more than lifts it up—builds it up. The rest is lastex yarn, put together so cunningly, so adroitly that your figure flows smoothly, without a ripple, from the bust to below the hips in a Venus (but 1935 version) line. It's backless to the waist, of course.

This particular foundation hasn't a hook or bone to its name. Others in the range have, for figures that need them, but they are carefully hidden and padded for comfort.

The principle with every model is the same. The back panel stretches up and down. The side panels stretch across, the front section does not stretch at all. So you find your foundation follows your every movement—like your shadow.

As it hates being taken for a ride it never rides up or down. This further blessing to women seems to be achieved, partly by the clever mixture of the two-way stretching and partly because the side seams are not at the sides—if you can work that out.

The foundations take to the water like ducks, improve indeed with laundering.

IN most hands the poor old clothes-line is the Cinderella of the household, spending a miserable life in a dark cupboard, like an untidy snake, dragged out carelessly when wanted, stretched out between posts or trees, and put away as carelessly. Few housewives are neat with their clothes-lines, which consequently get untidy and unravelled.

There seems to be no reason why the clothes-line should not fall into line with the rest of your neat household gods. Some manufacturers up in Chesterfield evidently felt the same way about it. For they have introduced a clothes-line reel; thirty yards, or whatever length you want, of nice clean, new rope wound round a wooden reel, one end knotted into the reel, one joined to a neat steel ring.

On washing day there is your clothes-line, all neat and tidy, no loose ends, ready for your most delicate washing. And when you've finished the children will love to wind it up for you and put it away, neat and tidy still.

SOMETIMES you may want to give yourself a quick face-pack. You are not necessarily dressing up to go gallivanting, or doing anything especially exciting. But perhaps the master of the house has telephoned he's bringing a friend home to dinner or you've been asked to come round and make a fourth at bridge, in exactly half an hour, or something.

The point is—your skin looks like dirty weather, and you've got ten minutes to turn it into a fine day.

At such a time ordinary cleaning and remaking up isn't enough. You want a little something extra. You want something that is going to give your skin a quick kick, a tonic.

Well—good news, ladies—there is a new facial cream pack which is foolproof in use and most gratifying in effect.

Its great merit is that you don't have to steam your face first with hot towels, which is one of the reasons why a lot of women are pack-shy.

You first clean the skin with an excellent complexion milk, made by the same people. Wipe off. Smooth the pack cream over the face. Keep on for ten minutes. You feel it tightening and toning, but never getting uncomfortably rigid. Then take it off with cotton wool dipped in skin tonic.

Result: the circulation is stimulated, the facial muscles braced up, your skin looks fresh and clear and feels like a million dollars. You've given it a kick which by now feels like a caress.

ALWAYS the determined traveller and seeker after truth, I journeyed one day last week to a factory just outside the big city, where they make a couple of world-famous vanishing and cleansing creams.

I have seen more expensive hand-made creams being prepared, assembled and packed. But I've never seen anything quite so fascinating as these creams being machine made in this factory, which is hardly like a factory at all, it is so spaciously pleasant: the work proceeds so unobtrusively, the whole atmosphere appears so casual.

The casual atmosphere is really about as casual as the play of a tennis star striving for the championship.

It is just a clever co-ordination of superb, almost human, machinery and human, almost machine-like, workmanship.

In the laboratory where the vanishing and cleansing creams are mixed you see great melting kettles full of swirling white foamy cream that looks and smells good enough to eat. And, as a matter of fact, its ingredients are purer and more refined than many of the things we do eat. All the same, I didn't risk indigestion.

# All I Know . . .

# Young

The cream leaves the cauldrons for the filling machines to begin a fascinating machine-controlled journey, whose quiet, unhurried rhythm is quite mesmeric to the beholder. It is machine-poured into jars and tubes which travel along moving belts to be machine capped, sealed, screwed, labelled and packed with beautiful precision.

The factory is working at high pressure to cope with orders for the firm's new face powder, only a year old, already a world best-seller.

*Points about this powder;* It is free from orris root and starch. And as for its fineness, well, I *felt* it being sifted.

When they sift powder in that place, they sift it and sift it. Up in the sifting chamber a shivering movement suddenly occurs, and the whole place trembles violently.

You think it is an earthquake. But no, it is just the powder being sifted.

It is a delicate and delicious powder, and there is a ravishing new sun-tan shade which does not go yellow around the nose with re-powdering.

MOST women spend a lot of money and time in keeping their waves ruled. But it is of little value to your appearance to keep your hair curled and trim if the hair itself is poor, lifeless, falling out, getting discoloured, showing dandruff.

Do any of these mean you?

You don't need to endure the unpleasantness of dandruff another day. Did you know what causes dandruff? Sometimes it is flaking of the scalp skin, and sometimes because the natural oils form accumulations which are forced through the scalp skin.

Washing the head is worse than useless. There is a brief respite. Then the oil glands are stimulated to further action, and the flow of the secretion to the surface is increased.

I didn't get all this out of my own head. It was told to me by a famous hair specialist who has left no hair unturned in the correction of scalp disorders.

For the more ordinary kind of scurf, my specialist has a lotion, used with a pomade, which has proved its worth over and over again. More difficult scurf cases require different, special lotions. But no hair case is too complicated for him to solve. All over the country grateful women testify to that.

If your hair is in such a state that you wouldn't want to cut off a lock for your beloved, never mind. Cut off a lock and send it to the hair man. For a small fee, he will send you an efficient diagnosis of its condition, and suggest treatment.

If your hair is pretty good, please keep it so by brushing, brushing, brushing. And clean brushes every day, please.

*No more untidy clothes-lines*

THERE'S nothing quite so satisfying as doing some work which really shows you've been doing some work. You know what I mean—like cleaning the brass and silver, or polishing the furniture.

If you've never had that feeling of exultation as, rising from your knees, you survey the expanse of floor boards you have just been staining, you have never really lived. There before you is a warmly coloured floor which a few hours ago was ugly deal boards. And you've done it yourself, you. Why, you're almost an artist.

Never mind that your back is almost breaking with fatigue: a hot bath will soon soak that away.

But—yes, you knew there would be a sting in the tail—there is little satisfaction to be got if you use the wrong kind of stain, looking well at the outset, but wearing away, scratching, spotting and reproaching you for not having had linoleum and carpet right away and done with.

There is no need to use the wrong kind, when you can buy a dye, in a dozen rich wood shades, made by a firm whose name practically stands for beautifully polished floors and furniture. It is a name that has become almost a verb in itself, meaning to polish, to shine.

The dye dries with a matt surface in two or three hours. And the final colour is brought out by going over it with their floor polish, which, in addition to its other virtues, behaves to your woodwork as an antiseptic to your skin.

I HAVE left until last something really of first importance. Constipation. An ugly word and an ugly subject. But we can't talk about pretty things all the time, with a public enemy of this calibre around.

Half the people we know are making half-hearted efforts to fight it all of the time. Half the people. That's rating it pretty low.

They are not quite ill, but never quite well. They have occasional indigestion, dull headaches, feel their vitality being sapped. Sometimes can't sleep.

The reason is that most people live too soft, ride everywhere, take too little exercise, eat the wrong sort of foods and too much of them.

The corrective is plenty of rest, fresh air, exercise, plenty of water to drink, and a diet full of natural fibre. Fibre, you probably know, is the cellulose content in certain foods which forms bulk inside you, and stimulates the intestines to natural action. You find it in most fruits and vegetables, and some whole wheat cereals.

*No need to suffer dandruff*

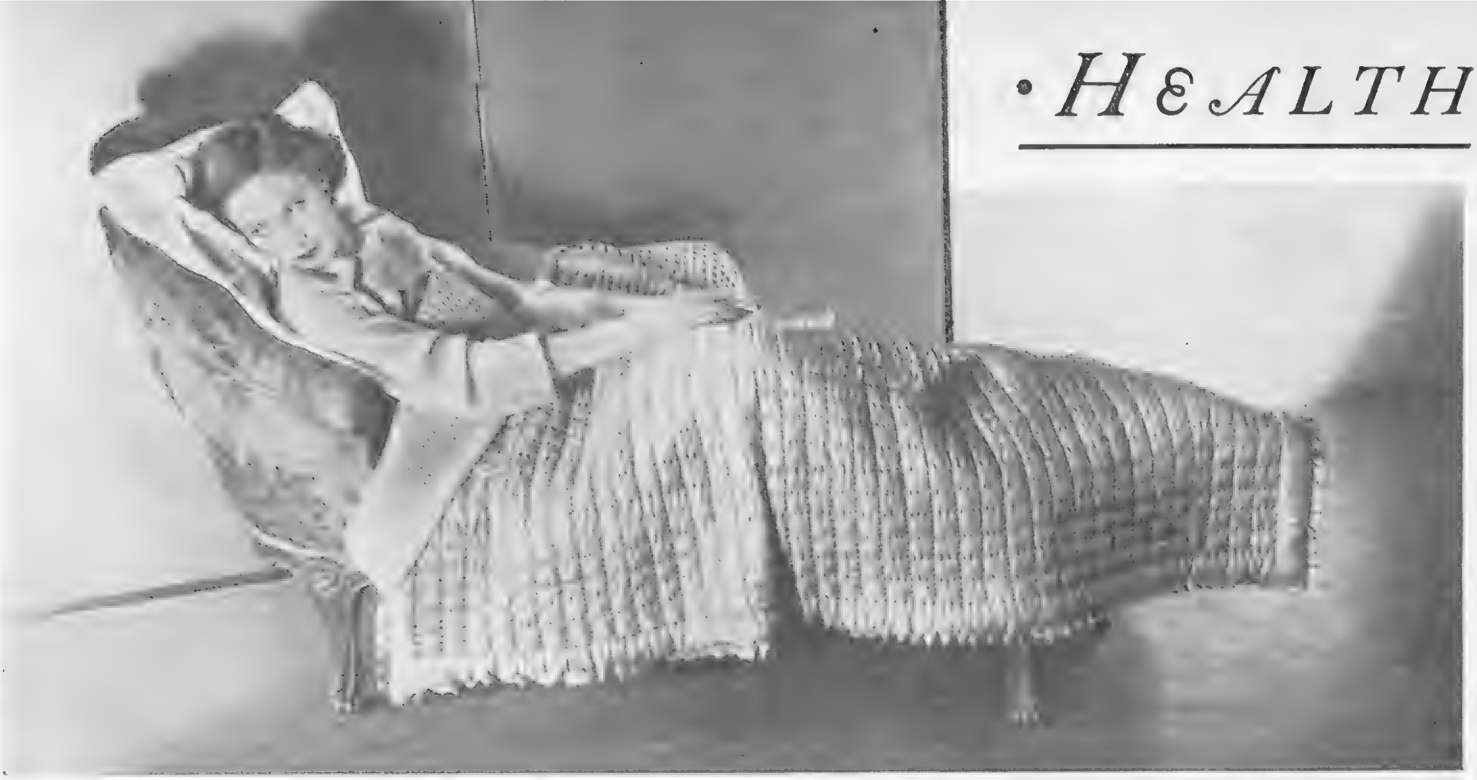
Get into the way of eating a certain amount of fibrous food regularly each day. And you can't be more of a friend to your insides than to start off first thing in the morning with it.

There is a very pleasant breakfast cereal, which is rich in fibre, similar to the quality found in lettuce, celery, string beans, spinach and leafy vegetables. Being an extra-special food, it also contains Vitamin B—appetite promoting, intestinal tract toning—and iron, to give you good red blood.

*Bring out the final colour of your floor dye with an antiseptic floor polish*

*If any of the subjects discussed on these pages are the answer to your own problems, write to me, at "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, London, and enclose a stamped envelope.*

Mary Young



# Sitting Up *and* Taking Notice

## *Good Advice to Convalescents and their Nurses*

CONVALESCENCE is often a very difficult time, both for the patient and those who are acting as nurses.

The glamour of the serious part of the illness is over. No longer can the patient, lying in a room full of flowers, feel herself the centre of anxious attention. She is probably weary of confinement and lack of activity, bored with bed and "a short walk or drive in the sunshine," and her attendants, if the truth were told, are also probably rather bored with the illness, now that all danger is past.

Reactions depend on temperamental differences and, of course, the nature of the illness. Some complaints have a notoriously depressive aftermath: influenza is one of them.

Surgical cases generally recover their normal mental attitude and cheerfulness rapidly.

The mental attitude is a material factor in recovery. The will to be well is essential. Then of course age, constitution and previous medical history affect the rapidity of recuperation.

There are two types of convalescence which must be guarded against: a too rapid recovery and a too slow one. The first is often the result of an energetic, highly strung temperament which resents inactivity and dependence. It may be due to over-confidence in recuperative powers or anxiety to resume work or play.

Excited by release from the sick room, such people try to resume a normal life immediately. This is the greatest possible mistake. The aftermath is inevitable. The slowly returning strength is overtaxed, and if there is no actual relapse, nerves, weakness and general debility are bound to occur.

On the other hand, the naturally lymphatic and self-indulgent are apt to make no effort of will to progress. They accept the ministrations of any who will wait on them as their right. There is danger with them of something like chronic invalidism being established.

Most probably tonics are being administered—that is, medicaments to stimulate or feed the nervous system, the general constitution, or to increase the red-corpuscle content of the blood if there is any anæmia.

There is a growing tendency to give tonics by injection, as their action is much quicker, since they enter directly into the blood stream.

It is advisable to discontinue medicines and drugs *as soon as practicable.* The very sight of a row of bottles and tubes prolongs the acceptance of invalidism.

ACTUALLY, the best tonics in the world are fresh air, adequate sleep and rest (but not too much), a calm mind, and natural foods containing vitamins, such as milk, eggs and fresh fruit and vegetables.

But it may be that some additional restoratives are necessary to put the patient on her feet again. Some of the simplest remedial products often prove effective.

Recently a case of acute neuritis, brought on by overwork and nervous debility, came within my knowledge, in which a preparation of glucose effected an almost miraculous cure.

Yeast, as a general tonic and blood purifier, is growing in estimation, and there are some excellent proprietary preparations containing a large percentage of vitaminic vegetable extracts.

Then there are valuable beverages and milk foods. Until a fair amount of exercise is being taken and the digestive functions fully restored, it is unwise to take heavy meals, and it is often better to administer nourishment in small doses at regular and rather frequent intervals.

If cocoa or chocolate or, better still, one of the delicious beverages containing chocolate, eggs, malt and cream, made with milk, can be taken instead of tea or coffee for breakfast, they are more sustaining and better for the nerves.

The last mentioned or a cup of one of the invalid diet foods are valuable taken last thing at night to ensure healthy sleep and build up the nervous system.

A CUP of broth, Oxo, or, if the luxury can be afforded, turtle soup or a long established and strengthening concentrated essence of chicken or beef can be taken in the middle of the morning. The two chief meals should be light, and include fresh fruit and vegetables, eggs or fish.

The resumption of normal habits and the increase of exercise must be regulated by their effect on the patient. A certain amount of effort is to be encouraged, but undue fatigue *must* be avoided.

If the illness has been serious or prolonged, and there is much muscular weakness, a few massage treatments are extremely helpful. Violet-ray treatment often works wonders in muscular and nervous resuscitation.

People looking after convalescents must remember that there is almost sure to be some nervous debility. Allowances must be made for occasional irritability, impatience and depression.

On the other hand, it is the greatest mistake to pamper them and encourage loss of control, and the patient must realise that her co-operation, cheerfulness and courage are essential to a complete and speedy recovery.

*and* BEAUTY.

# Looking *as* Young *as* *Your* Daughter

## *The catastrophe of lost youth and lost looks may be prevented by regular and proper Care of the Skin*

### *By Chrysis*

IT is not true that only the beautiful woman fears the advance of age and its attendant symptoms.

Perhaps if her appearance is her only charm and preoccupation, the tragedy is greater for her than it is for others. But every woman, lovely or unlovely, must feel a pang when she realises that the freshness of her complexion is fading, its texture coarsening, sees those insidious little lines about the eyes and on the brow which threaten one day to become wrinkles, and finds that the clean chin line and firm contour of the cheeks are not quite what they were.

Apart from vanity, there is the desire to remain pleasing in the eyes of husband and children and friends, and also often enough professional reasons for dreading the symptoms of age.

Fiction writers are apt to infer that one day a woman looks in the glass and sees all of a sudden that she has grown old or that her face is covered with wrinkles.

This, fortunately, is not the case. Every woman spends *some* time before her mirror daily and the loss of beauty and youth is insidious.

If at the first sign of fading or sagging, she turns her attention to preventing the encroachment of age, bettering the condition of her skin, toning up the underlying muscles and circulation and improving capillary circulation, the duration of youth may be almost illimitable.

It is not accidental that so many mothers nowadays look as young as their daughters. It is because women are wiser in their generation and the cult of beauty is more widely understood and practised.

Before there is any sign of actual wrinkles, the skin itself will show signs of "flagging." The colouring will be less radiant, the texture either dry and inelastic or rather coarser and flabby.

The treatment for this is stimulation and nourishment and a little daily care and the discreet use of a suitable feeding cream and a good tonic will work wonders.

Most of us have our favourite skin food, whether it is one of the special beauty products or merely a sound cold cream. But the method of using it is all important. It is not enough merely to smear it on the face, and for it to be smeared off again on the pillows.

After thorough cleansing, the cream should be gently massaged into the skin with the finger tips, always smoothing upwards, patting with the third finger under the eyes, from nose to temple, and slapping lightly but smartly upwards with the back of the hand under the chin. These movements must be continued until all but the merest film of cream has been absorbed.

If the cheeks are flabby, gentle pinching helps to tone up their muscles.

NEXT comes the tonic lotion to continue the work of stimulation and also to close and refine the pores. A simple, mild astringent can be made of 2 ounces each of rose water and witch hazel with a few drops of chemist alcohol or eau-de-Cologne added.

More of the spirit may be used if the skin is oily or relaxed. It is a good thing to use one of the patent little patters with springy handles when applying the lotion.

A really marvellous skin tonic is the new "Gin Astringent," which has an amazingly revivifying effect on the complexion. It is so cool and sparkling that it leaves a feeling as well as an appearance of radiance.

Another excellent slightly milder, tonic is a camphor lotion.

Nature is responsive and such simple little daily "exercises" will keep the skin in condition and prevent withering or sagging.

I mentioned cleansing. It is hardly necessary to say that if the skin is dry and sensitive, it is advisable to use a slightly fatted cleansing milk or a light, liquefying cream which generally works more effectively when removed with a mild complementary tonic lotion.

When cleaning, the upward movements should be observed and the skin must not be rubbed or stretched.

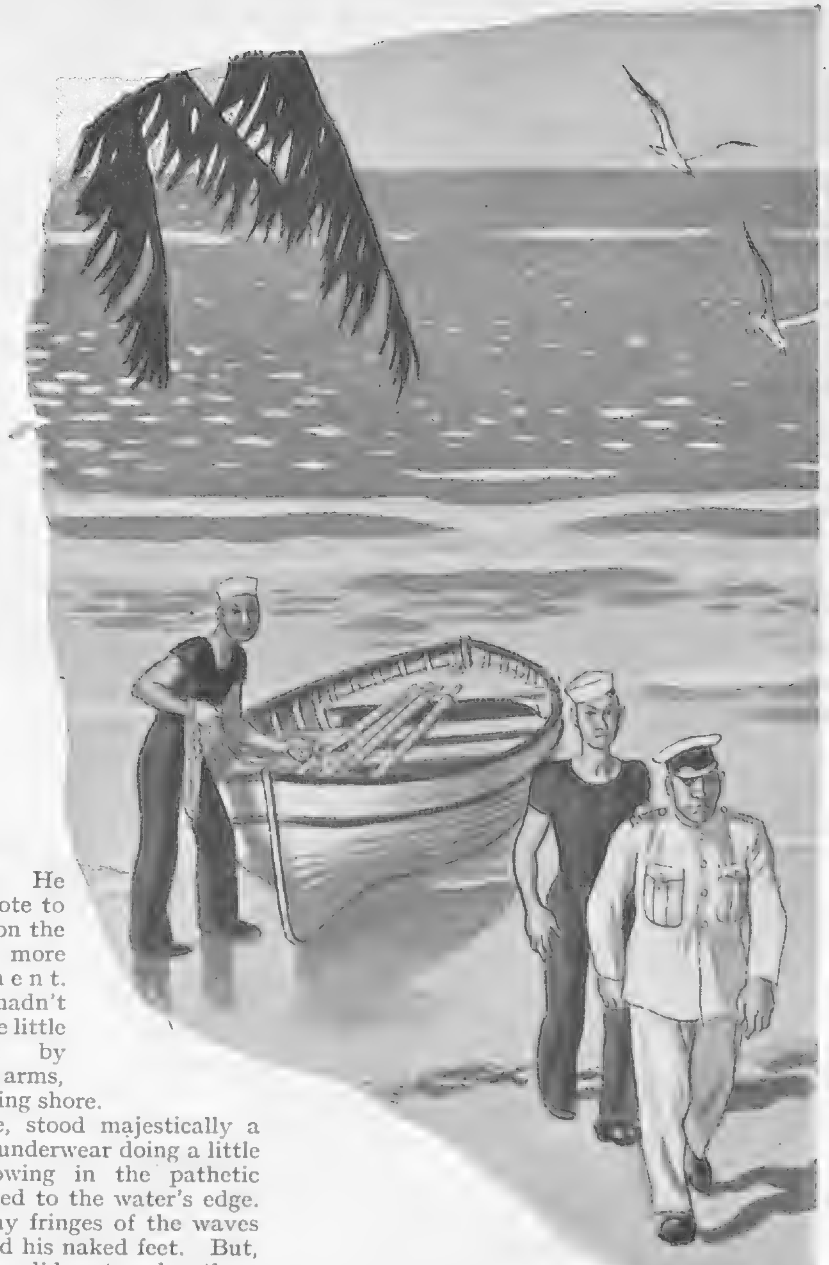
The use of the quite new cleansing pads, made of very soft gauzy material, is perhaps one of the best and safest ways of removing creams and all that they should bring away with them.

Take care of your skin and the years will take care of themselves.

*If you have a make-up or beauty question to ask, please write to Chrysis, "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope for reply.*

# The King of Armageddon Island

## *A Coral-strand Romance —with a Strong Dash of Comedy*



THE king was in his underwear, drinking gin. And yet neither this unkingly attire nor the rather sub-royal pastime seemed to detract one iota from his sovereign dignity. For when you looked above and perceived the sun flailing the sweep of sand and the dancing blue of the Coral Sea with scourges of steamy gold, you were forced to admit that the king was dressed according to the climate. And when you turned to regard the barren stretch of Armageddon Island you really couldn't blame him for drinking gin or anything else that might come to hand. There was, in fact, nothing better to do.

As the monarch himself would have put it, he was " every inch a king." There was dignity in his tall, well-made figure, a commanding assurance in his eyes, steely-grey like the flash of a sword-blade. His nose was noble, arrogantly bridged, the kind of nose it takes generations to build. And for all their contact with sun and weather his cheeks, high-boned and sharply cleft, still carried beneath their bronze a hint of pale aristocracy, of sharp definition between what was what and what wasn't what. Assuredly it was plain that this was no base-born usurper of the Cromwellian vintage. This bird was a king in his own right, even if he appeared to be well under thirty. And as he sat now in the sand watching the tiny boat dancing up and down between the blue scissor blades of the Coral he looked it.

Beyond the little boat, grounded almost drunkenly upright in the reef, the yacht lay like an albatross with a broken wing. The king, gazing at it, sighed. It was indeed a graceful yacht, with clean racy lines. Such a craft, he felt, deserved a prettier fate than to be beached on this protruding underlip of Armageddon Island. Better almost that it had gone plunging straight to Davy Jones in the orthodox manner than to lie unburied in this distant potter's field of the Coral Sea. He made a mental note to reflect further upon the yacht at some more propitious moment. Right now he hadn't the time. For the little boat, propelled by sturdy sea-going arms, was almost touching shore.

The king arose, stood majestically a moment with his underwear doing a little half-hearted billowing in the pathetic breeze, then walked to the water's edge. The white scummy fringes of the waves came up and laved his naked feet. But, unlike Canute, he did not order them away. He merely gazed at the occupants of the boat and took note that they were five in number, four sailors plying oars and a grizzled individual who sat in the cockpit seemingly superior to manual labour.

" Ahoy, there ! " sang out this grizzled person. " Who are you ? "

The king sighed. He had an ingrained hatred of having to give an account of himself first to strangers in his own domain. He shook his head and addressed the grizzled one.

" It may be a complex of mine," he said, " but I don't like to do it that way. For sake of argument, let's take the telephone ! Now when someone calls my house I detest having them demand immediately ' Who is it ? ' Why should I have to explain myself when answering my own phone ? It has always seemed to me proper for the party creating the disturbance to state his identity and business at the outset. Childish, if you like ! But my own view of the matter."

The sailors in the boat stared from one to another. The jaw of the grizzled individual dropped.

" Oh, hell ! " said the grizzled one. " What does it matter out here at the end of the world ? But if you're so damn pernickity, I'm Jasper Sheame, skipper of the yacht *Esmerelda*, which you now see stranded out there in the shoal. And if you want particulars—well, owner Alonzo P. Rockburn, of Philadelphia, U.S.A., aboard with his wife and daughter. Said *Esmerelda* bound for Sydney, but we smashed a propeller on some blasted driftwood in last night's blow and got hung up here on your goddam reef. And these "—he indicated the sailors—" part of the crew. Satisfied ? "

The king shook his head.

" Well, what now ? " demanded Captain Sheame, preparing to disembark.

" It's the hell of a name for a yacht," said the king. " Now if it had been called the *Starfish* or the *Gazelle* or the *Milky Way* or even—yes, even the *Bluebell*, I could have stood it. But *Esmerelda* ? It—it almost offends me."

The sailors looked at one another.

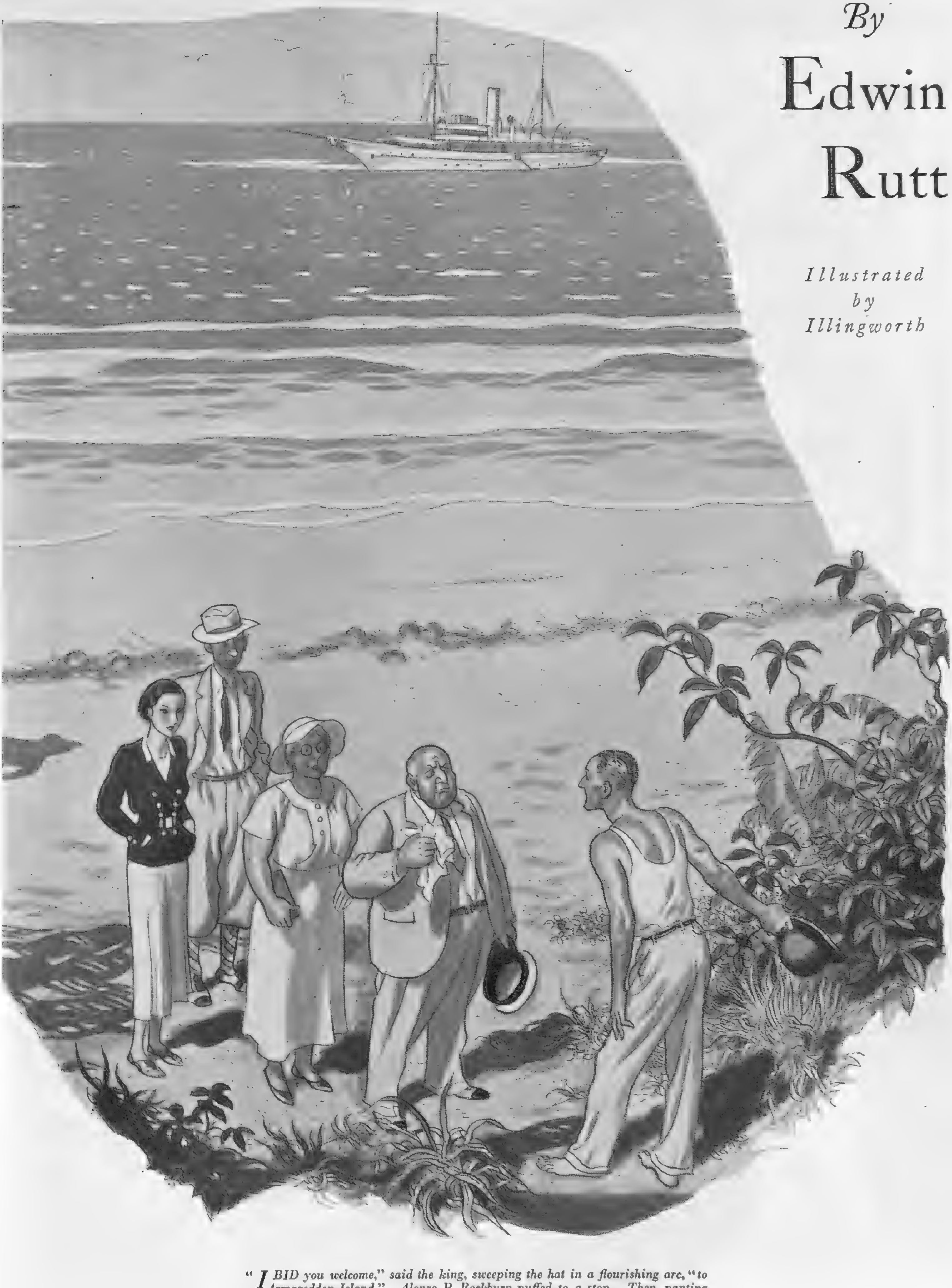
" He's bats ! " murmured one.

The king overheard.

" Not at all, my good fellow," he said, goodnaturedly. " Just, perhaps, supersensitive. A cultivated ear, no doubt. Do you follow ? "

Captain Sheame stamped out into the sand, getting his feet wet.

" For the love of God," he wanted to



### *By*
### Edwin Rutt

*Illustrated by Illingworth*

*"I BID you welcome," said the king, sweeping the hat in a flourishing arc, "to Armageddon Island." Alonzo P. Rockburn puffed to a stop. Then, panting audibly and perspiring profusely, he ran appraising eyes over his surroundings*

know in a Minotaurian voice, “what has the name got to do with it? I tell you we're stranded here way to hell and gone off our course and with a busted radio, and”—he spat to denote disgust—“you stand and gibber about names!”

“Well,” said the king, imperturbably, “by your own statements there's really very little else to do. But, since you're here, welcome to Armageddon Island!”

“You're welcome to it yourself!” growled Captain Sheame.

“Thank you!” said the king, “I already have it. I am the sole and undisputed lord of this community. I might also add that I am the community. In other words, there's nobody else here. But, I warn you, I am none the less a king for lack of subjects.”

“I told you so,” nodded the sailor who had diagnosed the case earlier.

The king smiled tolerantly. “I assure you, my man, you're wrong. In all probability I'm far saner than you. But we won't argue the point.”

“No!” roared Captain Sheame. “For God's sake don't waste any time arguing. The point is—we're beached here with women aboard. I ask you what are we going to do?”

“My dear fellow,” said the king gently, “why come to me? I can't go out and personally repair your yacht. And as for the radio I hate the damn things. I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole. The point to me seems to be how long will the yacht stay above water?”

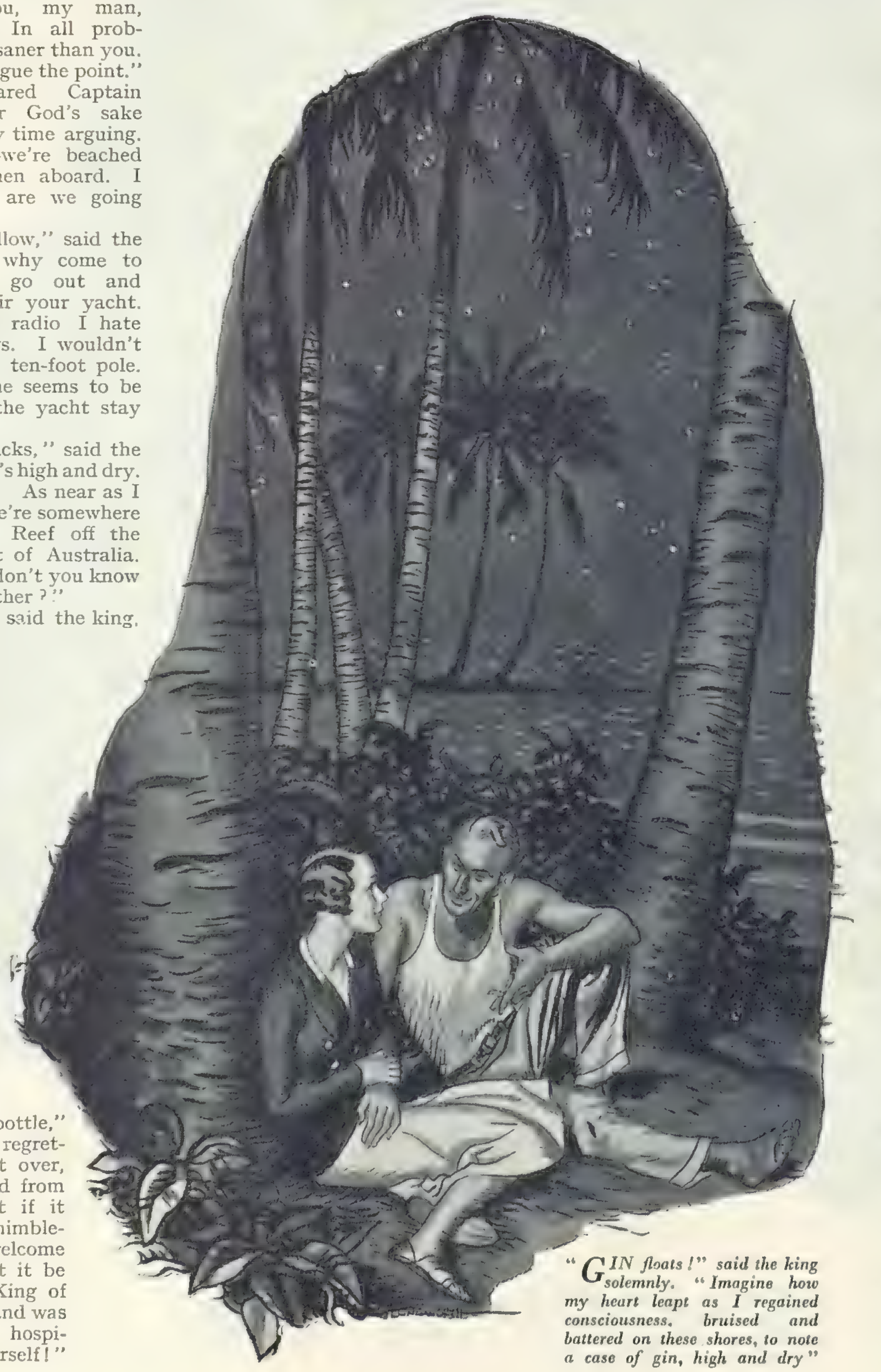
“Till hell cracks,” said the Captain. “She's high and dry. Now, look here! As near as I can calculate, we're somewhere in the Barrier Reef off the north-east coast of Australia. Is that right or don't you know where you are either?”

“You have,” said the king, “a bump of locality second to none. You are somewhere in the Barrier Reef. But God only knows just where. Also, the distance to the mainland is another matter that God is keeping to himself. I'm sorry, but that's all I can tell you. What about a drink of gin?”

The Captain eyed the bottle.

“Don't care if I do!” he said at length.

“It's the last bottle,” said the king regretfully, handing it over, “that I salvaged from the wreck. But if it was the last thimbleful, you'd be welcome to it. Never let it be said that the King of Armageddon Island was behindhand in hospitality. Help yourself!”



*“GIN floats!” said the king solemnly. “Imagine how my heart leapt as I regained consciousness, bruised and battered on these shores, to note a case of gin, high and dry”*

“Here's looking at you!” said the captain, tilting the bottle.

“Cheerio!” said the king.

“I suppose,” resumed Captain Sheame, wiping his mouth, “that no ship passes here in a month of Sundays.”

“Never saw one,” admitted the king. “The coastwise service doesn't come up this far. The Dutch mail does, of course, and there's an Australian line running to Singapore. But they hug the mainland. You're best hope is a stray tramp.”

The captain looked at him.

“Funny you should say that!” he said. “Because last night the damndest thing that I've ever seen in thirty years on the sea happened.”

The king sat down in the sand. “Tell me about it!”

“Well,” said the captain, “during the confounded storm a little black-hulled boat passed us. And if it wasn't a small stray tramp it was a pirate. And if it wasn't that it was the Flying Dutchman. And she went by close enough to spit at. Well, we spoke her and gave her a distress signal. But, by God, she didn't even answer!”

“Tut, tut!” said the king. “It was a breach of sea etiquette.”

“I should hope to tell you it was,” said the captain grimly. “Passed us as if we were a dog-gone lighthouse or something. And if she couldn't see we were in trouble, she must have been manned by blind men. I put the glasses on her but couldn't see a thing except a bloke with a sort of yellow face hanging over the portside rail. I give you my word, he looked more distressed than we were.”

The king made a choking sound like a man swallowing his tongue.

“Well,” demanded the captain, “what do you know about that?”

Apparently the king didn't know anything about it.

“You say you were near this island when that happened?” he asked.

“Yes, thank God!” said the captain. “If we hadn't been, I wouldn't be sitting here enjoying your excellent gin this morning.”

“Have another?” urged the king hospitably.

The captain shook his head. “No, thanks! I've got to get back and report to my owner that we've found inhabited land. You've no objection to the party coming ashore, I suppose?”

The king glanced doubtfully at his underwear.

“I'm hardly dressed to receive,” he said. “But I dare say I can find a rag or two up at my shack to supplement this modest attire!”

The captain grinned. “Except that there are ladies coming, I'd advise you to stay as you are. You look like an advertisement for B.V.D.'s.”

“How many will there be in your party?” inquired the king.

“Well,” said the captain, “there'll be Mr. Rockburn and Mrs. Rockburn, with Miss Rockburn and, I suppose, Mr. Plate.”

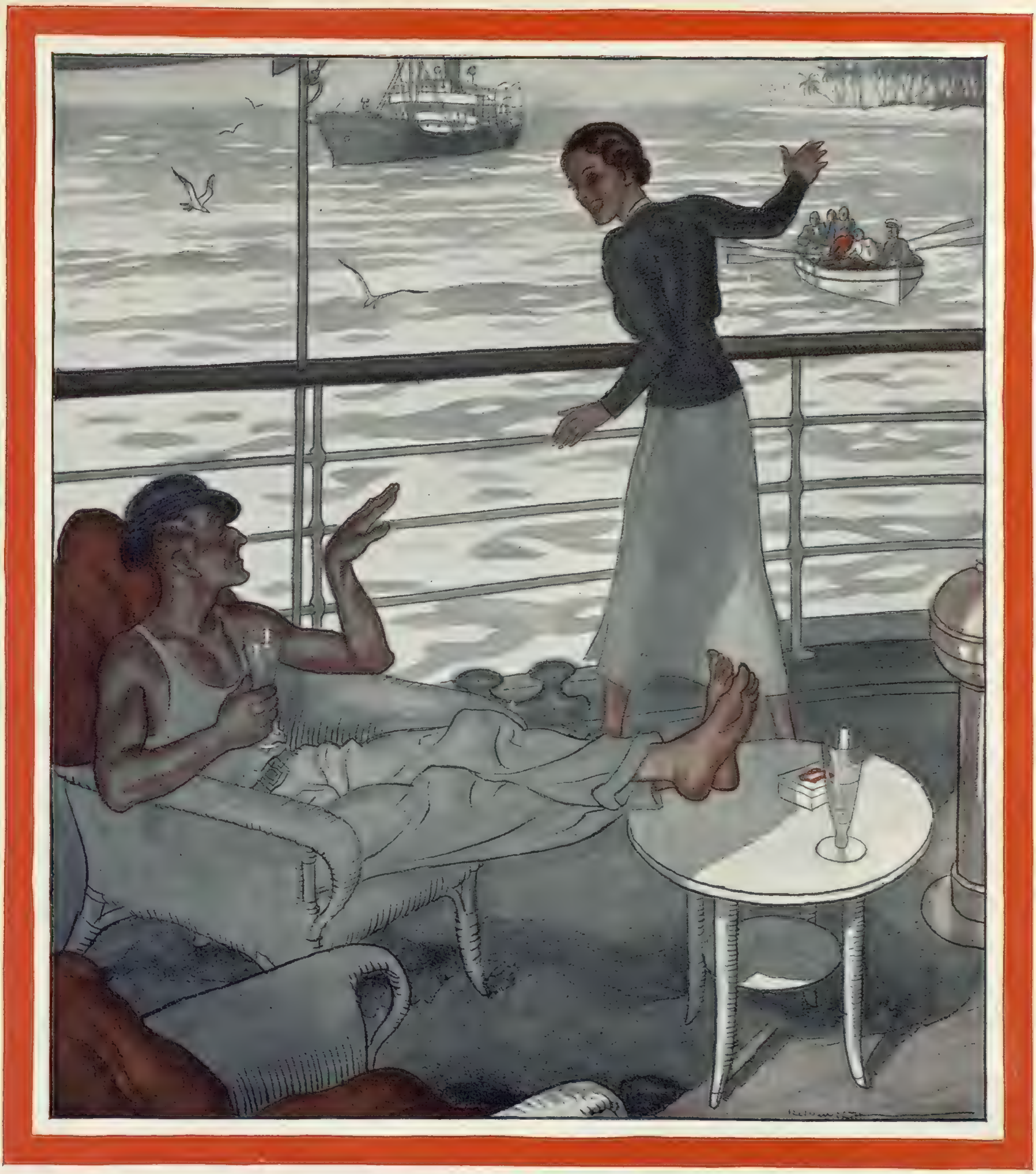
“Who's Mr. Plate?”

“Miss Rockburn's fiancé. He's all wet.”

“All wet?” murmured the king sympathetically. “That's bad luck! Can't you do anything about it?”

“You don't get me,” said the captain. “I mean he's a louse.”

“Oh, I see,” said the king. “What we'd call in England a pretty



*THE little boat came nearer. And with a sudden darting movement Chloe Rockburn was out of her chair and rushing excitedly to the side of the yacht. "Rex," she cried, "come quick! I think I know that elderly man!"*

ghastly piece of work, eh?" The captain turned interested eyes upon him.

"All along," he said, "I've had a sneaking suspicion that you were English. You're a long way from home, my lad."

The king smiled. "But I haven't forgotten my duty as an Englishman. I've taken possession of this land in the name of the Crown. Just sort of going over Captain Cook's work and patching up the chinks in it, if you get what I mean."

"Well," said the captain, "I purposely haven't asked you how you came here because I thought it would make good telling to the whole crowd. Perhaps you'll oblige later on?"

"Perhaps," said the king.

"Because," continued the captain, "we'll have to have something to talk about for the next couple of years." He regarded the bleak island and shivered. "We'll be here that long at least. Incidentally, how are you off for food?"

The king waved a negligent hand. "I take what Nature provides, turtle eggs, fish, an occasional sea fowl. One gets accustomed, you know."

"Does one?" said the captain. "Wait'll old man Rockburn hears that! He'll raise hell."

"He's got a lot of room to raise it in," said the king. "Well, cheerio until later. I forgot to mention that there's a very nice and cool palm-grove back in the island. The ladies will enjoy it."

"I'll say they will," said the captain, stepping back into his boat. "You could boil ice on that deck out there. Well, so long!"

"Bon voyage!" said the king in excellent French.

(*Continued on page 100*)

*Revolt of an Old Timer—Dolly Darling of the Halls—fastened by Success to*

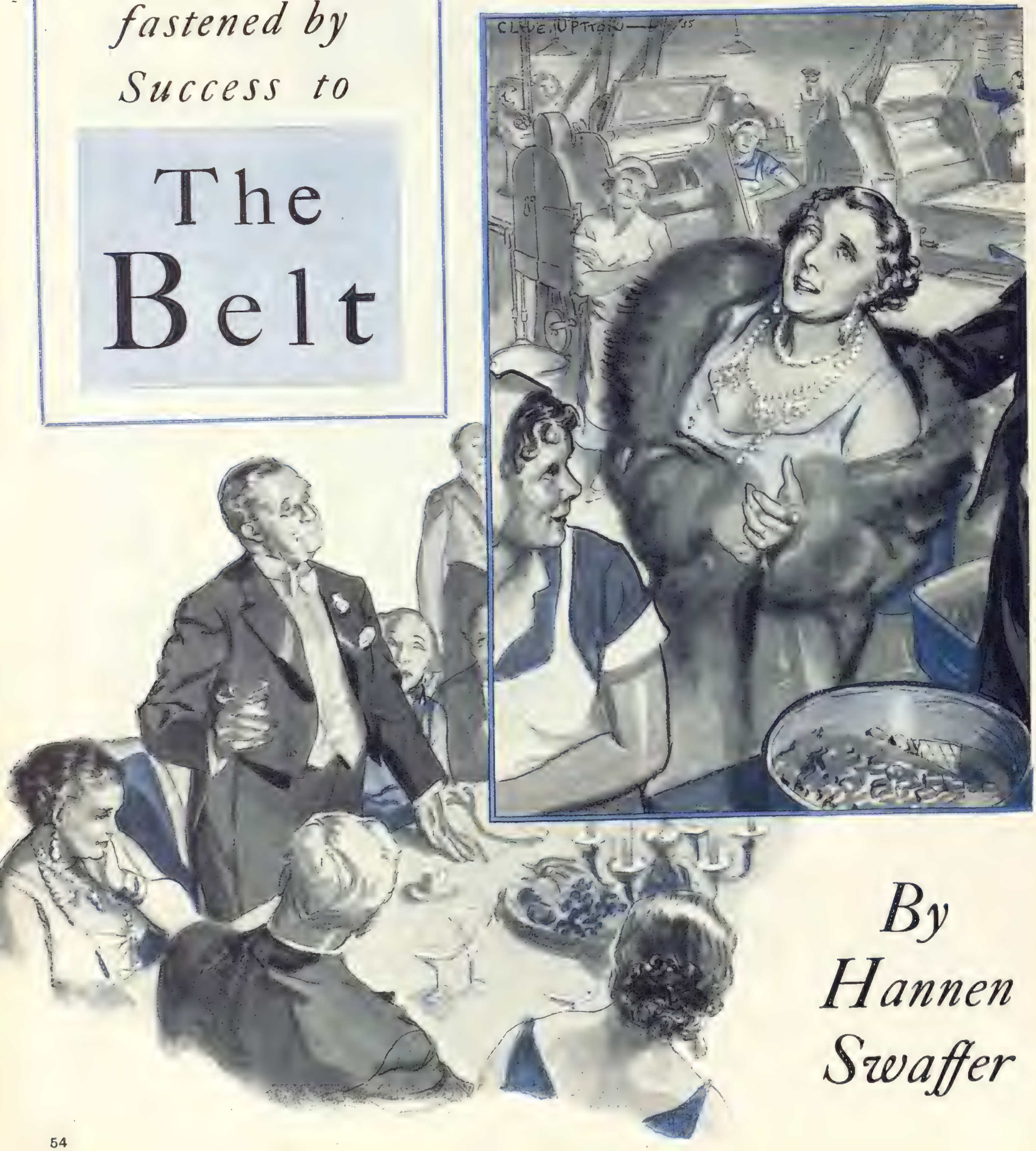
# The Belt

*Illustrated by Clive Upton*

MANNING PAXTON, seated at the breakfast table, opened his morning post.

The butler stood by concealing, as usual, his fears. What was in the post decided his master's temper for the day. And that meant a lot.

Although Manning Paxton had heard that, in "Society," it was the custom for people to help themselves to their own breakfast—to go themselves to a sideboard where the eggs and bacon and grilled kidneys were waiting—he did not believe in things like that. He paid to be waited on, and waited on he was. He had made money. Money could buy Service. And Service he would get, whenever he wanted it.

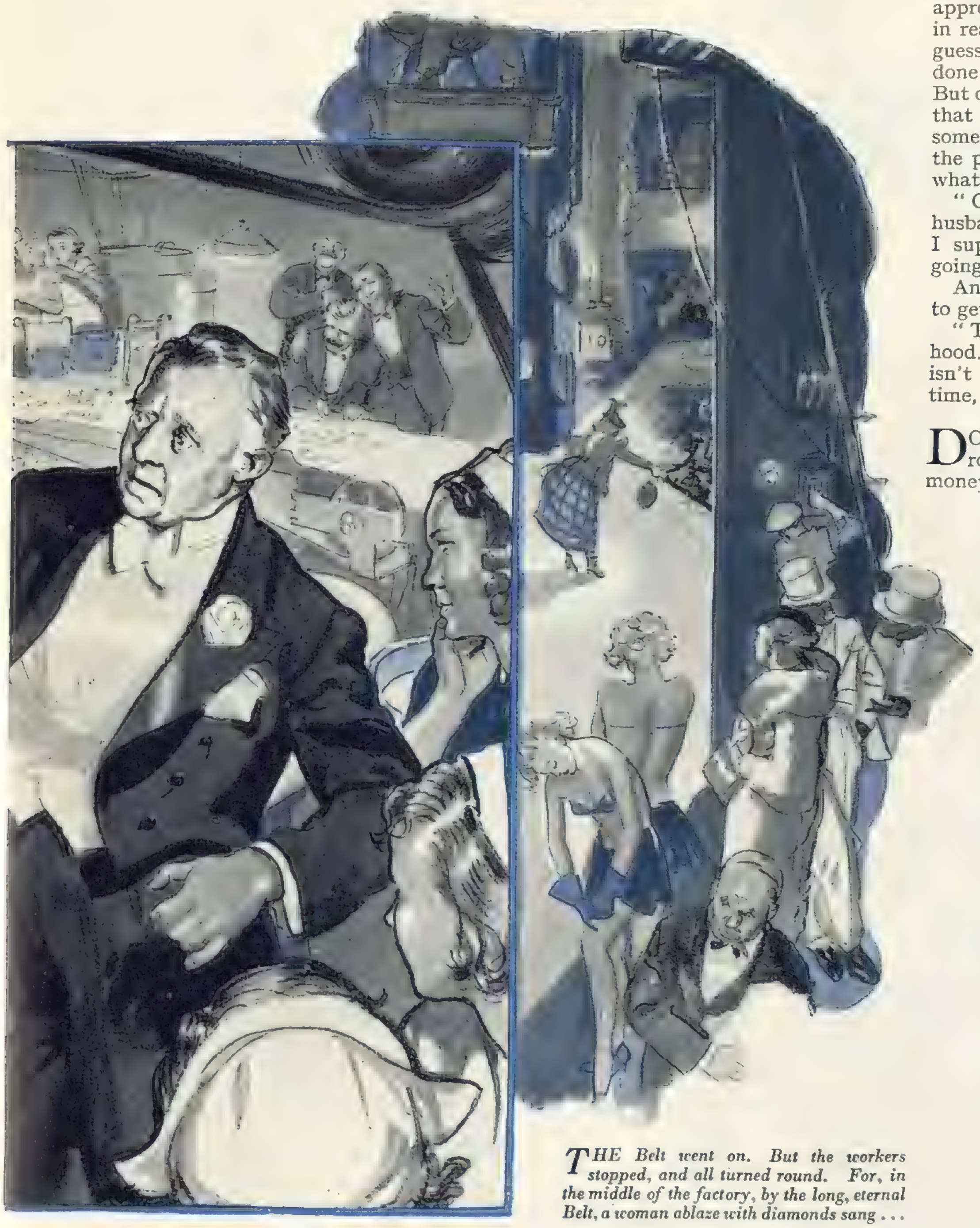


## *By Hannen Swaffer*

The butler's eyes did not betray, by a flicker, that he had seen that bills, as usual, had come in, bills over which there were frequent arguments. For, the richer you are, he knew from a life's experience as a servant, the less did you, when you had made it, like to hand it on to other people. "Business" meant watching things, cutting down, arguing.

Nor did he change expression when an invitation was opened, one of a kind that meant that one more rung in the long social ladder that stretched up above his master, had been climbed.

But even the butler could scarcely refrain from a broad beam of thankfulness when his master read the next communication that he opened.



*THE Belt went on. But the workers stopped, and all turned round. For, in the middle of the factory, by the long, eternal Belt, a woman ablaze with diamonds sang . . .*

"Dear Mr. Paxton," he read, first to himself and then out loud, "I am pleased to tell you that I have advised His Majesty to include you in the next Honours List, due on the King's birthday, as the recipient of a knighthood."

"There you are, my dear," said Manning Paxton. "It has come at last."

And he read it a third time.

At first his eyes had glanced through it quickly. Then he had read it out, to himself. But, this time, it was not only to his wife but to the butler.

"You see what I've done for you now," said Manning Paxton. "You will be Lady Paxton in a month's time. And that'll give your old music-hall friends something to talk about."

"I'm very glad, my dear," said Mrs. Paxton, not as though her voice expressed happiness, but more or less as though she were glad in a subdued kind of way, merely agreeing because someone else was glad.

"I know they laughed when you married me," said Manning Paxton. "They thought they were more important than a man who made sweets. They topped the bills. I only footed them. Well, my sweets have gone all over the world and made a name for me, and now even the Prime Minister has had to take notice."

His wife did not reply, except with a "Yes, dear." But she wondered who had told the Prime Minister of big endowments to charity, of well-organised publicity schemes. She wondered which of the many people who had been approached by her husband had succeeded in reaching 10, Downing Street at last. She guessed that all of them would claim having done it. She knew that several of them would. But one thing she knew more than anything—that when her husband wanted to buy something he usually bought it, whatever the price was. And, once again, he had got what he wanted.

"Go out and tell your friends," said her husband. "It's supposed to be a secret, I suppose. But it can't be for long. I'm going to tell mine."

And he went off to the sweet factory—to get on the telephone.

"The King has honoured me with a knighthood. . .Yes, that's one up for the old sweets, isn't it ?. . .Yes, we must celebrate, some time, when the List comes out. . ."

DOLLIE PAXTON sat in the breakfast room, surrounded by pictures her husband's money had bought, facing the silver her husband's money had bought, otherwise accompanied only by her memories, the only thing her husband's money had not bought when he had bought her.

Then Dollie got on the telephone, but not to call up city magnates or rich manufacturers.

"Come round, dearie," said Minnie Palling, the once famous serio-comic.

"Look in at the first house," pleaded Gertie Watson, who still danced a bit when the Old-Timers got a week's work.

"My !" was all Ruth Knight, who sang "Pippit Gives Me The Pip" until her voice gave out, could say. She wasn't given to much more than "ejaculations."

DOLLIE PAXTON, standing in the wings of the Coronium, watched the show. The Old-Timers were on. But it was not like the old days. She thought back to the days when she was Dollie Darling, when you went on all alone for twenty minutes. Twice you dashed off into the wings and changed, while the band played your last chorus until you were ready. And, when you were ready, you rushed on again while the next turn watched your last number, ready to take your place.

But the Coronium, which held 4,000 people—yes, and with 7s. 6d. stalls—was more like a great theatre than anything Dollie Darling had ever known. They were shifting, at the back, great towering pieces of scenery.

"What a change from the old back-cloths."

Quite young girls walked about half-naked.

"They wouldn't have allowed that."

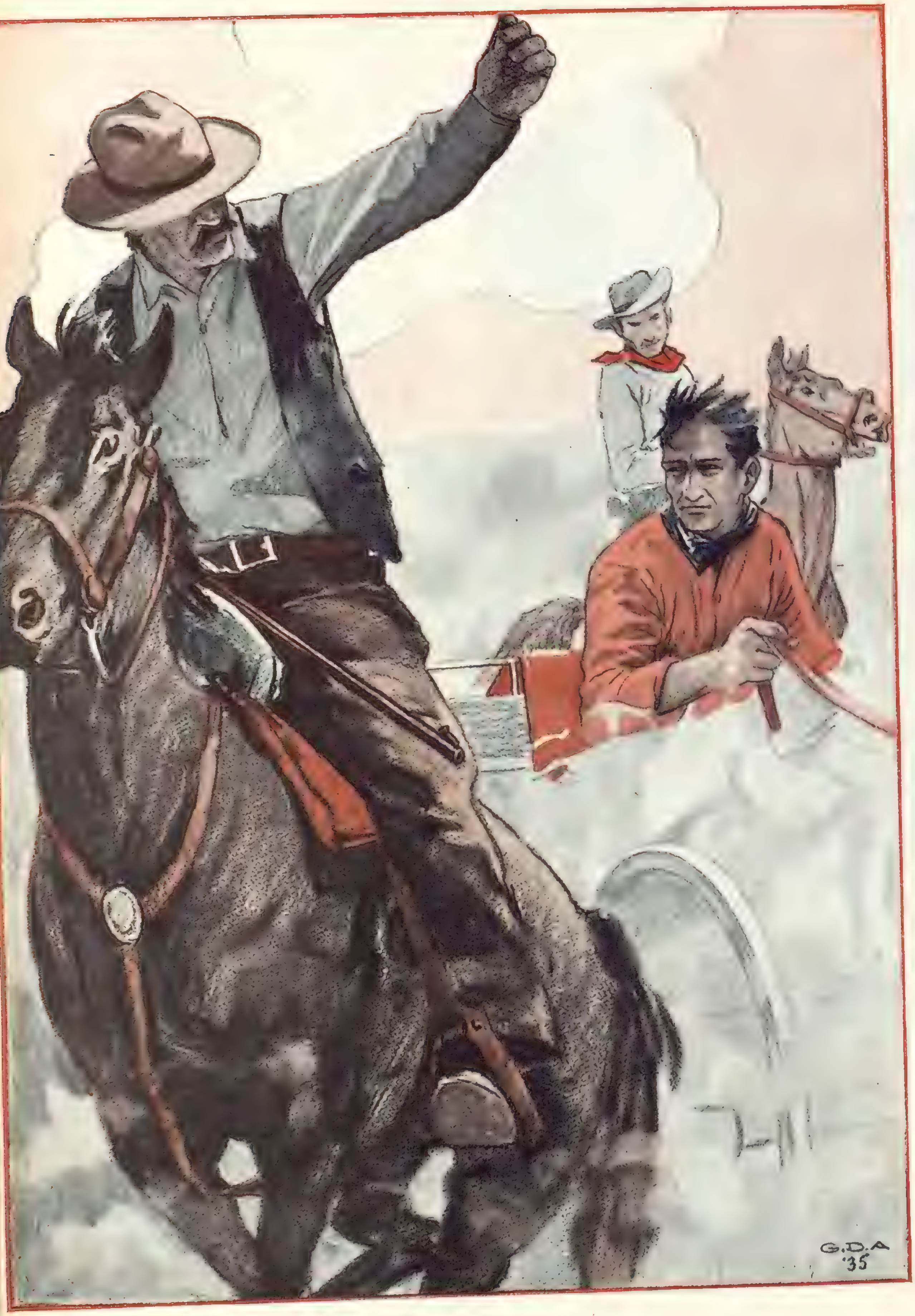
Three dancers, in one corner of the vast stage, stripped almost naked in full view of the scene-shifters, who took no notice.

It was one of those Looney Shows, in which the whole company took part. A rich band conductor was a comic that night, with the rest. His orchestra were all made up, dressed in mixtures of costumes of all kinds, "actors" for once in their lives and enjoying it.

What a change it seemed to the days when, but for a disconsolate comic waiting for his turn, the stage was bare !

There was a mix-up of half the nationalities in Europe. American twangs sounded everywhere. A couple (*Continued on page* 114)

# THERE RODE DEATH



*THE bushrangers came abreast the buckboard. "Pull up, or you're crows' meat!" the bushranger chief snarled at the driver*

*Illustrated*
*by*
*George D.*
*Alexander*

THE empty, sun-parched land at last showed movement. A solitary rider crossed a ridge and rode down on to the flat of the saltbush plain. But he was not alone. Following him now, crossing the low ridge, appeared two other riders; behind these was a buckboard, with a driver and passenger; behind the buckboard were still two more riders. These came down the slope, and the ridge was vacant for a while.

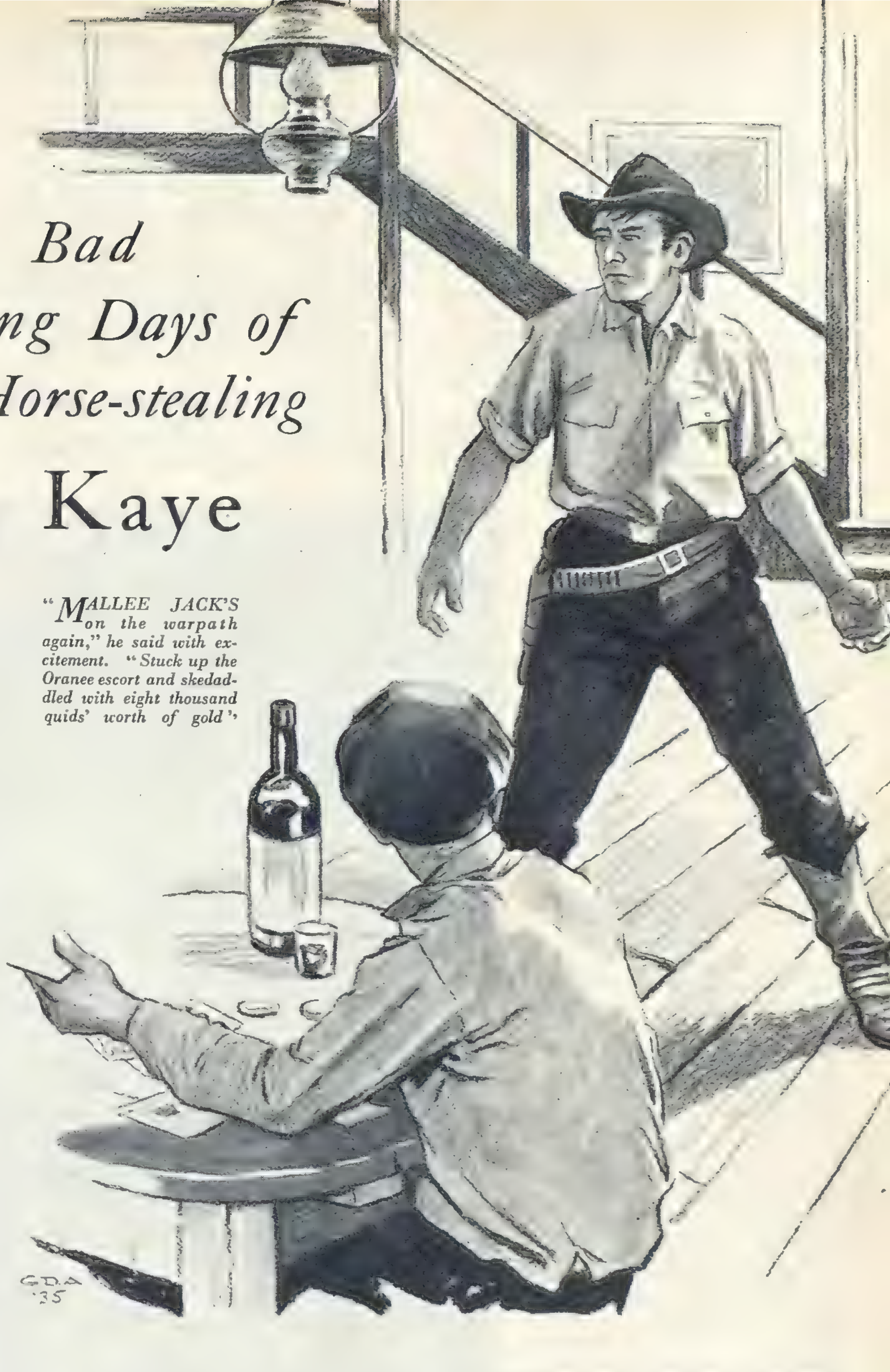
It was a gold escort. Save for the two men in the buckboard, all wore the uniform of the New South Wales Mounted Police. But after running his gaze over them, Mallee Jack turned his hard, sun-narrowed eyes back to the vacant ridge. There should be another rider. And in a little while he showed himself, the guard bringing up the rear. He followed the tracks of the buckboard down the slope.

The pad ran across the flat saltbush plain to twist after a time through spews of broken rock. Mallee Jack watched the glint of weapons in the sun. So still was the sweltering Australian day he could hear plainly the slow beat of hoofs and the creaking sounds of the buckboard, an intermittent, unintelligible blur of voices. One of the men in the buckboard was smoking, and the puffs of smoke floated away with the puffs of dust.

There would be more dust and a different kind of smoke presently. That was in the faces of the men sprawled on their bellies in the scrub by Mallee Jack. And it was in his face too—the tanned, hard, cold face of a man who lived by

# *Life was Cheap on the Prairie in the Bad Old Bushranging Days of Hold-ups and Horse-stealing*

## By Louis Kaye



*"MALLEE JACK'S on the warpath again," he said with excitement. "Stuck up the Oranee escort and skedaddled with eight thousand quids' worth of gold"*

blood and loot. He looked at the horses concealed in a hollow among the thickets, and held by a man who had in his right hand a bandanna to stifle a tell-tale neigh or snort. He looked at the five others of his gang about him.

"Boys, that escort won't bail up. There's eight thousand quids' worth of gold in the buckboard if that Yanco Creek scout didn't lie. Anyway, it's a pile. Them troopers'll fight hard. That puts it on us to fight harder. If anybody's yeller enough to want to quit, he'd better skedaddle now."

Nobody did. Every man there knew that Mallee Jack would drop him in his tracks, even at the risk of the shot carrying warning to the troopers.

The sounds in the still air grew louder as the gold escort approached nearer the spew of rocks. Mallee Jack's red-shirted figure tensed in readiness. Beside him, his men were likewise ready, rifles thrust out before them.

The single advance guard of the escort had passed the rocks and boulders; the rear guard was still back on the plain, but the buckboard with the main body of the escort was just drawing near the rocks.

Mallee Jack let loose. Six rifles cracked in the scrub, and bluecoats went pitching, and the buckboard drew up as if its driver had been paralysed by the suddenness of the slaughter. That second of surprise was long enough for Mallee Jack and his men to mount. They broke from cover and came down on the shattered escort, shooting as they rode.

Oaths and shots and pound of hoofs. A trooper was shooting from the ground where he had spilled from the saddle. The buckboard with its precious freight of gold was swaying now behind a flogged team. The driver had both hands occupied, but the bearded passenger was shooting from the tail of the vehicle.

Two still unwounded troopers brought up the rear, their figures twisted in their saddles as they fired back.

The chase went on across the plain, with only one bushranger saddle so far empty. One of the two troopers lost his mount and lay pinned under it as Mallee Jack and his gang swept by. The other trooper collapsed suddenly on his horse's neck, clung there a moment, and rolled off. The bearded man in the buckboard continued to shoot for a time, and then was a limp, grotesquely jolting figure across the box of gold. The bushrangers came abreast the buckboard.

"Pull up, or you're crows' meat!" the bushranger chief snarled at the driver.

The man realised he was helpless. When the buckboard stopped, Mallee Jack jumped into it from his saddle and dumped the box of gold out.

"Git!" he ordered succinctly. The buckboard went on behind its exhausted team.

"Look alive, boys! Git the shammies. We don't want to hang around here. There might be another mob of troopers within cooee of that shootin', and we've got to get back and pick up the pack-horses."

The box was broken open. Gold shone yellow-red in the sun. Mallee Jack transferred it quickly to chamois-lined canvas sacks and strapped them on his saddle and that of his lieutenant. The buckboard with its tired horses was moving slowly on the plain. Two riderless horses had stopped in the middle distance. Along the route of the buckboard a wounded trooper was climbing painfully back into the saddle. Mallee Jack and his wolves had brought quick death and desolation to a scene that a little while before had been peaceful. There was no compunction in the bushranger's face.

"Come on and get them pack-horses," he said. "We've got a long ride. But it's worth it—all that mint of gold." His cold face warmed now with triumph, while his eyes were hard with greed.

A MAN on a lathered horse pulled up in front of Donovan's bush pub and store and a second later dived through the doorway into the bar.

"Mallee Jack's on the warpath again," he said with excitement. "Stuck up the Oranee escort and skedaddled with eight thousand quids' worth of gold."

"The hell he did!" Donovan returned. "What was the troopers doin'?"

"Mallee and his gang ambushed 'em—dropped half of 'em out of the saddle before they broke cover. I came across the Three Dingoes Plain, and you never seen such a mess up. Dead and wounded horses—and men. Looted buckboard and a driver half-crazed and old gold king Dan Simms that owned the most of that gold dead in the buckboard. Couple of troopers still could crawl back into their saddles and ride. They picked up one of Mallee Jack's men that got shot earlier, but the rest stayed with the pigskin, so they can't be hurt bad."

Several men in the bar had grouped round the newcomer, plying him with questions. One man still sat at the card-tables, slowly shuffling a deck of cards while he watched the group at the bar. He was young, with lank hair, black and rumpled slightly so that it hung over a part of his forehead; his handsome, lean face was flushed by drink and excitement of the interrupted play. A stack of chips lay on the table beside a glass and bottle. He looked slightly disgruntled as if the newcomer's story had temporarily put a stop to profitable play. He turned his eyes to Goldfield Sal, who had left the bar long enough to appear at his side and whisper something the boy did not catch.

"What?" he asked thickly. "What's bitin' you, Sal?"

"You'd savvy quicker if your head wasn't all thicked up with rotgut," Sal told him fiercely. "Why don't you pull out while your luck's in—or anyway while those sharks are lettin' you think it's in? They'll skin you in the next half-hour if you stay in the game."

"Think so?" the boy said. His fingers touched the revolver he wore. "I've got this here if they try any tricks."

"You have," Goldfield Sal agreed, "and the next thing you'll know you'll be stiff on the floor, or, anyhow, mixed up in a bar brawl and bloodshed. And the next step from that's the bushranger gangs. You're headed that way already."

The boy laughed. "Well, I'd just as soon be headed there as anywhere. Things are pretty tough. Leave me alone, and I'll take a chance with these fellers who think they can play me for a mug. Just wait till I rake in some more——"

"Yes, and what'd you do with the money, even if you could outsmart them and win it? You'd booze it the way you did before," Sal sneered. "And all over some flash piece in Sydney—a girl who played you for a mug like Wallaby Joe and Larry Stevens are playing you. Forget you ever wanted to make her Mrs. Jim Rayne."

Jim Rayne flushed. "You remember about her better than I do. I don't let any Sydney skirt—or goldfields either—get me to remember 'em much."

But Goldfield Sal knew she had touched a raw spot. Her eyes became kinder.

"I just wanted to warn you about Wallaby and Larry. If you think you can look after yourself—well, don't drink any more whisky, and watch out, that's all."

She went back to the bar. Jim Rayne sat on impatiently shuffling the cards and waiting for the game to be continued. But the group was still about the man who had ridden in to tell of Mallee Jack's latest exploit.

Donovan, wiping a glass, said: "Well, if there's still two troopers not hurt too bad to take in one of Mallee's gang, they ain't hurt too bad to get word through to other troopers to ride out after the rest. There's nothing we can do about it, and the loss ain't ours."

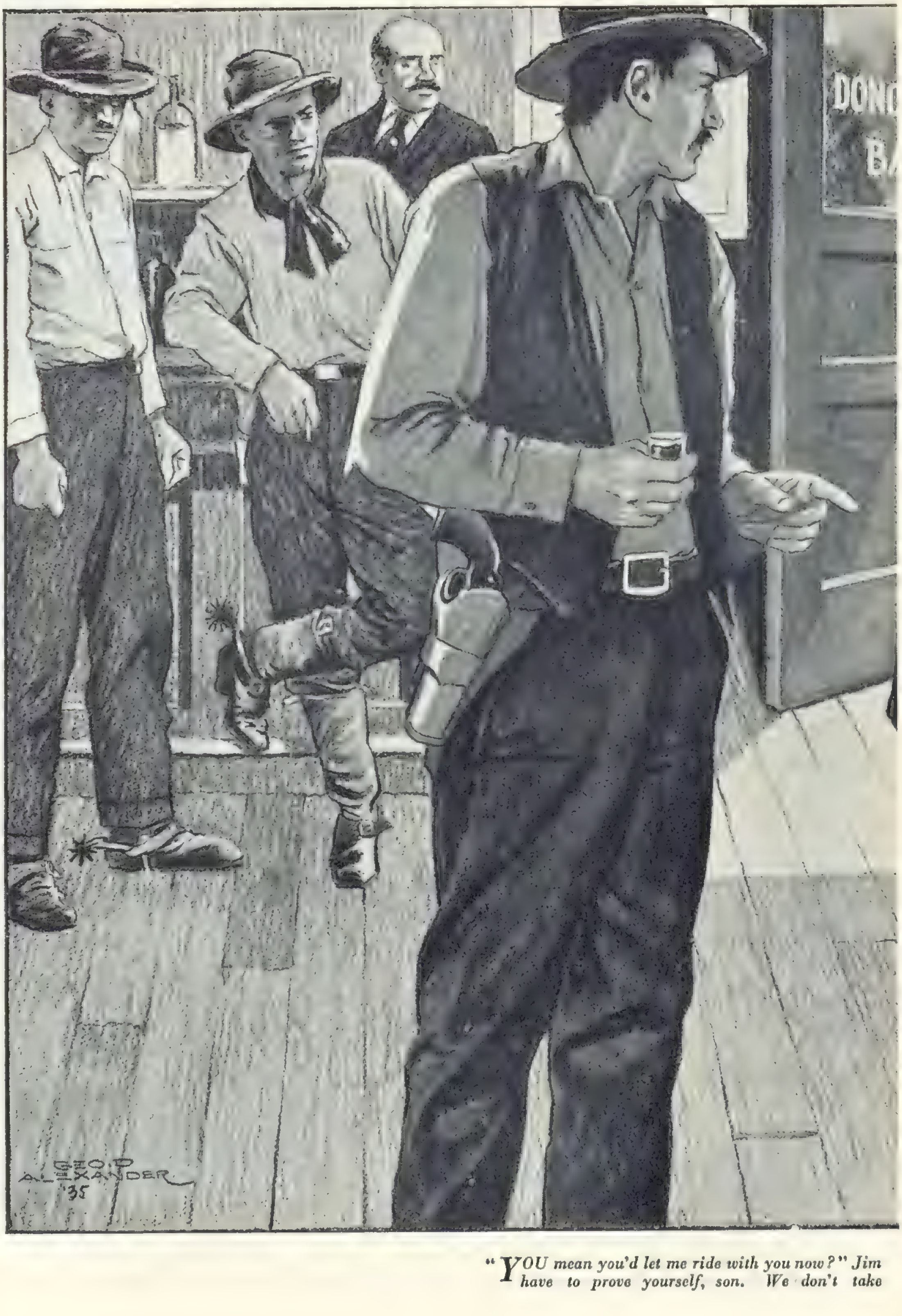
The man who had brought the news frowned. "The loss ain't ours—yet. Mallee Jack is headed for the Northern Territory."

"Well?" Donovan asked.

"Don't you see—that means he's coming this way! Your store's planted right on his route."

Donovan looked at him for a moment. "You came straight in from the Three Dingoes Plain? Mallee Jack's gang would be travellin' fast. Yet you happened along after the robbery, and you turn up here ahead of him?"

"Mallee had to pick up pack-horses and grub—that stopped him from takin' the Territory pad right away. Once he found there were no other troopers work-



"YOU mean you'd let me ride with you now?" Jim
have to prove yourself, son. We don't take

ing that stretch, he'd know they'd have to come from Berrima. He'll be along, though."

"How'd you know he was headed for the Territory?"

"That bushranger the two troopers picked up talked. Mallee Jack would follow a long pad with that gold, anyway. The Territory looks the best bet after that job."

Donovan shrugged. "Can't be helped if he takes in this plant on the way. Anyhow, he's never lifted anything out of this camp. Maybe he'll live up to that reputation."

"All right. I've got nothing to drop," the other told him. "I just thought I'd ride in here and tell you. If you like to carry on as if nothing's happened—well——"

"That's all there is to do," Donovan said. "Mallee Jack's gang is too wild to stop, and they've let us alone so far. They mightn't turn up anyhow."

Jim Rayne saw the other man look around the bar as if hopeful of a less resigned attitude, but what he saw in the faces about him brought a little dry smile to his own. Nobody seemed to care. His ride had been wasted.

Into Jim Rayne's disgruntled face came a little sympathy for him. He was a little surprised himself that nothing was to be done about Mallee Jack's impending visit. Not that it worried him greatly; he wanted to get on with his interrupted game. But he concerned himself sufficiently to turn his eyes in quest of Goldfield Sal and beckon her.

"Got sense enough into your head to quit the cards?" she asked.

"I'm still planted here, and I mean to stay planted here till those sharps are skinned clean," Jim Rayne answered. "But what kind of shanty is this, Sal? Has Mallee Jack got nerve enough to show up here?"

"Nerve is what he lives by," Sal answered. "But he don't have to worry here. He's got too many friends around—and we've got too many cowards."

"Me included, Sal?"

"I wouldn't doubt your nerve to use that gun, boy. But I'm doubtin' your *will* to use it. You're half wedded to bushranging already. You won't put up any more fight than the rest."

"No," Jim Rayne agreed. "So long as he don't interfere with me, he can come and go all he pleases. I've got my own troubles."

"Yes, and you're headin' for plenty more," Sal jeered. "You're too thick-headed to see a *chance* when it's tossed in front of you."

"A chance for what?"

"To get straightened out with yourself—to do something that'll stiffen your backbone and put self-respect back into your carcase. It drives me mad to see a boy like you going to the dogs—ready any minute to step over the line with the bushrangers."

"Did I say I was?"

"No, but I can see it. I've seen such a hell of a lot—of hell," Sal told him, "round the goldfields. Think I've worked at bars and dance halls and gambling joints all this time—think I've become what I am, Goldfield Sal, without seein' into the depths of everything that's low? My God, if you'd seen half the things these eyes of mine have seen, you'd know I was learned in sin and folly so there ain't nothin' left for me to learn. And you won't take a hint—you won't let me stop you goin' the way your crazy head and sick heart's lettin' you go."

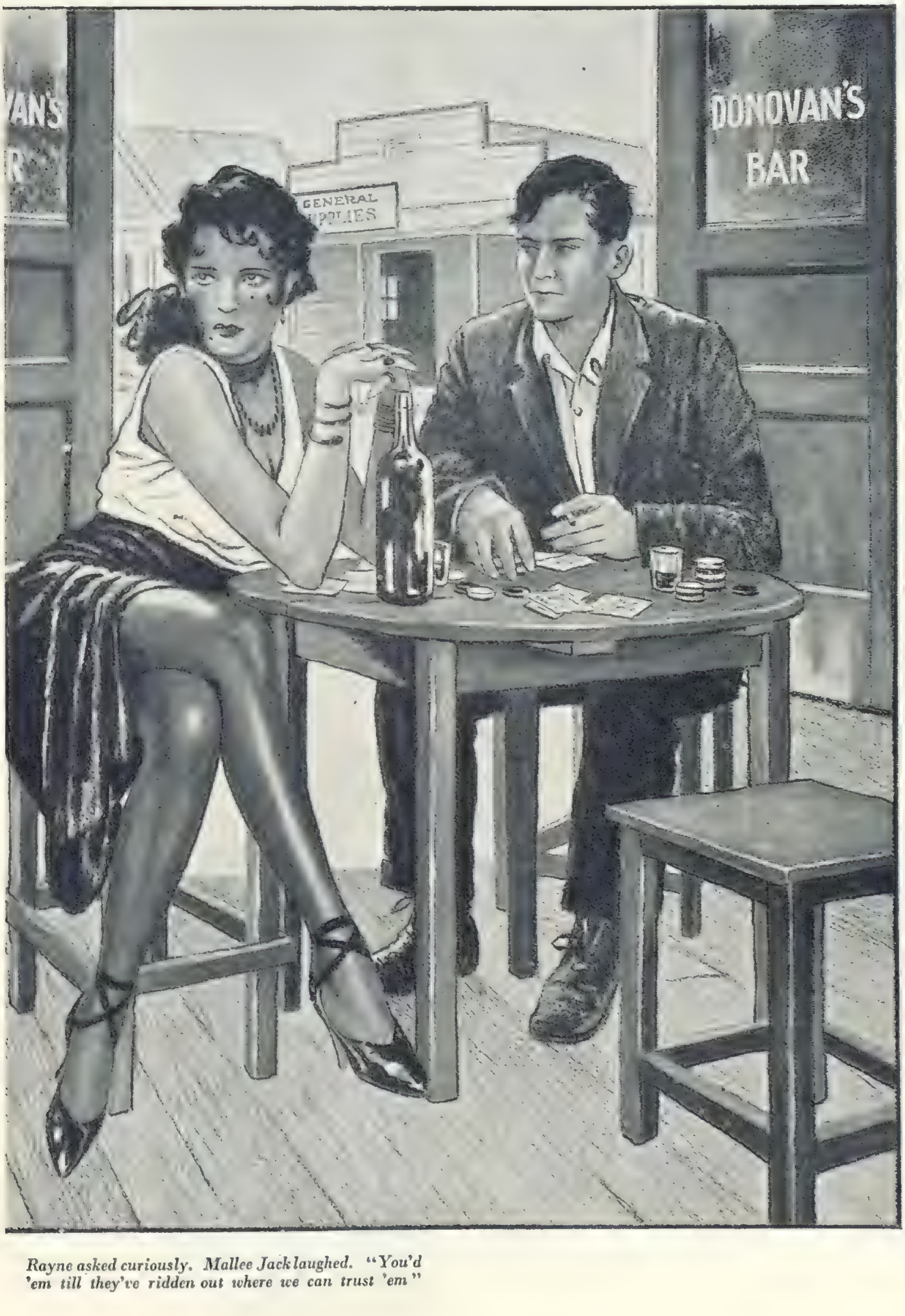
Jim Rayne looked at her curiously. "You're a good sort, Sal," he said not ungently. "Why're you takin' such an interest in my career, though?"

"I don't know." Beneath her paint Goldfield Sal flushed slightly. "I reckon it's what you would ask—me, a painted goldfields woman that should be gettin' the most out of you for Donovan—me, goin' against my business instincts and tryin' to turn you out before you're plucked—yes, you'd want to know why. Well, I can't tell you—except you're a good, clean kid just waitin' for this world to spoil. I reckon I've talked enough. You can't see nothin' with two eyes in your head."

"What do you want me to see, Sal? This you were talkin' of—a chance of something—I think I savvy now. You mean you want me to stop Mallee Jack?"

She nodded. "That's not all it means. It means you'll step in on the right side of the law before your young fool head turns to the other side of it. This card game'll go on till

(*Continued on page* 120)



*Rayne asked curiously. Mallee Jack laughed. "You'd 'em till they've ridden out where we can trust 'em"*

# BOOKS:

## *Twelve Novelists and Three Wanderers*

*VIVIENNE DE WATTEVILLE, author of "Speak to the Earth." She spent two months in an alpine hut alone on Mount Kenya*

[*Photograph by Bertram Park.*

*VIVIENNE DE WATTEVILLE*

*NORMAN GILES, whose book "Dark Border" is another volume in the series in which the author has set himself the task of retelling in romantic fiction the history of South Africa*

## *Leisure as a Business*

### "Autumn Foliage," *by Cyril Foley*

(Methuen, 12s. 6d.)

"FOR the title of the book," remarks Colonel Foley, "I am indebted to Sir Courtauld Thomson, who suggested it after precisely one minute's reflection." It was a happy inspiration. Colonel Foley took part in the Jameson Raid, on which he has written an interesting chapter; but most of his life and most of his book have been given up to golf, shooting and cricket. An enjoyable autobiography, especially that part of it which deals with Eton, Cambridge and Middlesex, with Mold and Richardson, Timothy O'Brien and Albert Trott, Stoddart and "W. G."

### "Speak to the Earth," *by Vivienne de Watteville*

(Methuen, 15s.)

FEW people can ever have spent five months in East Africa more profitably than Miss de Watteville. Her love of Nature and all the inmates of the natural world is not merely keen—it is flaming. Some of the most charming pages in this attractive book are those in which the author, nearing the end of her sojourn, describes a few days passed by her in solitude on the fire-devastated slopes of Mount Kenya, with only wild animals, foodless and homeless, for company.

### "Swinging the Equator," *by W. J. Makin*

(Jarrolds, 18s.)

ALTHOUGH this volume is the record of a journey by air from Croydon to Capetown, the book, like the trip, is leisurely and full of interest. Mr. Makin is one of those travellers with a happy knack of being in the right place on the big day, and his book is not unlike a particularly bright news-reel.

IN fiction, as in life, there is always room for a pretty woman. But what is to be done with the beautiful male? In life, there is something slightly ridiculous—or so it seems to his fellow men—about the ladykiller, and indeed the poor chap often looks uneasy and out of place when confined to masculine society; and even when I meet him in fiction, I find myself wanting to grin. Vicki Baum has chosen, as the "hero" of her new novel *Men Never Know* (Bles, 7s. 6d.), one of those fantastically handsome young Americans who are just a little more perfect, a little more godlike than good-looking boys from elsewhere. I wondered what she would make of him, for she is more than a match for most types; and I am still wondering. She makes Frank Davis a reasonable, fairly understandable, fairly vital figure; yet he is, comparatively speaking, the failure of the book. A draw would be a fair result, perhaps. If she has almost failed, she was attempting the almost impossible. These superb males, bronzed, elegant, gay, virile—there is, thank God, nothing in 'em. Some women can carry incredible loads of beauty. The capacity of men is by comparison very small indeed.

Having voiced the dislike felt by all quiet men for the Frank Davises of this world I am free to try to express a more graceful sentiment, my unbounded admiration for his creator. What a clever woman is Vicki Baum! How unerringly she chooses the kind of story we wish to hear, and how beautifully she tells it, transforming the sordid little anecdote into a work of art! All her books have been distinguished for the vitality of the characters and the warmth and transparency of the atmosphere surrounding them; and in all of them the seeming miracle is effected by lavish use of physical sensation. The smoke of cigarettes, the warmth of drowsy children's cheeks, the perfume and furriness of mimosa, the caress of a hot bath, the texture of a friend's complexion, the scent of ripe fruit, the silence of a descending airplane—here are clues to material for her trusty, infallible methods.

*Men Never Know* is the story of a woman (German) and two men (German and American). The usual triangle, the usual intrigue, but not the usual narrative. This tale is told from the point of view of each of the three principals in turn—twelve chapters in all, four apiece, covering the inside of a week. It is not a new scheme, of course; it has tempted many writers in the past; but it remains as full of difficulties as of attraction. Vicki Baum deals so easily with the difficulties, either overcoming them or actually turning them to good account, that some readers may not even be aware of them. It is, indeed, so much pleasanter to yield to charm than to analyse it; and Vicki Baum has all the legendary charm of the Viennese. From the first words she speaks—so well chosen, so admirably delivered—to the last, one is under her spell, and only a fool and a reviewer would dream of interrupting. "Sometimes it spoils everything to obey a woman and sometimes to disobey her." And sometimes it spoils everything to dissect charm, and sometimes to leave it unexplored. The more Vicki Baum's pages are analysed, the more delight they yield, for she is a woman of sympathy, penetration and compassion, as well as a novelist of firm and brilliant technique.

Although not so swift and flashing a writer as the Austrian, Miss Naomi Jacob has something of her balance and her knowledge of the world. Her new novel, *Honour Come Back* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), though it has a rather curious shape, must surely

*Reviewed by*

# Arnold Palmer

VICKI BAUM, *photographed on the balcony of her Californian house. Her latest novel, "Men Never Know," is reviewed in this article*

MISS NAOMI JACOB, *author of "Honour Come Back"—as good a story of the European War as has been written by any Englishwoman*

THE HON. ROBERT GATHORNE-HARDY, *whose latest novel, "Coronation Baby," is the story of the first 12 years in the life of an English boy born in 1902*

## *Not Stopping at Murder*

"Hespamora," *by James Francis Dwyer*
(Methuen, 7s. 6d.)

"The Perjured Alibi," *by Walter S. Masterman*
(Methuen, 7s. 6d.)

"The Cornish Coast Murder," *by John Bude*
(Skeffington, 7s. 6d.)

THE title-rôle in Mr. Dwyer's novel belongs to an isle of Greece rented by a decadent cosmopolite and by him turned into a private club (hours, midnight–midnight) for the jaded rich of all nations. One may deprecate the goings on, one cannot deny that Mr. Dwyer knows how to keep things lively and a little sinister. The events in Venice are particularly well handled. Mr. Dwyer is apparently not fully informed as to the contents of the sporting columns of the *Morning Post*, but he has something even more valuable to a writer than a knowledge of racing—he really has got imagination.

Mr. Masterman's murder story and Mr. Bude's suffer from the same defect—it is practically impossible for the reader to guess the identity of the murderer before the author is ready for him to do so. Apart from this, they observe all the rules, and it is strange that they should not have recognised that whereas a reader may guess wrong and still be happy, he will not feel so happy when he learns that he could never have guessed right. Mr. Masterman's story is the better written, Mr. Bude's perhaps the more engaging. It contains an almost flawless vicar; there is also a novelist, one Ronald Hardy, and no one who has studied the statement which he makes to the police but will long to peruse his romances.

*JAMES FRANCIS DWYER*

be as good a story of the European War as has been written by any Englishwoman. Women do not, as a rule, write well about men. Miss Jacob is an exception; her men are convincing and recognisable in all conditions, even if they have not quite the individuality of her women. She has, indeed, written a good novel which is held back from being an even better novel only by its lack of form. Two-thirds of the way through the book, her novel becomes another novel; we have time neither to forget the first story nor become immersed in the second. While it is possible to see the effect at which the author was aiming, it is not possible to think that she adopted the best means. Her invention has been at fault; and though it is not, in itself, a very lofty quality, it can hamper all the other virtues.

There is something about *Waters' Meet*, by Lucian Wainwright (Secker, 7s. 6d.), which reminds me of a spaniel lying on his back, his paws in the air, defying anyone to be so brutal as to hurt him. It is a first novel by a new and, surely, a lady writer; it is a story of the Tyrol and those delightful, impoverished, gentlemanly Austrians; and then it is, in addition, so ingenious and defenceless that even the most cynical and dissolute of readers will find themselves stifling their oaths and throwing it a biscuit. A faithful old doggie of a story; and if at times its attentions cloy, one hates to blame the

(*Continued on page* 118)

*Beauty of a formal eighteenth-century garden revealed at night by floodlighting. (Below) Lamps concealed in the hearts of standard rose trees*

*Lights may be hidden in the lower*
*as in this private wood which adjoins*

# Illuminate *your*

## *A new idea with many*
## *which can turn your*
## *of beauty after*

THOSE lines by one of our romantic poets about "*the best of all ways to lengthen our days*" are so well known that you have a right to my apologies for mentioning them.

The early nineteenth-century poet who wrote them would be astonished if he could see how modern electric lighting is enabling us to put his poetry into practice.

Electricity makes it easy for us "*to steal a few hours from the night*" in countless ways and places, but there are few amenities more romantic, and with greater unexplored possibilities of novel and beautiful effect, than the new vogue of the illuminated garden which is gaining popularity both here and abroad.

Garden lighting need be neither so difficult nor so costly as you might at first imagine. There is no time of the year when its advantages are more keenly appreciated than in late spring, early summer and autumn.

At these seasons our gardens contain a wealth of beauty awaiting our enjoyment; but it is only in June and July that the evenings are really long and light. At other times of the year the master of the household generally arrives home just too late for the daylight.

If the garden is electrically illuminated he can literally shorten the night at his pleasure. If he cannot actually lengthen the summer, he can at least get the utmost pleasure and enjoyment from his garden at this season.

For a garden of average size, two floodlights consisting of 750-watt lamps in reflector housings should be as much as you need.

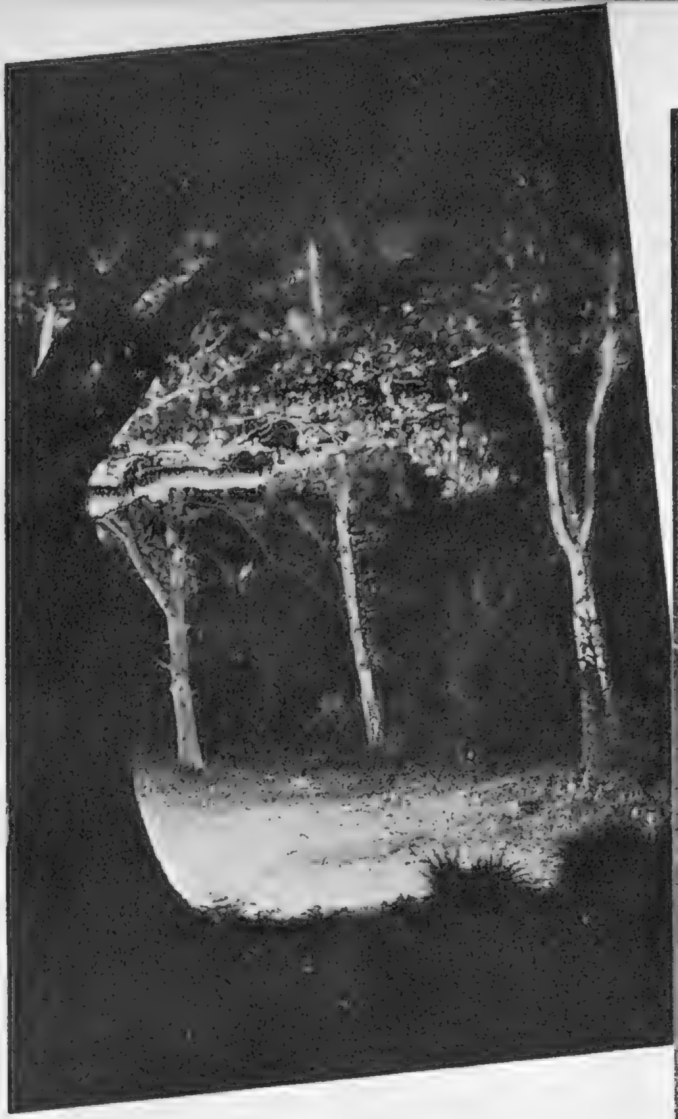
The lamps and wiring would, of course, both be waterproof, so that they can take no harm at any season of the year. It will be found that they will give effective illumination to a distance of about 60 ft., and over approximately the same breadth.

If it is desired to show up features of the landscape at a greater distance, a 750-watt lamp with a reflector which throws a more concentrated beam may be fitted on the upper part of the house.

There are, however, many other possibilities besides those of direct floodlighting. One suggestion is for opalescent lamps to be fitted at the centre of standard rose trees. The effect of this when the rose garden is lit up after dark and the blooms are revealed in an almost translucent beauty, is extraordinarily fascinating.

It is possible for fittings to be concealed in the lower branches of trees, so that the foliage above is used as a reflector

### By Baseden Butt



*branches of trees with magical effect, a house at Hamble, in Hampshire*

*A small suburban garden looks beautiful by night with a couple of floodlighted fittings*

# Garden

## *fascinating possibilities garden into a fairyland nightfall*

for indirect lighting, just as one uses the ceiling within doors. Garden ornaments, too, may be specially designed so that concealed indirect lights may be included. There are under-the-water lamps for fountains, cascades and pools; for water, still or in movement, lends itself with particularly beautiful effect to this idea.

Even if ordinary low wattage lamps are used, the garden will be revealed with perfect clarity if the lights within doors are switched off, but there is no necessity for this if there are one or two floodlights, or if the lamps of ordinary wattage are at a short distance from the house.

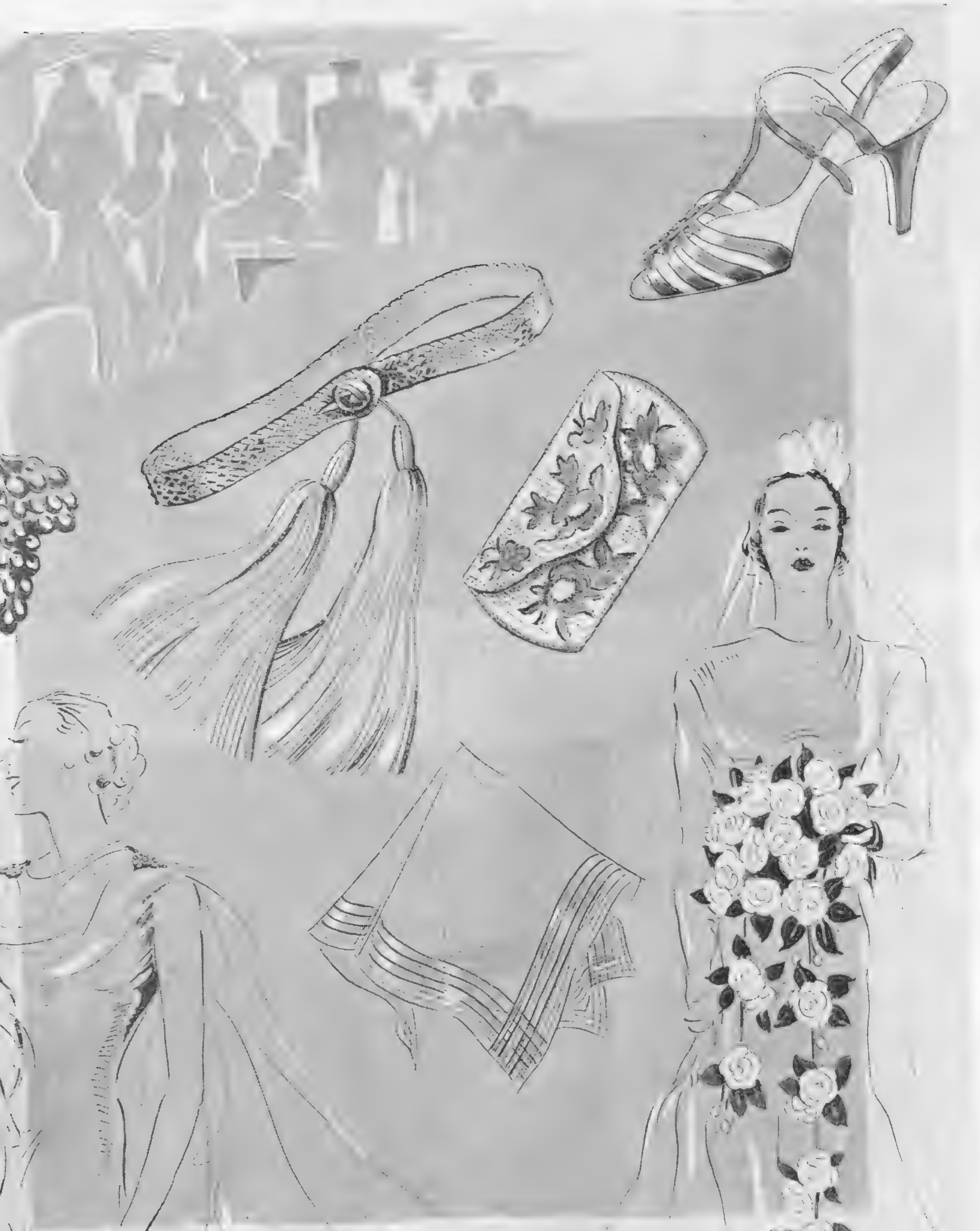
The electrically illuminated garden can also be remarkably fascinating in winter, when the landscape will be revealed in its own weird, almost unearthly stillness and loveliness. On summer nights you will not only be delighted with the scene, you will be constantly entertained and astonished as the many nocturnal creatures which you used to hear, but never see, pass to and fro before your eyes.

*The floodlit garden on a fine night in early summer*

# Fashions by Jean Burnup

*Editor Woman's Department, "Britannia & Eve"*

# Adding to the Glamour of your Evening Clothes...


— TINGEY-SHELL —

*That gilt clip disguised as a bunch of grapes, on the left of the page, costs four and sixpence. Imagine what two of them would do to a rather severe evening frock.*

*The sketch below gives you another suggestion, showing them clipping a chiffon scarf to a dress so that two long ends float from the back and the neck is softened. Three yards of chiffon at five and eleven will make you a lovely, foamy scarf which can lead many lives.*

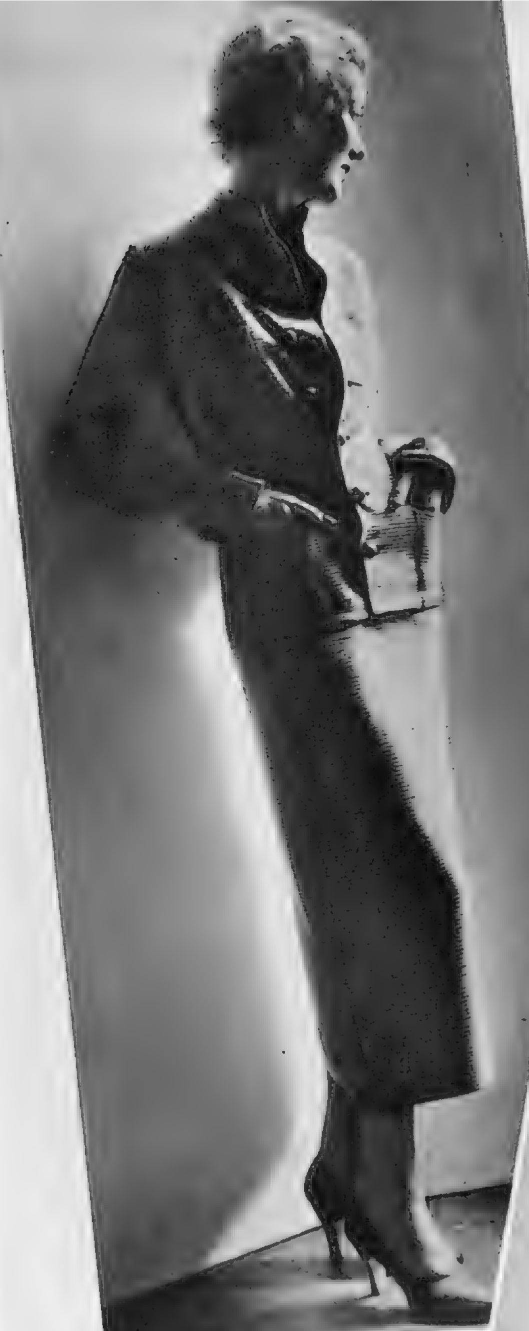
*The belt in the centre of the page is made of plaited gold tinsel thread, with two thick golden fringed ends. (Ten and sixpence).*

*The white beaded handbag is embroidered with pastel flowers (Ten and sixpence).*

*The fine linen evening hand kerchief is bordered with gold thread (One and eleven).*

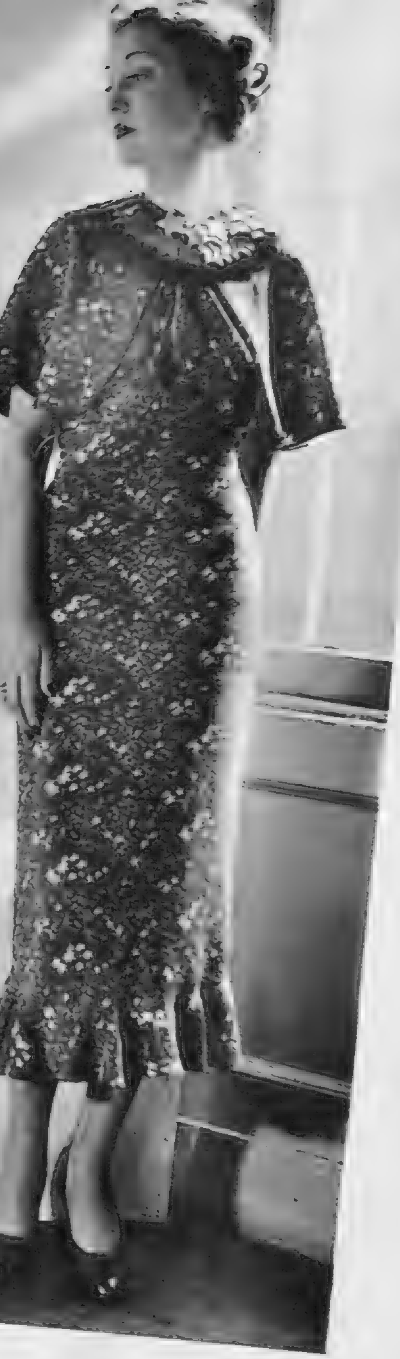
*Elegant gold kid evening sandals (One guinea).*

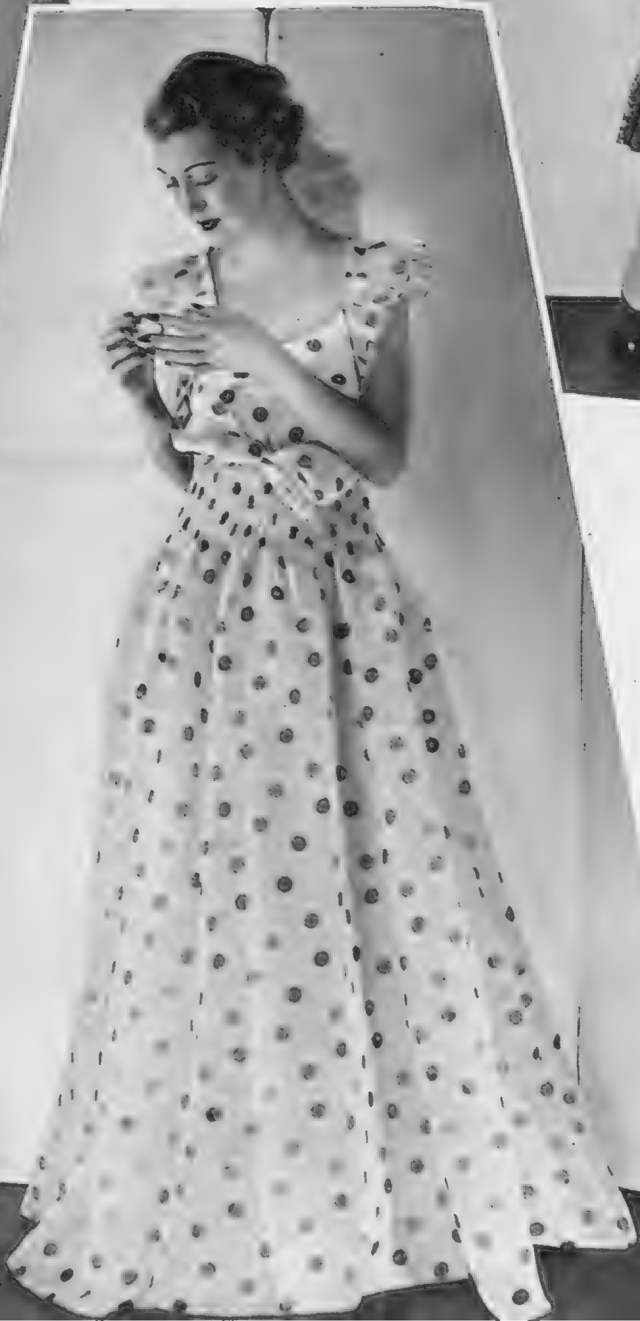
*And now—grandeur: For those very special occasions when you carry a bouquet—court nights or wedding days — Moyses Stevens, famous florists, have thought of something as practical as their flowers are decorative. This lovely cluster of camellias, ending in long, graceful trails, is attached to a white satin band, so you wear it around your wrist. Whatever you are, a "deb," a bride, or a visiting celebrity, your bouquet nestles comfortably in the right place, and you still have the freedom of your hands and arms.*



# CHECKS SPOTS STARS

## All good for Early Summer





*A few women, luckiest of their kind, can put on all sorts of clothes and instantly look, as if these clothes had been planned especially, and only, for them. Such a one is Kay Hammond, pouting, sulky-voiced charmer now playing in "Youth at the Helm," at the Globe Theatre. Look at these pictures of her, and say you agree.*

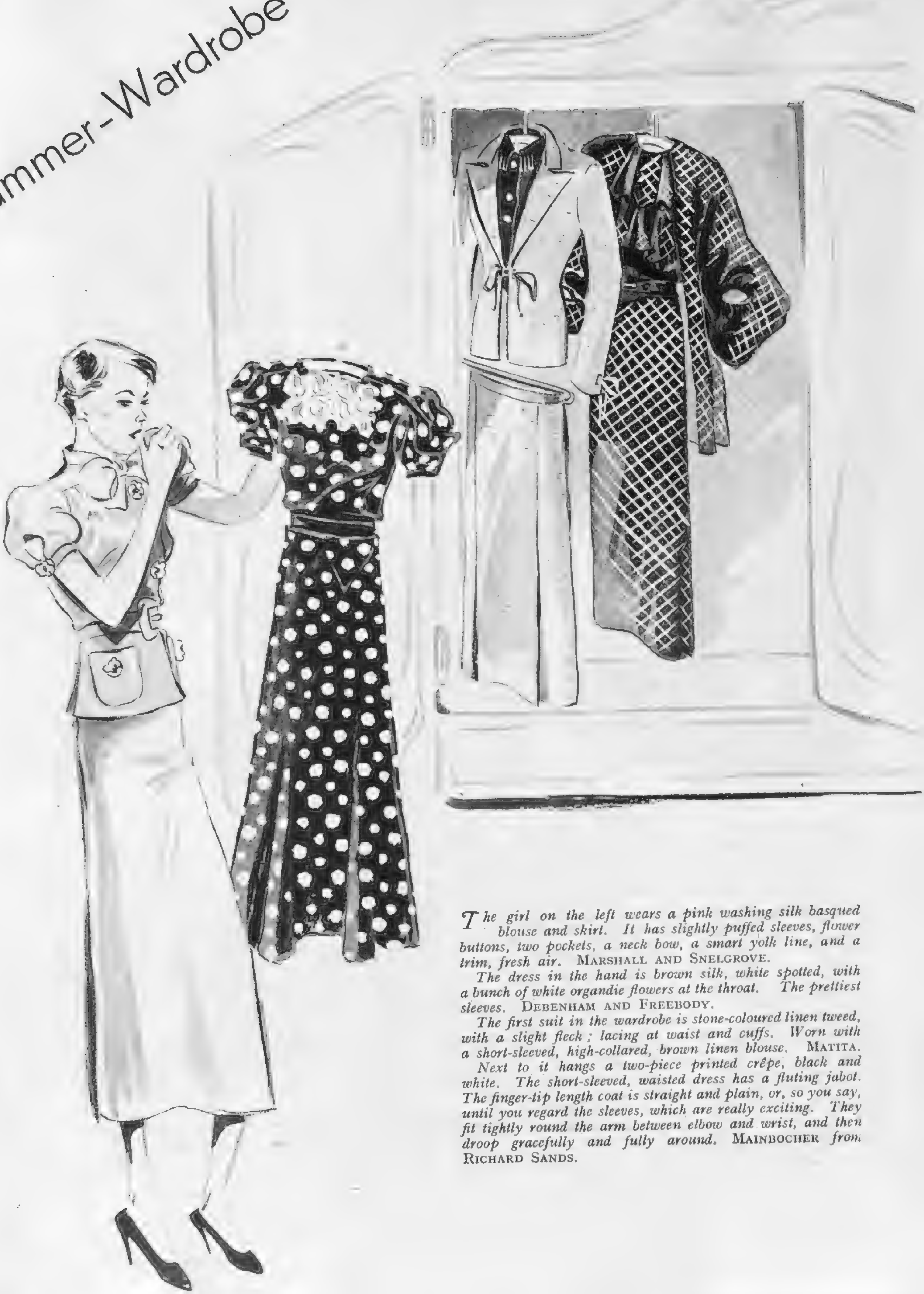
*Up at the left, you see her in Peter Russell's severe brown-check suit. The skirt has a deep wrap-over, and zips closed. Underneath the tight-fitting, four-pocketed jacket is a dark-brown organdie blouse.*

*The right-hand photograph shows Miss Hammond in Norman Hartnell's starry afternoon frock. White stars of all sizes twinkle all over the blue crêpe sky—I mean ground. A sort of necklace made from rows of flat blue-and-white stars, looking like fancy poker chips, is attached to the dress and clinks agreeably.*

*Last is the perfect summer evening dress from Victor Stiebel. It is pale biscuit organdie, slightly flecked, with large red, green and orange spots. Flat box-pleats stand out stiffly at the shoulders and continue round the low back. Underneath them, straps cross, come round to the front, and tie in a bow at the high waist-line.*

*Helen Macgregor.*

# Summer-Wardrobe



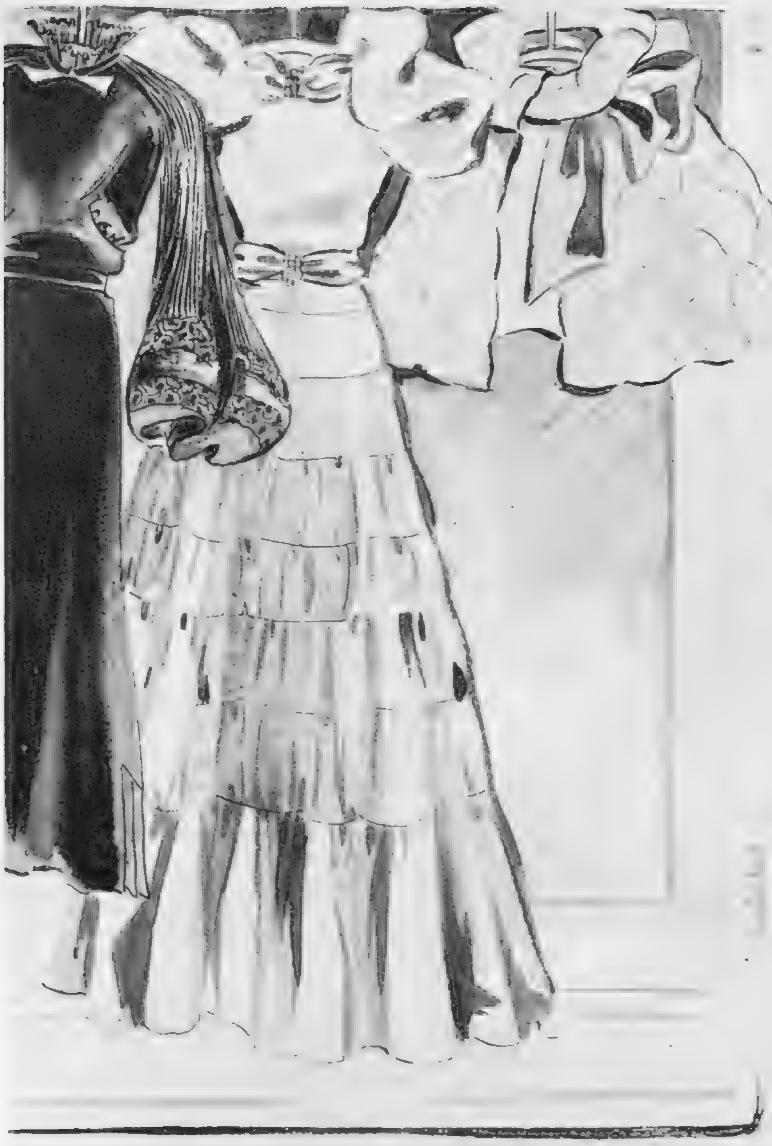
*The girl on the left wears a pink washing silk basqued blouse and skirt. It has slightly puffed sleeves, flower buttons, two pockets, a neck bow, a smart yolk line, and a trim, fresh air.* MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE.

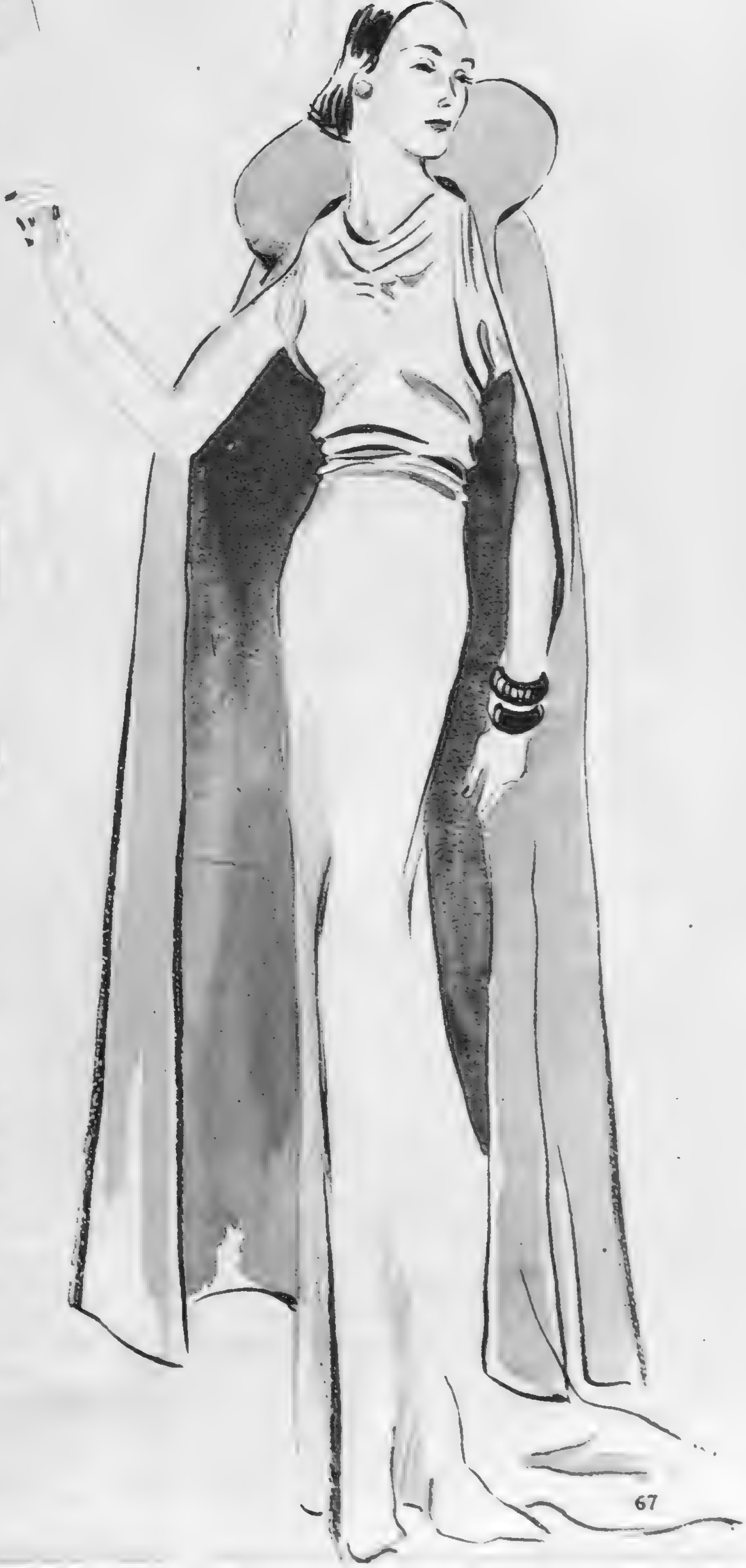
*The dress in the hand is brown silk, white spotted, with a bunch of white organdie flowers at the throat. The prettiest sleeves.* DEBENHAM AND FREEBODY.

*The first suit in the wardrobe is stone-coloured linen tweed, with a slight fleck ; lacing at waist and cuffs. Worn with a short-sleeved, high-collared, brown linen blouse.* MATITA.

*Next to it hangs a two-piece printed crêpe, black and white. The short-sleeved, waisted dress has a fluting jabot. The finger-tip length coat is straight and plain, or, so you say, until you regard the sleeves, which are really exciting. They fit tightly round the arm between elbow and wrist, and then droop gracefully and fully around.* MAINBOCHER *from* RICHARD SANDS.

# for a Well-Dressed Woman





*The first dress in the wardrobe is for six o'clock and after, ankle length. It is black marocain, with enormous bishop sleeves of pleated chiffon, giving it grace and character. Notice where they begin to be sleeves, right up at the pleated, matching collar.* MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE.

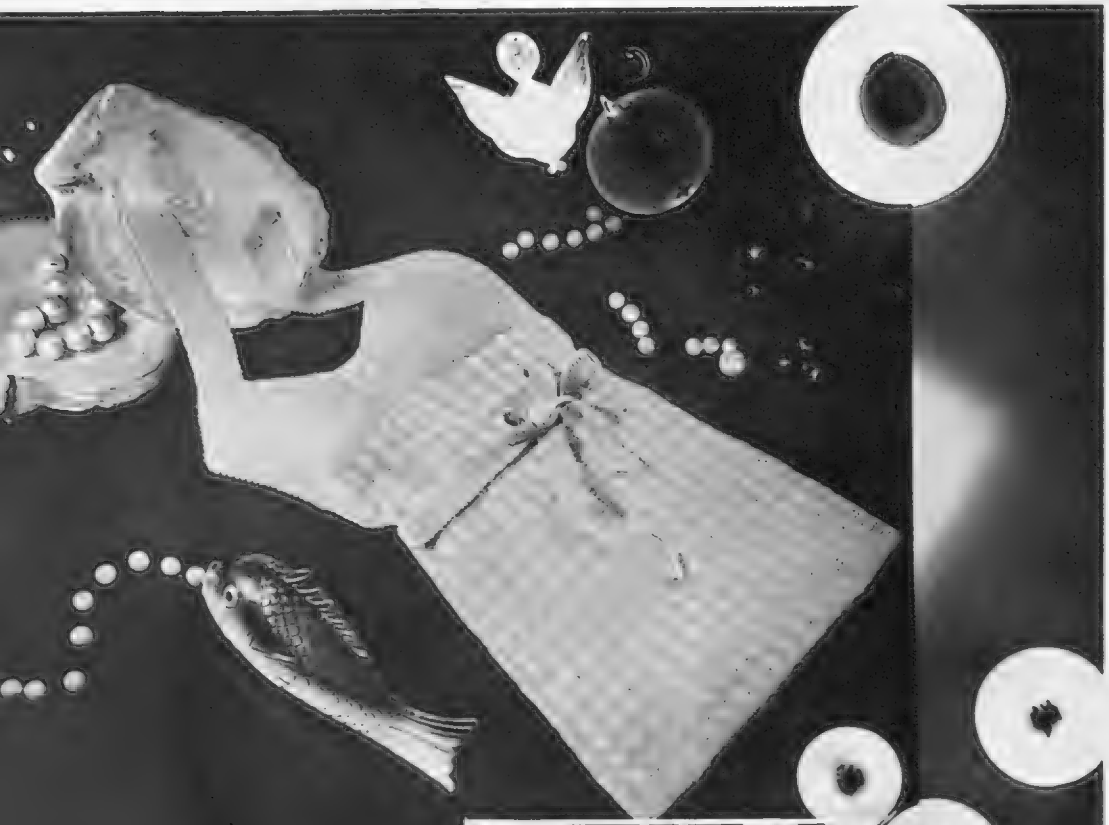
*Next, a romantic evening dress, taffeta, of course, and pale pink at that, with great bows on the shoulders, giving a Victorian look. The full skirt starts shirring half-way down, ends in a deep flounce.*

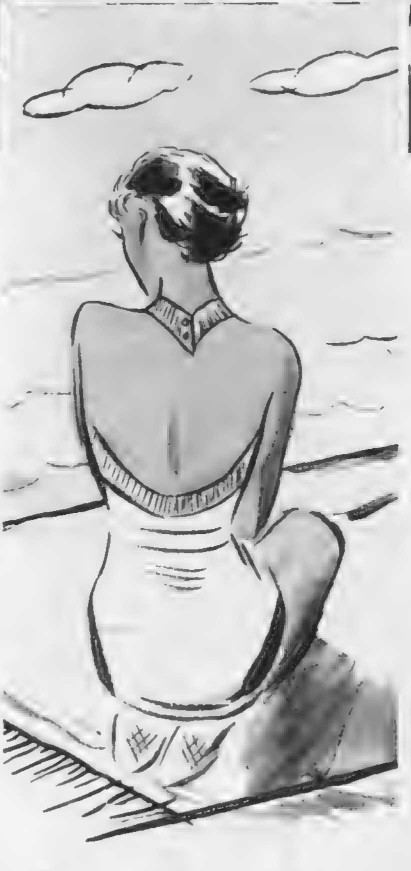
*One adjective only fits the little evening cape. And that is, cute. Or, perhaps, we could gush for once and say, adorable. It is pale pink, quilted in a leaf pattern, lined with plain taffeta, tying with a large pink bow.* MARJORIE CASTLE.

*Then comes a white jersey frock, draped at throat, shoulders and back, otherwise figure fitting. Worn with a dashing blue-green cape made of the same jersey.* H. J. NICOLL.

*Bathing Days are Nearly Here . . .*

# A Backless *Swim* Suit





*This suit would decorate any beach. It is knitted in coral wool—imagine that with a brown skin, and, as you will see from the small sketch, is utterly backless and practically shoulderless as well. So, wearing it, you should get the most even tan you've ever had.*

*The garter-stitch band is shaped in at the back of the neck for perfect fitting. It continues down the sides of the brassière, well under the arms, and round to the back of the waist, holding the suit in firmly. The stocking-stitch trunks are joined in at the waistline.*

Designed exclusively for
" Britannia and Eve "
by " Bonella."

***MATERIALS REQUIRED :***

*11 oz. of 4-ply wool.*
*1 pr. No. 10 Double Century pins.*
*1 pr. No. 12 Double Century pins.*
*2 buttons.*

***ABBREVIATIONS.***

*K.=knit ; P.=purl ; sts.=stitches ; Pat.=pattern ; Beg.=beginning ; Inc.=increase ; Dec.=decrease.*

## SKIRT.

With No. 10 pins, cast on 120 sts. K. 2 rows garter-st. Continue in pat.

*1st row :* Knit. *2nd row :* K.2. *P.2 K.4. Repeat from * to last 4 sts. P.2. K.2. Repeat these 2 rows once.

*5th row :* Knit. *6th row :* K.1. *P.4. K.2. Repeat from * to last 5 sts. P.4. K.1. Repeat these 2 rows once.

These 8 rows form one pat. When work measures 6 ins. from start, dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 4th row until 90 sts. and 12¾ ins. Place on a spare pin. Knit another piece to match.

## BACK LEGS.

Cast on 56 sts. with No. 10 pins, knit 2 rows of garter-st. K.8 rows of pat. (Ending each pat. row with K.4. P.1 instead of K.2 or K.1).

Continue in stocking-st.

*1st row :* K.8. Turn, P. back. *3rd row :* K.16. Turn, P. back. Continue in this way until all sts. on one pin.

K. 2¼ ins. Place on spare pin. K. another ½ leg to match, starting shaping on 1st P. row. Knit across both sets of sts. for 1 in., then dec. 1 st. each end every 6th row until 90 sts. and 11¾ ins. (measured down outside edge).

## TOP.

Place sts. of back skirt over sts. of knickers. Knit tog. 1 st. from each all along row (90 sts.). Continue in pat. for ½ in.

*Next row :* K. 24. Cast off 42. K.24. Continue on these 24 sts., dec. 1 st. every row at inside edge of work until 18 sts., then every other row until 4 sts. Cast off. Return to 1st 24 sts. and knit to match.

## FRONT.

Knit knickers as for back. Join skirt as for back, K. 5 ins. in pat. Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, 6 sts. for 2 rows, and 3 sts. for 2 rows. Continue on remaining 24 sts. dec. 1 st. each end every other row until 12 sts. K. 1½ ins. K. 2 rows garter-st. Cast off.

## GUSSET.

With No. 10 pins cast on 2 sts., inc. 1 st. each end every other row until 34 sts. Then dec. until 2 sts. Cast off.

## INSETS.

With No. 12 pins, knit in garter-st. With double wool cast on 28 sts. K. 2 rows, cast on 6 sts.

*3rd row :* K. to last 2 sts. K.2 tog. *4th row :* Knit. *5th row :* Cast on 3 sts. K. to last 2 sts. K. 2 tog. (35 sts.). *6th row :* Knit. *7th row :* Inc. at beg., dec. at end. Repeat 6th and 7th rows once.

*10th row :* Change to single wool. *K.4. K. twice into next st. ; repeat from * to end (42 sts.).

*11th row :* *K. twice into 1st st. K. 5. Repeat from * to last 2 sts. K. 2 tog. (48 sts.). *12th row :* Knit.

*13th row :* Inc. at beg., dec. at end. Repeat last 2 rows 3 times. Knit 15 rows without shaping. *35th row :* K. to last 2 sts. K. 2 tog. *36th row:* Knit. Repeat last 2 rows until 44 sts. Then dec. 1 st. each end every other row until 38 sts., then every row until 2 sts. Cast off.

## STRAP.

Cast on 16 sts. No. 12 pins. K. 1 row. *2nd row :* K. 2 turn. K. back. *4th row :* K. 4 turn. K. back. Continue in this way until all sts on one pin. K. 22 ins. Starting at short edge of work, repeat shaping. K. 22 ins. Shape end to match beg. K. to last 2 sts. turn, K. to last 4 sts. turn. Cast off. Work 2 button loops at edge. Work 1 row D.C. round top of front.

## BELT.

With No. 12 pins, cast on 10 sts. ; shape end as for strap. K.52 ins. Shape end. Cast off.

# *Panelling the* Modern Room

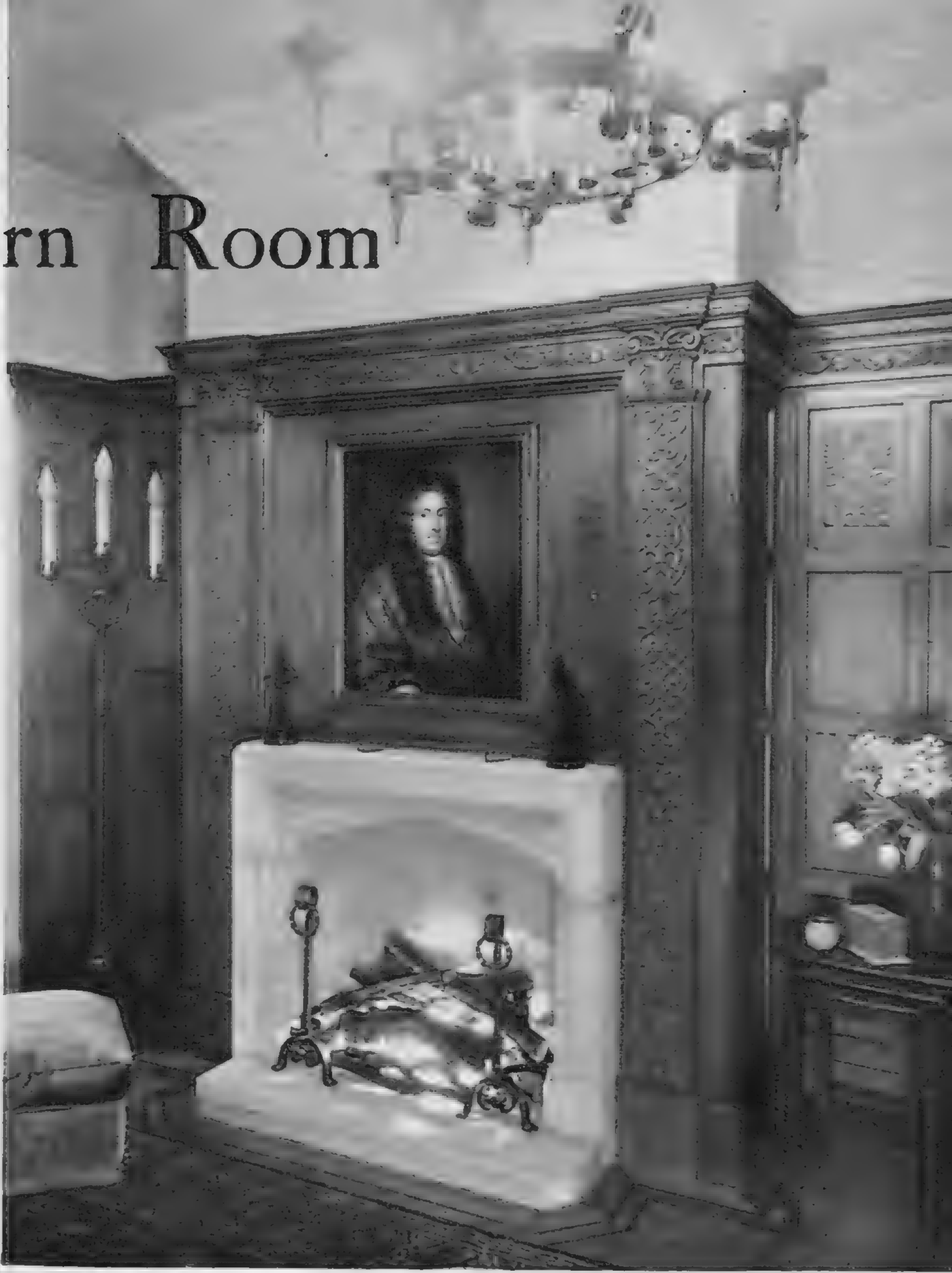
*Wood panelling is in vogue again and this tells of the modern variety and what it costs*

IT 'S not everybody who can live in a Manorial Grange, nor everybody who wants to, for that matter. The modern residence stands very well on its merits when it comes to a question of comparative values. Comfort and compactness mean everything in these days, and if we hanker for the atmosphere of the Grange, it is not that we have lost sight of the practical advantages of the modern villa.

But old beams, carved panelling, and the effects which go with them make an appeal which renews itself again and again, in spite of the fashions in decoration which come and go.

Until now, the problem of reproducing the old English style in the modern house has not been easy. Real wood panelling is costly. Oak doors, beams, and decorative plasterwork were only for the rich. Cheap imitations were available, it 's true, but these have, so far, lacked the stamp of real authenticity. So admirers of manorial splendour have admired in vain.

But now a method has been found whereby old panelled interiors can be reproduced with accuracy. These reproductions have much of the permanency of the originals, and—equally important—cost less.



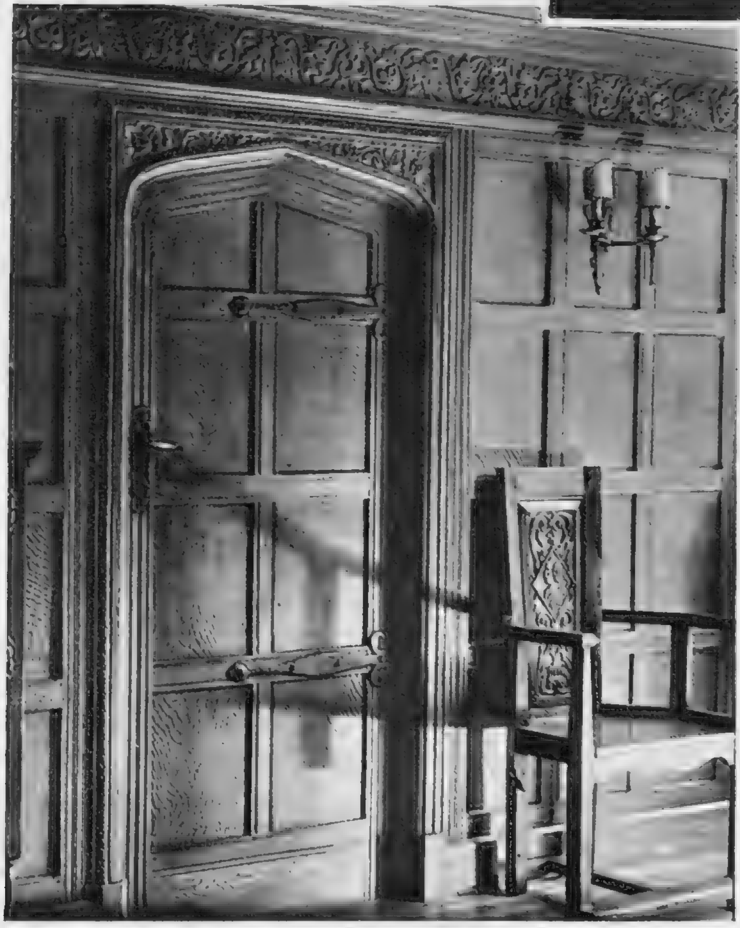
*The fireplace of a lounge hall in a modern house—a small room measuring not more than twenty feet by twelve. The ribbon pattern on the pilasters is reproduced from originals in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The general effect of the panelling, the picture and the stone mantel is one of perfect blending*

Actual interiors, even museum specimens of old English panelling, are reproduced in Dekart. Walls, panels, doors, beams, cornices, and decorative plaster-work are reproduced with perfect accuracy. Every line and curve of the old panelling is copied. Every imperfection, every mark of age and tint of colouring, is there to give the effect of authenticity.

Dekart panelling is more costly than cheaper imitations, but it is economical because of its permanency. There is no limit to the duration of its life, and it is fire-resisting.

Because it is a permanent part of the room, this panelling has advantages over other kinds of decoration which require constant renewal. As a decorative factor in itself, it is so complete that furnishings and furniture are reduced to a minimum.

To assist people in choosing a style of panelling, the makers of Dekart have an expert staff of advisers who give an impartial opinion on the subject to interested inquirers. Dekart panelling is simple in its structure, and presents no difficulties to architect, builder, or decorator. The most irregular walls can be treated with it, and it is, for this reason, specially suited to the older house under renovation.



*A doorway in Dekart panelling which shows how completely the illusion of age is sustained. Every imperfection, every mark of age and every tint of colouring is faithfully reproduced from the original*

# Cold Comfort

*Cæsar sent Roman soldiers to the Pyrenees to collect snow to keep their food cool. Down the ages, people have experimented with the ice-box. Modern refrigeration shows that we have perfected what they strove to attain*

*(Above)*

*Prestcold Refrigerators carry a full twelve months' guarantee and three months' service is given after installation*

*This is the new Freezolux model for the average-size household. It is operated by gas, electricity or oil. Price 39 gns*

We pride ourselves on our modern ingenuity; we throw out our chests at each new discovery and proudly claim it as our own, but while we're doing it some prehistoric inventor turns in his grave and mutters, "But *I* thought of that."

There is nothing in history to suggest that Julius Cæsar used a vacuum cleaner, but there is everything to show that he was not so far behind us in house-keeping efficiency.

We imagine that the practice of keeping food from decay by contact with cold is a modern fad. But Cæsar knew all about that. He sent Roman soldiers all the way to the Pyrenees to bring back snow. We are not told how successful he was in this drastic measure, but we do know the motive was sound.

Keeping the pantry cool when you were obliged to take a long and perilous journey to bring back ice couldn't have been much fun, but that only shows how strongly the need for such measures was felt. Even as far back as that.

The Emperor Nero built ice-houses in Rome for his food, and the Ancient Egyptians discovered how to make thin sheets of ice by a process of evaporation. So, if the dangers of decaying food were obvious over two thousand years ago, there shouldn't be much doubt of it now. And, of course, there isn't.

That is a fact that always seems to have been fully recognised. Stale food, contaminated food, has been the bugbear of the conscientious housewife from the beginning of time.

Lord Bacon, the great scholar of the seventeenth century, felt so strongly on the subject that he wrote a book on the practice of producing cold for the safe-keeping of food. He worked on exactly the same principle as the Romans—contact with snow and ice. And so do we.

OUR grandmothers knew the value of the ice-box and were never tired of experimenting with inverted flower-pots and porous earthenware jugs. We moderns have the advantage of these persevering people only inasmuch as we have perfected what they strove to attain. There has never been any doubt about the need for it all.

Not that we are all entirely in the right frame of mind about refrigeration. In fact, wherever a kitchen is without a refrigerator in this country, the omission can usually be traced to the conviction that the danger is only present when it's hot.

The visible advantages of a refrigerator are naturally more plain when the thermometer is soaring; there are all those delicious salads and frozen drinks; cool, hard butter and fresh, sweet milk. Perfect and

# *for* Warm Days

### *By*

### Winifred Lewis

essential to comfort and health, no doubt, but that 's only the beginning of the matter.

The trouble with food contamination is that the danger is not always detectable.

Most women would be horrified to know that they were sending mouldy food to table, yet that is actually what occurs. Mould develops quickly or slowly according to temperature and the moisture in the atmosphere.

When it develops slowly it may remain invisible for thirty-six hours. Well, you 've eaten it long before that time, and though ignorance is said to be bliss, you have assimilated its poisonous waste products just the same.

So, in cool—even in cold—weather a refrigerator is a health insurance and money saving proposition in the home

It makes the food go farther because it remains fresher, and can be bought in larger quantities. You can enjoy the luxury and the superior flavour of a large joint of meat though the household is small, knowing perfectly well that the remains will be as appetising and as full-flavoured in five days' time as they were on the day of delivery.

See what happens to a lettuce or a cabbage that has been brought to you by the greengrocer with that familiar droop, after it has been in a modern refrigerator for a few hours.

It is fresh and sweet and savours of country rain and cottage gardens. Give a flabby stick of celery an hour in the same atmosphere and see what happens. It crackles as you break it!

Those are some of the visible advantages of keeping food pure and sweet. The invisible advantages are even more weighty than that.

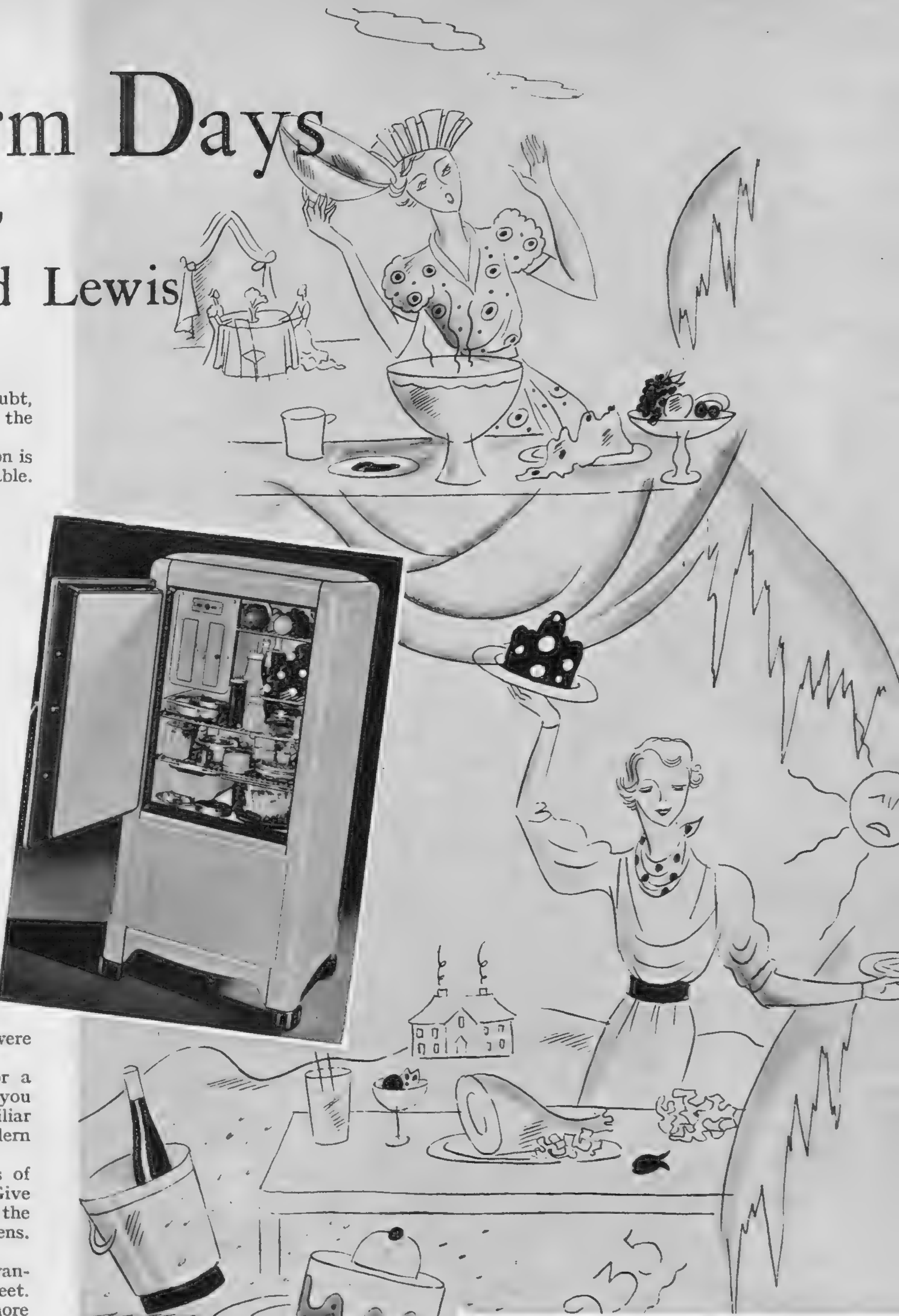
A refrigerator costs no more to run than the cost of one unit of electricity a day. The initial cost is now little more than half what it was five years ago.

In many places it is possible to obtain a refrigerator through the local electricity supply company, and the gas companies, I believe, are considering the same step.

As I have said before, a modern refrigerator is no longer the expensive item that it was, but if you prefer to spread the outlay over a number of years, every facility for doing so is offered. By purchasing through your electricity supply company, you can then pay your instalments with the bill for current.

Modern refrigerators can be run by electricity, by gas and even by oil. There is no household too small to accommodate one, and, in my own opinion, no effort too great to avail oneself of the comfort and health it insures.

Cæsar thought so, too.



*(Above)*

*This is the " P.B.," one of the fourteen Kelvinator models which range from two cubic feet to twelve cubic feet storage capacity*

*The Frigidaire model which is found in every perfectly equipped modern kitchen. There are models for every size of household from 26 guineas*

*This room has turquoise-green walls and woodwork. The curtains are of rich flamingo with a green design, and the unusual framing is of carved wood, painted a dull gilt. The chintz covering of the empire sofa and of other chairs in the room shows a parchment background with an over-pattern of turquoise green. Soft pinks and blues appear in the design. Decorator : Mrs. Monro*

# Choose a Scheme *from* These

IF it's a colour-scheme you're wanting, look among the new shades that are making their appearance among furnishing fabrics, wall-papers, and wherever the stimulating effect of colour is understood.

Pale colourings are favoured for interior decorating now—and very lovely, too. They have an attractive subtlety, but only if carefully combined. Delicacy easily becomes insipid, so take care in using these shades.

Cyclamen, coral, turquoise, water-green, lilac, lavender-grey, Wedgwood blue, canary yellow and silver, stand out among the favoured colourings of 1935. There is a lot of adventure to be found in experimenting with them. Light neutral tones, beige, string and off-white are often used as background, and the colours given above introduced in fabrics, carpets and other decoration.

In smaller rooms these pale colourings give an effect of spaciousness; in larger ones they need to be carefully assembled, lest there should be a coldness in the finished effect. Used with discretion, however, they give a delicacy and lightness to the rooms which make them a joy to behold. Appropriate for the summer, too.

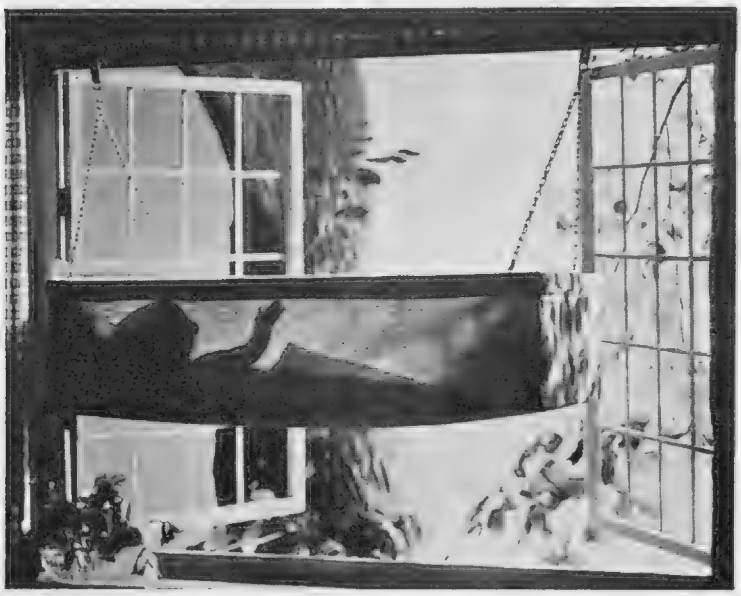
*Silver is very much in favour for interior decoration, and this is a scheme in which it has been freely used. The wall-paper is silver and pea-green, and the skirting and door-frames are polished black. The oak parquet floor is strewn with white calf rugs, and the cabinet and other furniture in the room is of ebonised mahogany. There are curtains of silver and black figured satin with a touch of red in this room. Maurice Adams*

*A simple colour-scheme for a bachelor girl's room. The walls and ceiling are oatmeal. A mushroom carpet and upholstery of green and oatmeal tweed. The curtains, cushions and small chair are green on an oatmeal ground. The rug and divan cover are a soft rust colour. Bird Iles, Ltd.*

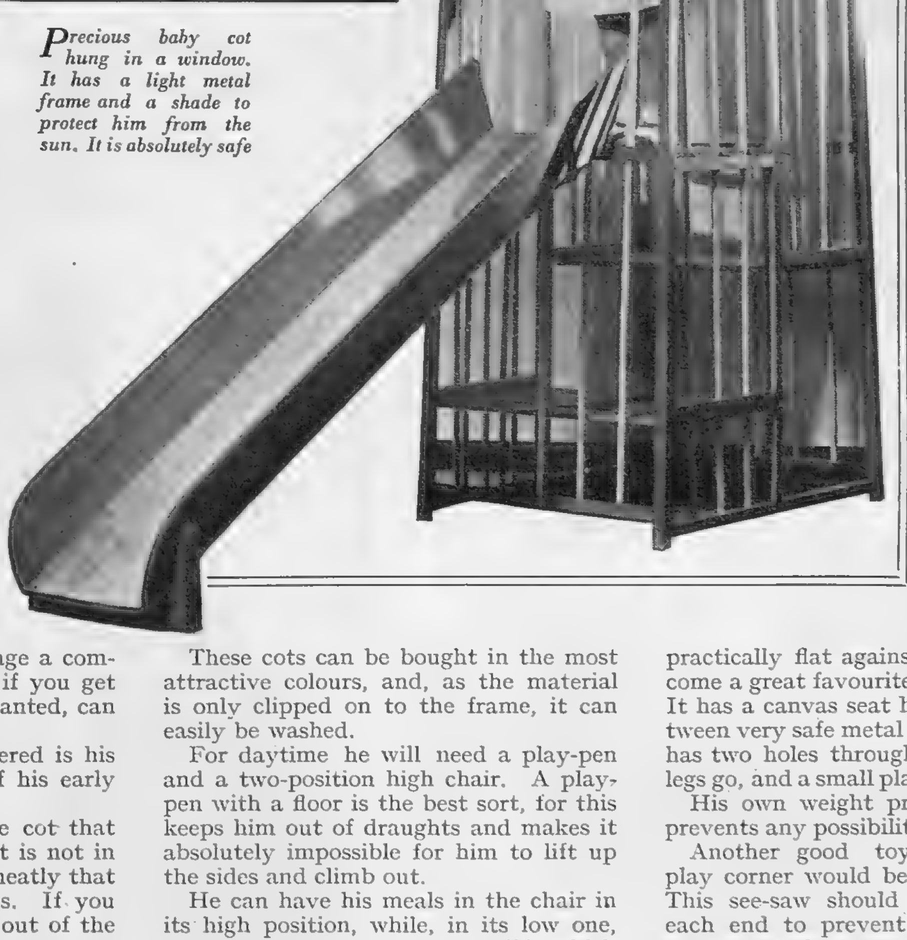
# Town Baby

*Clever modern nursery equipment helps him to grow up as happily and healthily as a country baby*

*A peg and block trolley to teach your baby skill of hand and eye. The pegs and blocks have to be fitted together and the trolley can then be pulled along by its string*



*Precious baby cot hung in a window. It has a light metal frame and a shade to protect him from the sun. It is absolutely safe*



SOME people think that bringing a baby up in a town means depriving him of all the lovely things which life in the country gives to him.

"How can he ever get enough fresh air and exercise," they ask, "and where, in a flat, is there room for day and night nurseries?"

There are, of course, bound to be some disadvantages, for the air he breathes can never be as pure in town as in the country. But, with careful planning, his first years can be very happy, comfortable and healthy, even in a small flat.

It is perfectly easy to manage a combined day and night nursery if you get equipment which, when not wanted, can be folded away.

The first item to be considered is his cot, as he will spend most of his early days in it.

There is a new and versatile cot that hangs from a frame. When it is not in use this cot will fold away so neatly that it measures only 1½ in. across. If you wish to have the baby safely out of the way when cleaning the nursery, the cot can be taken off its frame and hung from two hooks in a sunny window. Just put a strap around your baby and under the metal supports of the cot, and he can safely be left to sleep out of everybody's way and getting the maximum of light and air.

These cots can be bought in the most attractive colours, and, as the material is only clipped on to the frame, it can easily be washed.

For daytime he will need a play-pen and a two-position high chair. A play-pen with a floor is the best sort, for this keeps him out of draughts and makes it absolutely impossible for him to lift up the sides and climb out.

He can have his meals in the chair in its high position, while, in its low one, it can be used as a "toddlekar" in which to wheel him round.

As he grows older you will need something to take the place, in muscle-developing exercise, of the scrambling about he could get in the country or in a garden.

A play-castle chute is perfect for this purpose. Have it permanently in a corner of the nursery.

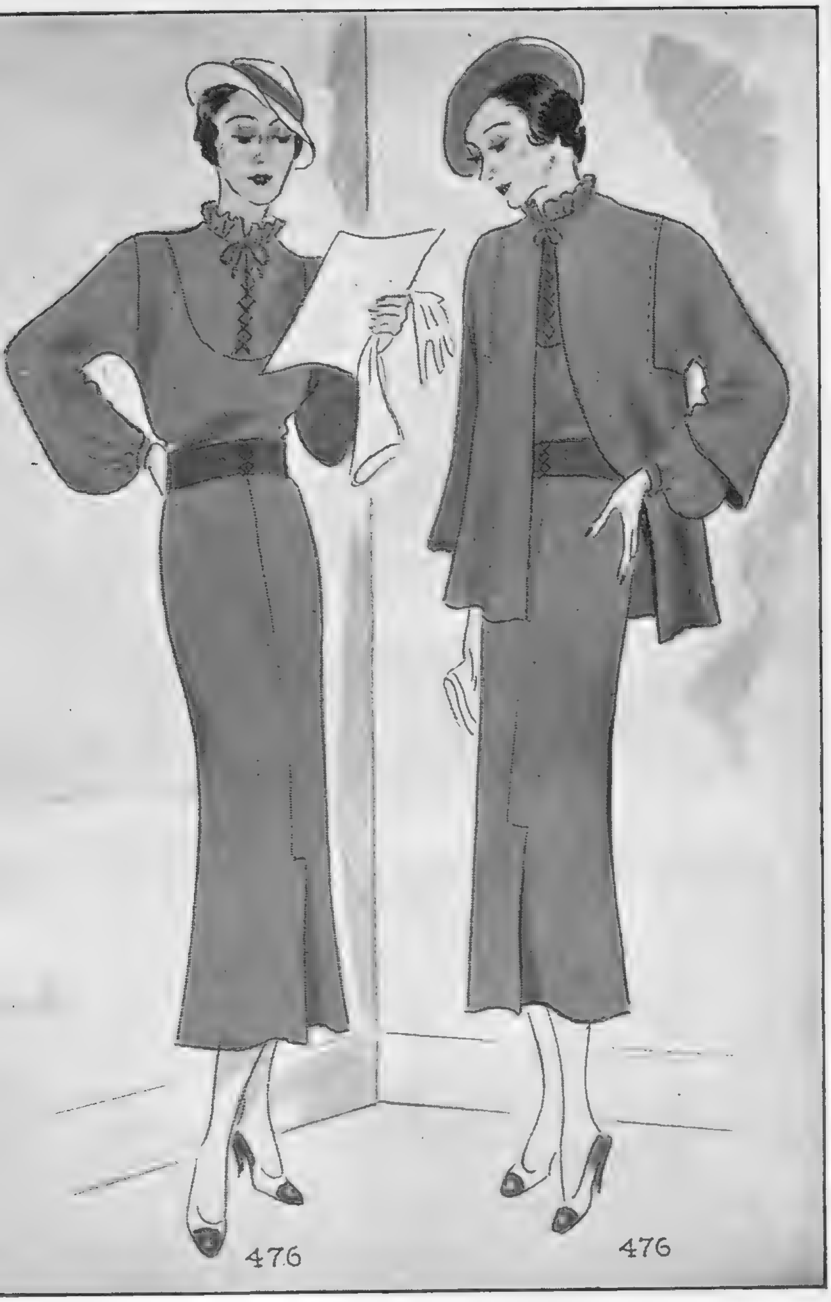
The one illustrated at the left is only 5 ft. high and 7 ft. long, so that it will not overcrowd the room. At night the chute can be detached and put in a corner behind the castle. Children love climbing about on it, and moreover, the exercise will help them to sturdiness and self-reliance.

A frame swing which folds away practically flat against the wall will become a great favourite in many nurseries. It has a canvas seat hung by springs between very safe metal supports. The seat has two holes through which the baby's legs go, and a small play-table with beads.

His own weight pressing downwards prevents any possibility of his falling out.

Another good toy for the daytime play corner would be a folding see-saw. This see-saw should have a spring at each end to prevent any jarring as it touches the floor.

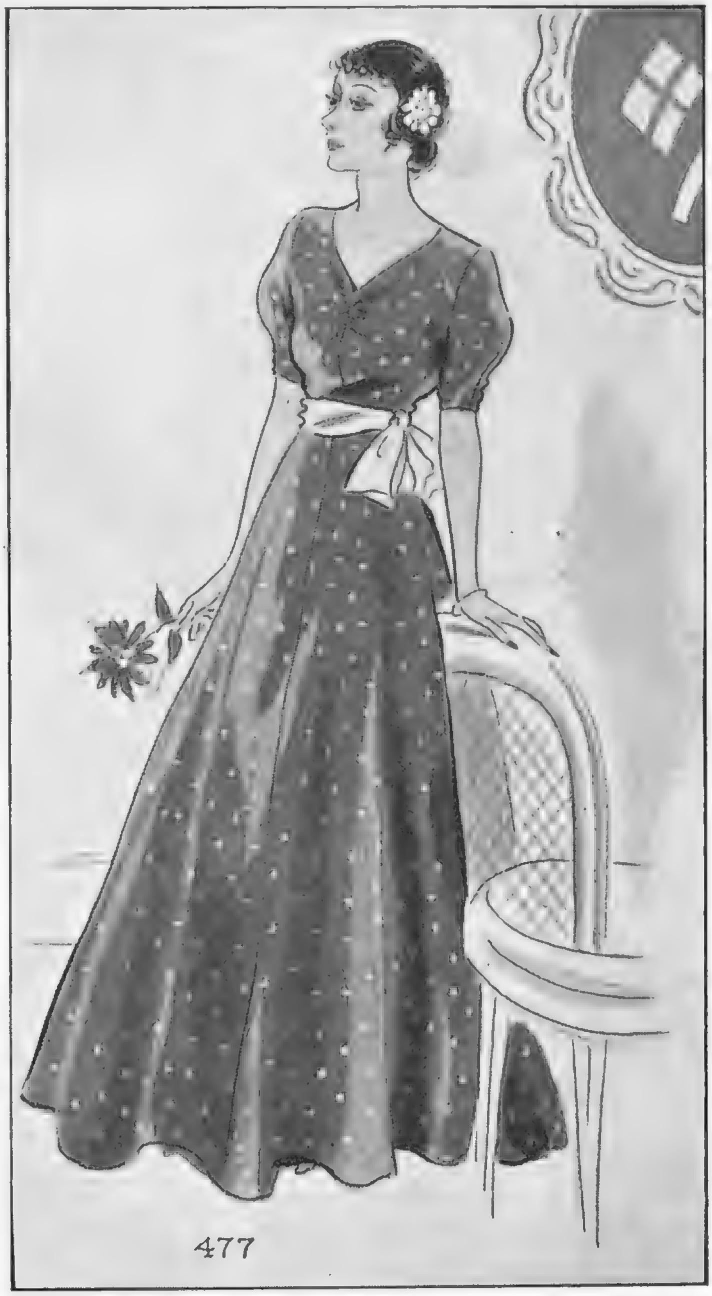
If you have very little space for storing your pram, get a folder—that is, a pram that can be folded down to the depth of the wheels and will fit into a cupboard. The most useful type of folder is one with a covered well which can be used for the baby's feet when he sits up. A. C.



# For Women who are handy with their Needle

477

*A SIMPLE to make version of the picture frock that is going to grace every dance floor this season, depending for its effect on its fabric. There are plenty of gorgeous striped, spotted, checked and flower-patterned taffetas to be seen. Choose one with a dark ground and a white pattern and tie around your waist a white organdie sash. 6 yards of 36 in. material.* *Price* 1/-

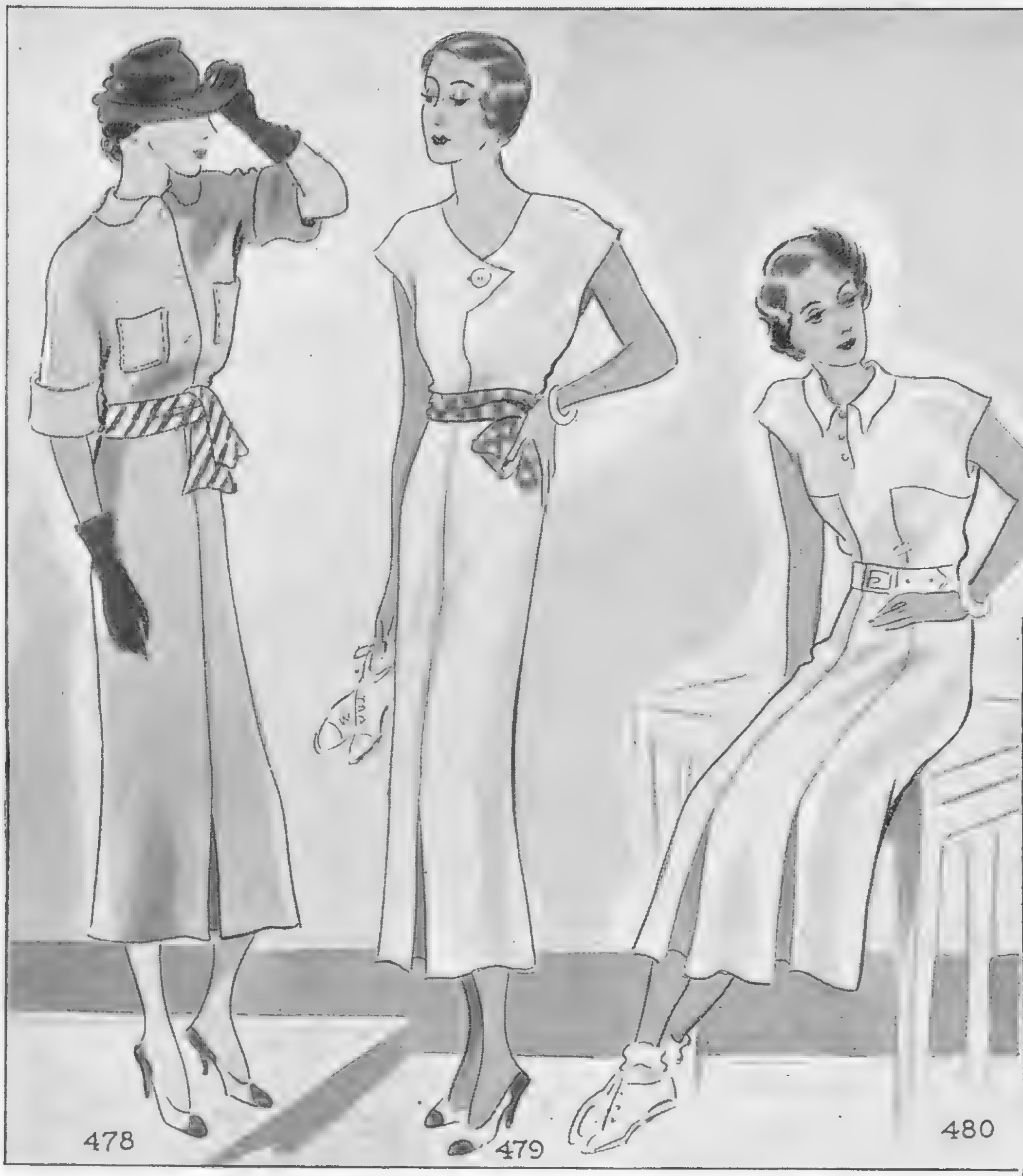


476

*THE yoke of this smart afternoon frock laces up to the drawn-in neckline. The coat's large square armholes accommodate the large dress armholes comfortably. Bishop sleeves to the dress. 6¼ yards of 36 in. material.* *Price* 1/6

*How to Buy.* The Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia and Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post.

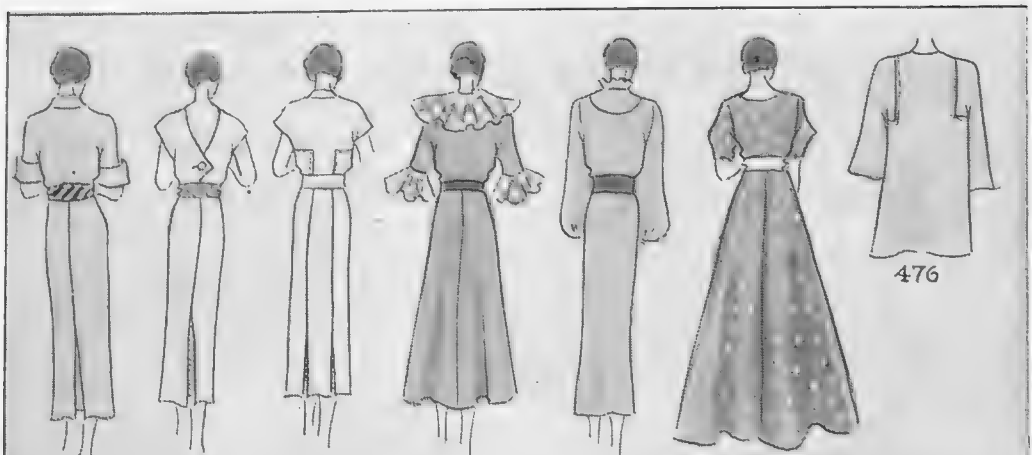
## *Simple dresses which present no difficulties to the least experienced Home Dressmaker*

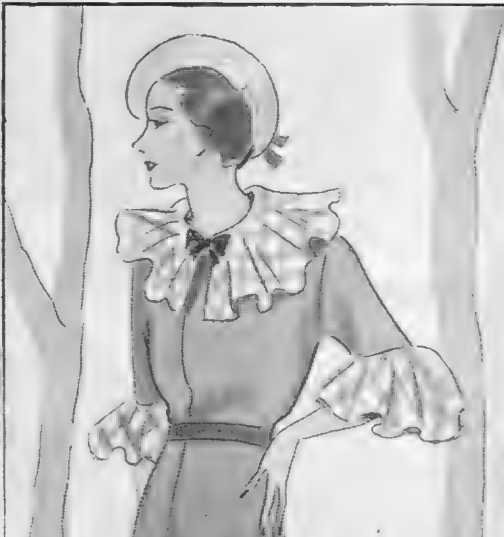


478
*THE shirt waist style is unmatched for this type of morning frock. 2¾ yards of 54 in. material.* *Price* 1/-

479
*FOR tennis, a low-backed dress with a new front and back tab fastening. 3¼ yards of 36 in. material* *Price* 1/-

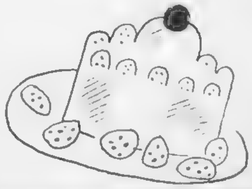
480
*THE trim neck line of this sports dress looks good closed or open. 4 yards of 36 in. material.* *Price* 1/-





481
*CHARMING afternoon frock, with the new full skirt. Neck and sleeve flounces in patterned taffeta or organdie. 3½ yards of 36 in. material and ⅜ yd. for trimmings* *Price* 1/-

Longer evenings and different activities call for lighter meals. Here are a week's Menus, planned to suit the season



# THE CHANGE OVER

WHEN I was very young there used to be a song which ran somehow like this :

*I have opened wide my la-a-tice, to*
*let in the laughing breeze*
*Which is telling happy sto-ories of the flow-ers and the trees,*
*Which is tel-ling happy stories of the flowers and the trees.*

All of which, you may say, has nothing to do with cooking, but really it has.

With this old tune running through my head to-day the words suddenly took this form :—

*I have opened wide my la-arder, to let in the laughing breeze,*
*Which is telling happy sto-ories of the sa-lads and the cheese,*
*Which is, etc. . . .*

Well, there, so to speak, in an eggshell, is my idea.

Salads and cheese and eggs, fruit, young vegetables, baby lamb. Longer evenings and lighter meals. What could be more significant of late spring and early summer than these delicious foods, all of them in the first flush of their fresh, tender youth ?

It is up to us then to take advantage of all these new, though annual foodstuffs. But in order to get the very best out of them we must not only include them in our daily fare, but completely change our plan of living—living in the sense of the table—and we will find a fresh enjoyment, not only of our meals but of our health, too.

At this time of the year many people get restless and bad-tempered. Apt to complain about their food and apt to lose their appetite.

This is a sign that their diet is unsuited to the kind of life they are living, which is probably more active and out of doors than at any other time of the year, and requires, therefore, nourishing but lighter meals.

Moreover, whoever is responsible for the catering of a household is also anxious to be out as much as possible, enjoying a favourite pursuit.

So the thing to aim at is a sound,

By
A. H.
Adair

# to SUMMER COOKING

seasonable diet achieving the maximum of effect and enjoyment with the minimum of time, trouble and work.

To that end I am giving a plan for a week's menus which may serve as a foundation on which to build your own individual ideas.

Tea, as a meal, has been left out purposely, not because you will do without it (nothing is more refreshing or thirst-quenching than a cup of freshly-made tea after exercise on a hot day), but because I imagine that many people will have it out of the house at tennis or golf club or elsewhere, and also because you need so little food with it.

### SUNDAY.

*Breakfast.*—Cold cereals, cream, scrambled eggs with haddock, stewed fruit.

*Luncheon.*—This you will take with you, to eat picnic fashion, on some excursion.

I suggest a mixed *hors-d'œuvre* salad, cold meats, tomato salad, cheese sandwiches, fruit.

*Supper.*—Grape fruit, mixed grill with fried potatoes, caramel pudding.

You will not have much to prepare so you need not hurry back. The mixed grill and fried potatoes require very little time and preparation. The caramel pudding could be prepared on Saturday.

### MONDAY.

*Breakfast.*—Stewed prunes, fried ham on toast.

*Luncheon.*—Roast lamb with soubise sauce, sauté potatoes, buttered spring greens as a separate course, hot fruit tart and custard.

*Dinner.*—Tomato soup, chicken *en casserole* with vegetables, cold fruit tart and cream.

### TUESDAY.

*Breakfast.*—Grape fruit, eggs "*sur le plat.*"

*Luncheon.*—Pilaff of chicken, lettuce salad, cheese and fruit.

*Dinner.*—Boiled fish with Hollandaise sauce, cold roast lamb with bubble and squeak and salad, rhubarb tart.

### WEDNESDAY.

*Breakfast.*—Fish cakes, fresh fruit.

*Luncheon.*—Rabbit pie with spring greens, rhubarb fool. Make a very large pie, or two pies; we shall want some cold later.

*Dinner.*—Tomato juice cocktail, tournedos (small fillets of beef) with horseradish sauce and hot macedoine of vegetables, toasted cheese.

Boil more vegetables than you want; you will make a salad of the rest to-morrow.

(*Continued on page* 94)

*BABY lamb and new young vegetables—salads and cheese, are all good for early summer eating*

# Dinner is Served, Madam...

## *Telling the Hostess all that she—and her parlourmaid—want to know about waiting at table*

*By Elizabeth Hughes Hallett*

A THOROUGH knowledge of waiting at table is an essential for any hostess who does even the minimum of entertaining.

You need know practically nothing about it if you are the fortunate mistress of an experienced parlour-maid. But you need to know everything about it if you have an inexperienced maid who has to be guided and trained in the finer points of table waiting.

A good table-maid must be neat and well groomed, with hands scrupulously clean and well cared for. She must be quiet and deft in her movements, always alert to catch her mistress's eye.

While standing in the dining-room she should look over the table rather than stare at any one person, and must never speak unless it is absolutely necessary.

For the actual waiting there is a simple rule to remember. Food is served and plates removed from the left, while beverages of all kinds, with their glasses or cups, are served and removed at the right.

There is one exception. If coffee is served from a salver, it should be offered at the left, while a single cup is placed at the right.

When handing plates, the rims should be cleaned before placing, and the plate should be held so that the thumb does not come over the surface. A well-trained maid never reaches across in front of anyone, but walks quietly to the right or left side, as required.

Extra glasses and cutlery should be brought to the table at the appropriate time, on a salver with a folded napkin to deaden the sound, and unused cutlery is removed in the same way after that particular course.

MOST meals are served from a side table nowadays. To simplify service, however, the hors d'œuvre may be placed on the table before dinner is announced.

While this is being eaten, the soup should be brought in and placed on the service table. The soiled dishes are quickly removed—not more than two at a time—and piled neatly at the side, the cutlery being placed in a basket as quietly as possible to prevent a clatter. These are taken out of the dining-room as soon as is convenient.

At a simple informal dinner, the maid hands each dish to the lady on the right of the host. Next she serves the lady on his left, and after that carries on, in rotation, round the table.

The various courses are all served from the side table in portions, in practically the same way. Vegetables, when necessary, quickly follow, being handed in their dishes, then sauces in sauceboats and other accompaniments are placed on a salver and offered to the guest from the left.

No matter how simple the dinner, an entrée is never served from the side table, but is always handed in its dish. A hot or cold plate is placed at each cover, then the maid hands the entrée dish, with serving spoon and fork, on a folded napkin. This should be held at a convenient height for the guest to help herself with ease. A considerate person will always steady a dish when taking a portion from it.

During this procedure, the maid should keep as far away from the guest as is consistent with good service, being careful not to breathe too heavily over her.

ALL glasses, cruets and cutlery are removed after the savoury. The crumbing is then done quietly and unobtrusively, using a table napkin to brush the crumbs on to a plate or salver.

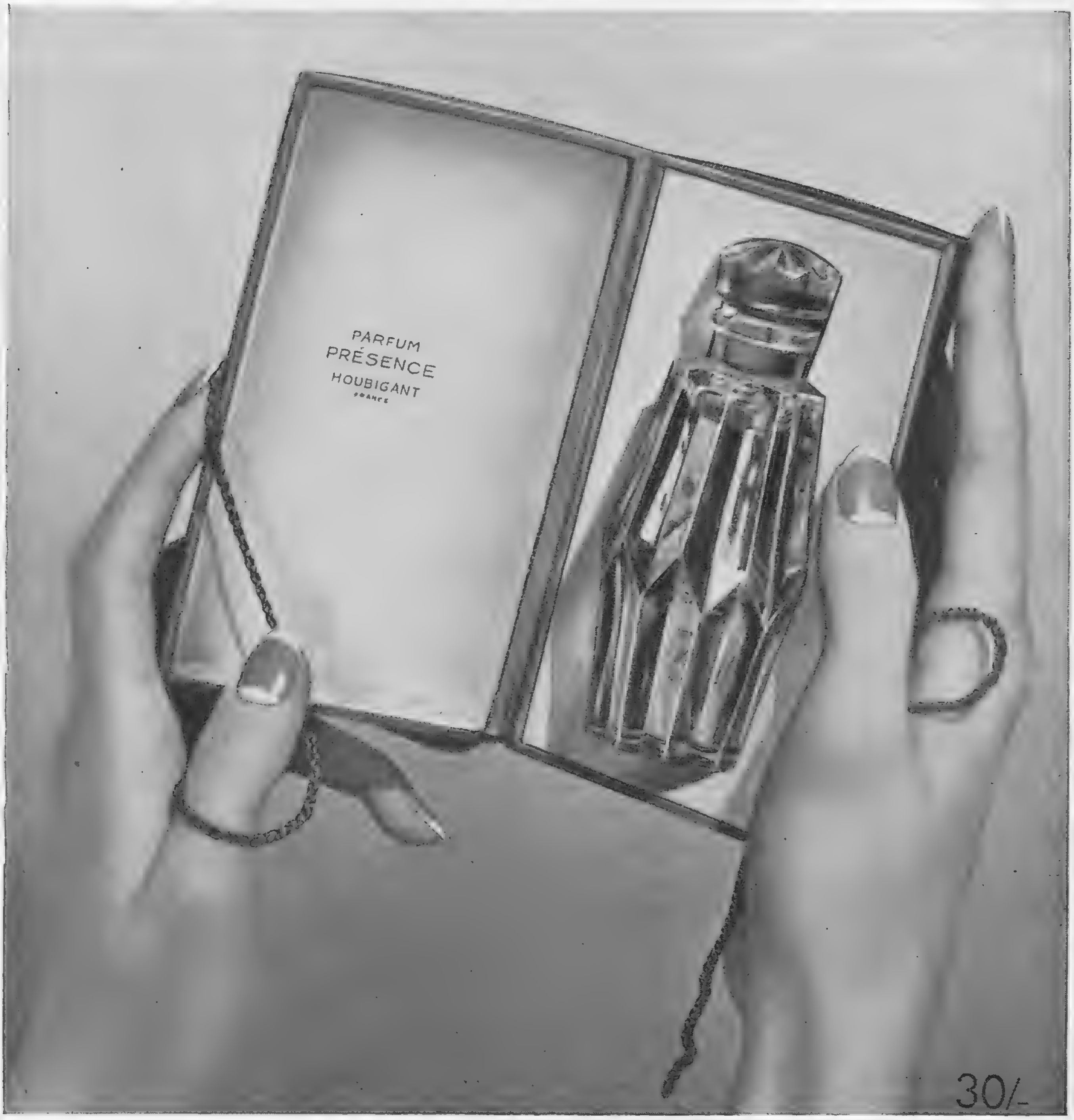
The dessert plate with fruit knife and fork and finger bowl is now placed in front of each guest and the port glass is put in position. Salt cellars are quickly tidied and replaced for nuts if necessary.

After offering port wine, the decanter is placed before the host, and a crystal jug of water with goblets to match are usually put before the hostess.

Cigars, cigarettes and matches are put on a salver in front of the host and ash trays are placed at intervals round the table. The ladies nowadays remain for the first port, then retire to the drawing-room, where the gentlemen join them later.

The maid quietly tidies and leaves everything in readiness. Then she puts out the side lights and leaves the room to prepare the coffee, which is usually served with liqueurs in the drawing-room.

*The choice of the woman of taste...*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## "PRÉSENCE"

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# HOUBIGANT

AS ALL OTHER HOUBIGANT PERFUMERY IT IS OF
**GENUINE FRENCH MANUFACTURE**
PREPARED AND MADE ENTIRELY UNDER
THE PERSONAL SUPERVISION OF ITS CREATORS
IN THE MODEL LABORATORIES AT NEUILLY-SUR-SEINE
NEAR PARIS

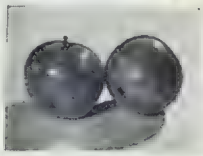
# *Cure* yourself *with* Fruit

*If an Apple a Day keeps the Doctor away, a regular daily dose of fruit helps to preserve your health and beauty*

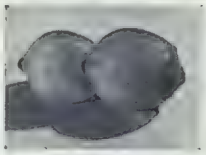
## Your Fruit Chart

Oranges *Prevent* Influenza

Tomatoes *Help* Liver Trouble



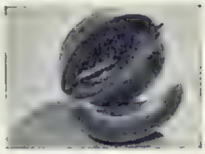
Apples *Aid* Teeth and Digestion



Lemons *Fight* Uric Acid

Grapes *Are Good for* Fever

Apricots *Are* Sedative



Melon *Cleans* the Kidneys

### By J. W. FISHER, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

FRUIT is the enemy of poisons. It is Nature's great cleanser and laxative.

Apart from its aperient effect, it purifies in two ways.

The first is by its acids and salts.

Whenever the blood becomes too acid, the internal harmony is disorganised and you are a prey to infection and disease. Vegetable acids like citric and tartaric are united with the mineral salts of fruit, and as these are burnt up inside the body they are converted into salts like sodium and potassium carbonates—salts which help to keep the body in a normal alkaline condition.

So, paradoxically, we eat acid to become healthily alkaline.

The second way in which fruit purifies the system is by making a direct attack on the toxic or poisonous matter in the blood.

As the cleansing element contained in the fruit is carried to the remotest parts of the body, an indirect attack is also made upon poisons lying idle in the joints and muscles.

These are stirred to a new activity, which may give rise to some initial pain and discomfort. But do not be put off your fruit schedule by this. You have to be made worse sometimes to be made better.

THIS temporary acute condition is Nature's way of ridding the body of toxic matter that has to be eliminated, for, once the poisons have been stirred up and driven into the blood-stream, they can be exposed to a direct and more sustained attack.

Fruit, suitably selected, never disagrees with anyone.

When it seems to disagree it is because there is a large amount of chronic poison in the system with which it cannot reasonably be expected to remain on friendly terms; the more the toxins the warmer is the argument.

Regarded solely as a body-builder, fruit is of trifling value since the protein and fat shares are for the most part negligible.

Except for bananas, figs, dates, and raisins (which contain a fair amount of carbohydrate and appreciable protein), the nut (which provides much fat in small bulk as well as protein), and the olive and avocado pear (also fat yielding), the majority of fruits offer little in the way of real food value except for small and varying percentages of sugar.

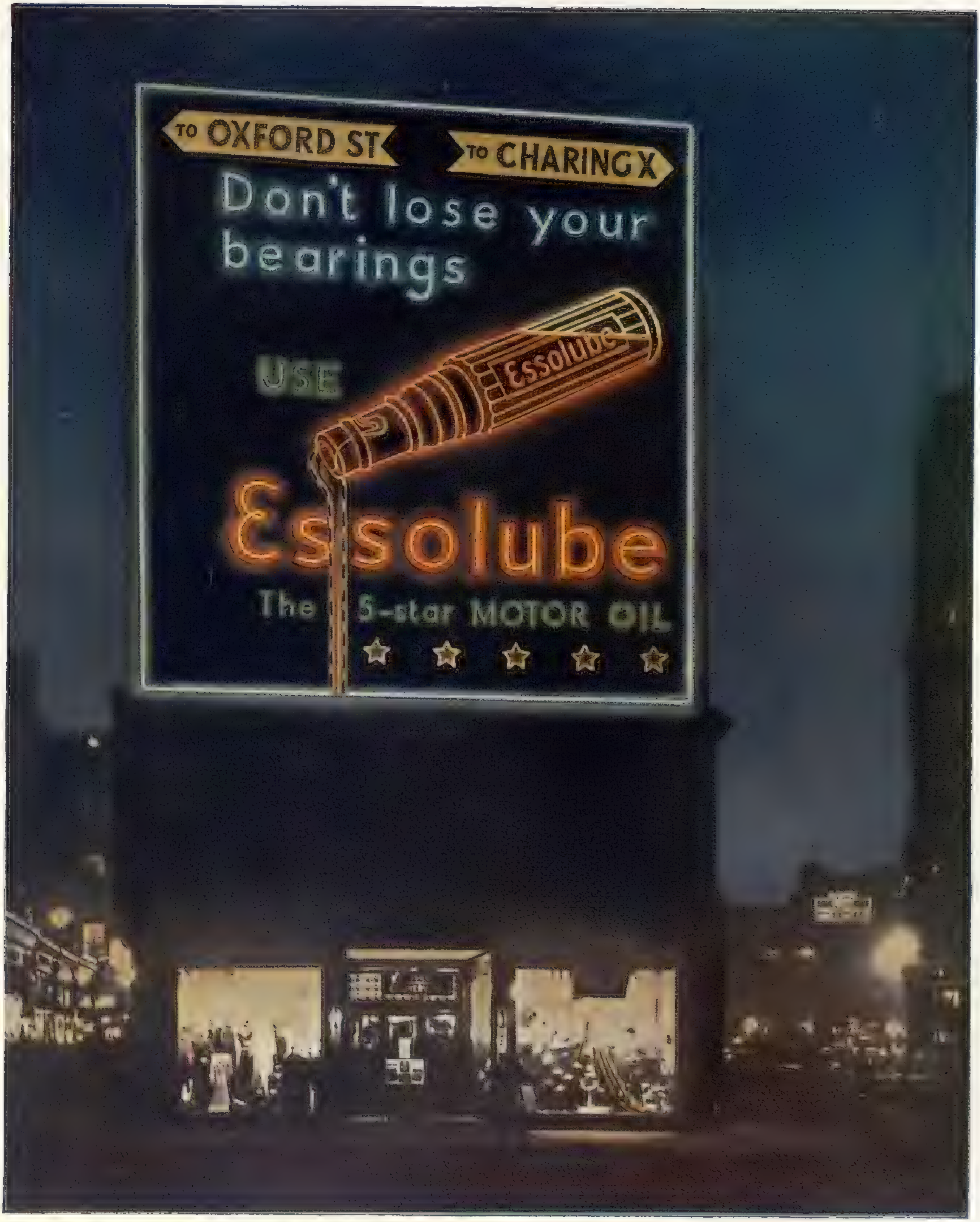
Still our personal house cannot be built solely of bricks. We need other materials for its structure and smooth functioning; and these may be found in the valuable vitamins which fruit yields so abundantly.

Tomatoes especially, and oranges, are rich in all the three vitamins A, B and C. Apples, lemons and grape-fruit are capital sources of B and C. All fruit yields the scurvy-preventing vitamin C, shortage of which causes dull and blotchy skins and a lowered resistance to disease.

To obtain full vitamin value from your fruit dietary, you should eat *fresh* fruit. When it has to be cooked, it is best to stew it, so that the important juices can be retained. Canning is believed *not* to be destructive of the vitamins.

A heavy or indiscriminate consumption of fruit is unwise. Never take a quantity of fruit with or after a heavy

(*Continued on page* 92)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**TOOTRESS** Regd.

*A Tootal Fabric—Crease-Resisting*

*Cuttings to demonstrate crease-resistance sent on request.*

This frock, made of Tootress, shows the charm (and one of the styles) offered by the Tootal range of crease-resisting fabrics. Tootals patented process has given it a power of crease-resistance similar to that of wool. Wash as wool. Printed designs and plain shades. Width 36″. Name on selvedge. Ready-made models available. The one shown is L153.

TOOTRESS & ROBIA CARRY THIS GUARANTEE: *"Should dissatisfaction arise through any defect whatsoever in the material, Tootals will replace it or refund the price and pay the cost incurred in making up."*

If you have any difficulty in obtaining frocks or fabrics write Dept. Tc. 6,
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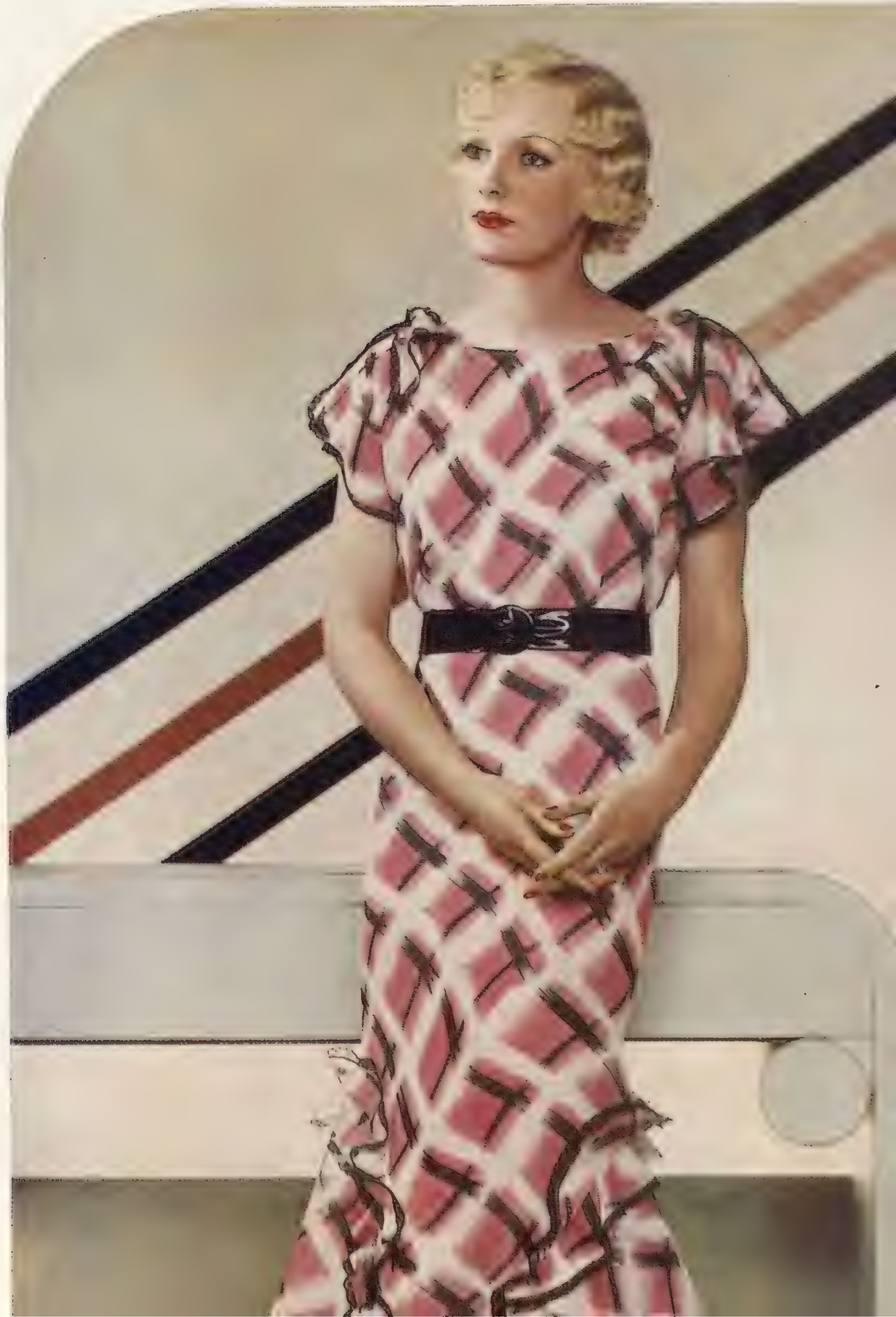
# ROBIA
Regd.

*A Tootal Fabric—Crease-Resisting*

*Cuttings to demonstrate crease-resistance sent on request.*

Here you see the delicate grace of Robia. Besides prints you can get embroidered dots and sprigs and colour-woven surface effects. These also make delicious blouses—and children's frocks. Despite its delicate appearance Robia is sturdily resistant to creasing, thanks to a Tootal patented process. Washed as wool it keeps this crease-resistance. Name on selvedge. 1/11 to 3/11 a yard. Ready-made frocks available—our example is L130.

The Tootal Range of Crease-resisting Fabrics includes: ROBIA, a beautiful new style of cotton; TOOTRESS, rayon and cotton; LOVA, rayon and cotton; TOOTAL LINEN; and the all-rayon prints TOOTAL GEORGETTE, TOOTAL CHIFFON, TOOTAL TAFFETA.



*. . . her reputation as a hostess is well deserved. Should you be among those fortunates present after one of her dinner intimés, she will offer you mocha coffee and cigarettes—Craven "A" of course, because as she rightly points out, this is the one cigarette whose quality never varies.*

**Craven "A"**

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

CRAVEN "A"
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

**10 for 6ᴰ**
**20 for 1/-**

In the 'Easy Access' Inner Foil Pack and Sealed Fresh in Weatherproof Cellophane

*INGA ANDERSEN, blonde singer-dancer, enthuses about the health and fun of a caravan holiday. "Especially when you've the comfort and convenience of an 'Eccles.'" This is how the "Nymphette" looks, outside. Inside, it is trim, cosy, gay, with the most ingenious built-in fittings*

# Caravanning—*for* Health *and in* Comfort

YOU can't get away from the glamour of caravanning. Occasionally you run into some disillusioned pedant who talks of the monotony of tinned salmon and the discomfort of tin plates. But he's obviously the sort of person who would prefer a park to a primrose wood.

There's no doubt that, in times gone by, you needed a deep and abiding passion for the open road and a monumental indifference to creature comforts to enjoy a caravan holiday. Nowadays you can be a normal person, with normal tastes in the matter of comfort, and caravanning will meet all your needs.

You only have to watch the main roads in summer to see how emphatically people have plumped for this type of holiday in the last year or two. Roads to the country and sea are full of caravan trailers. And all those people can't be wrong.

Quite apart from the comfort and convenience of the newer caravans, this type of holiday is one of the most reasonable you can take.

The hire charges vary from 35s. to 7 guineas a week, according to the model chosen and the time of year. Naturally, the more expensive type will accommodate a greater number of people.

Generally speaking, it is agreed that for holiday caravanning, if the weight of the trailer does not exceed the horse-power of the car, all is well. That is to say, a car taxed at £10 can deal competently with a caravan weighing 10 cwt.

A perfect example of the modern caravan is the new "Nymphette," which is made by Eccles.

This light-weight travelling villa is 13 ft. long and 6 ft. 2 in. wide. It is furnished and equipped for three persons, and there are two separate rooms. You have electric light, a sink, water containers, cooking stove, airing cupboard, drawers, and a wardrobe with a double-fold door and a mirror on each side.

There is a built-in table, seats, a multi-sprung settee which becomes a double bed, and a multi-sprung seat bed with a padded back rest.

Curtains, doormat, portable food safe, crockery, glass, cutlery, cooking utensils down to the last corkscrew, are provided in this amazingly small space, and the cost of it is £175 down, or by hire purchase agreement.

That's if you spend enough of your time caravanning to justify the purchase of such a luxury.

Otherwise you can hire a caravan. In this case you either collect the vehicle yourself and drive it to the appointed camp, or you have it delivered there at a charge of one shilling per mile for conveyance.

IN the early part of the year a two-berth caravan costs £3 5s. a week to hire. Between June and August the price goes up to £5 per week. For a three-berth car cruiser model, £4 5s. is asked in May. In July £5 5s., and in August £6.

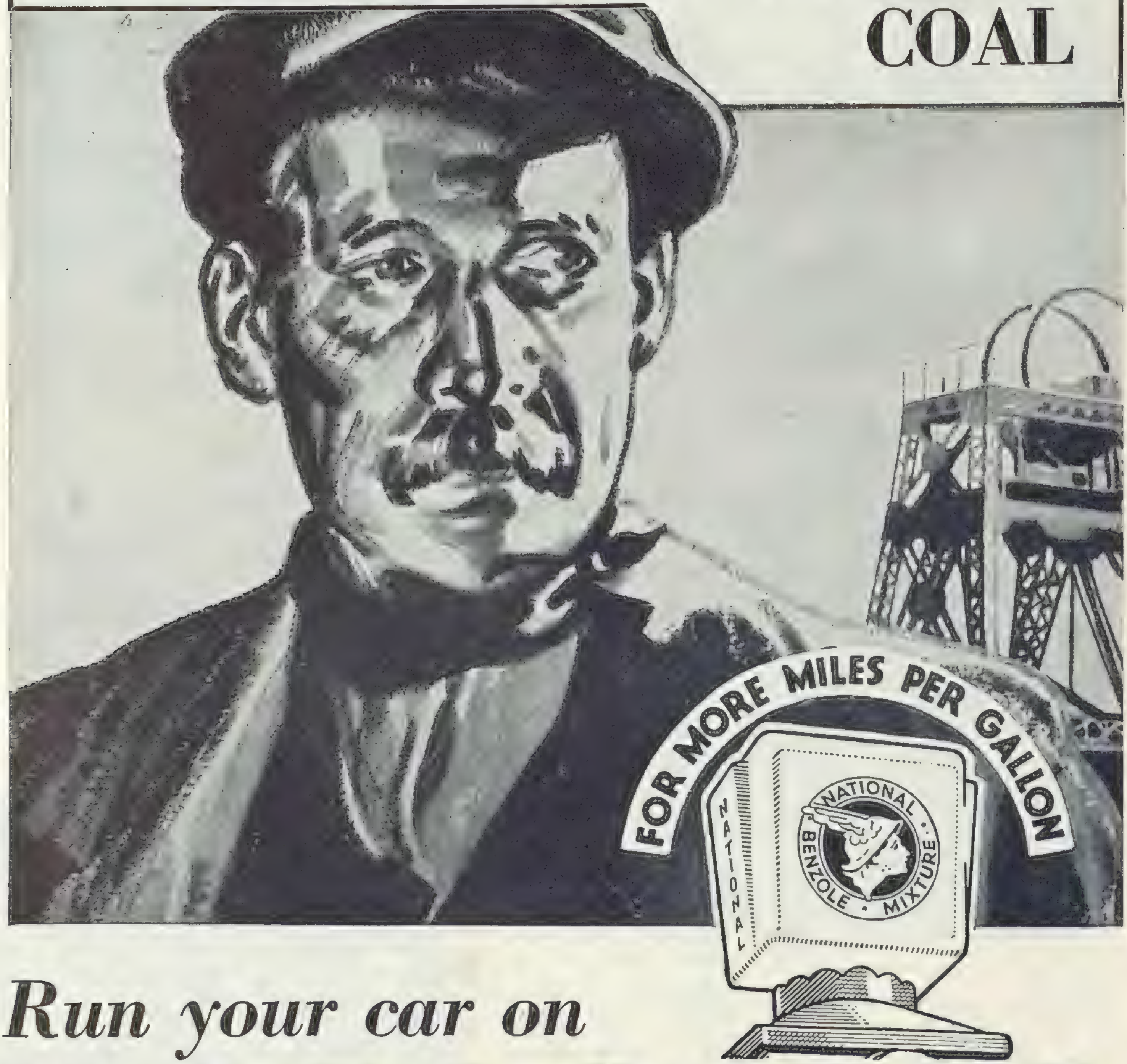
The caravan must be fully insured while on hire, and this costs from 12s. 6d. for two weeks, to 15s. for the heavier type of vehicle.

Otherwise the law is lenient. No extra tax has to be paid for drawing and using a trailer. A speed limit up to 30 m.p.h. is allowed (20 m.p.h. for four-wheeled trailers), and the trailer may be as long as 22 ft., and as wide as 7 ft. 6 in.

It is important in choosing a camping ground not to select a deep glass slope or any ground over which it may be difficult to return if there is rain. In wet weather the door of the caravan should be pitched to (*Continued on page* 98)

*MISS ANDERSEN takes afternoon tea, and looks appreciatively around the interior of the "Nymphette." "They've remembered to put in everything," she says, "but archery butts and a grand piano"*

# *The* SPIRIT *from* BRITISH COAL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# Extending the Life of Your Car

### By The Earl of Cardigan

NOWADAYS, it is becoming increasingly common to hear complaints that cars do not give lasting service, but begin to wear out after a very short period of efficiency. It is said that, in the "good old days," car purchase was a much safer investment, and would ensure much more prolonged enjoyment than can be hoped for to-day. It is even said that "they put better stuff into the pre-war engines," and that modern material is cheap and shoddy by comparison.

There is, of course, among the many fallacies of such an argument, more than a grain of truth. It is a fact, I think, that the average modern car does not remain efficient over so long a period as the average car of twenty years ago. One still sees quite a few of these twenty-year-old cars on the road, while we know that ten-year-old cars are being turned into "scrap," and five-year-old cars are being discarded in a very poor state of efficiency.

Why is this? Let us state at once that it is definitely *not* due to the use of any inferior metal. On the contrary, metals to-day are infinitely superior to any metals which were ever used in earlier times. In this respect at least, modern cars are wonderfully well equipped.

Why, then, the common complaint of excessive and premature wear? The answer, as I see it, is twofold. We ask too much of our cars in the way of performance—and we give too little in the way of maintenance.

As regards asking too much—does the average motorist ever consider just what it is that he expects from the diminutive engine of his car? In the first place, it must be of such a size and shape as to incur a tax (usually) of not more than £10 or £12. Secondly, notwithstanding the adoption of fool-proof gearboxes, it must crawl at about 5 m.p.h. in top gear. Thirdly, it must accelerate briskly in the same gear, to reach a maximum speed of not less than 60 m.p.h.

This involves a low top gear. A low top gear involves high engine "revs." Speeds of 3,000 r.p.m. are common, and many engines have to reach 4,000 r.p.m. Even taking the lesser figure—this means that each piston slides the full length of its cylinder no less than 100 times *in every second.*

Now, when this is realised, surely it must be clear that the modern engine deserves the most careful attention possible if it is to have a fair chance of attaining to respected and respectable old age? Unfortunately, this is just what the average engine, and the average car, does not now receive. We are much too apt, in our cheerful moments, to jump into the driving seat and go off for a long run—reassuring ourselves that some important servicing job "can quite well wait for a few days longer."

As an example of this sort of carelessness, many motorists take lightly the question of obtaining the best possible grade of engine oil. It is vital, however, to use an oil of very reputable brand, and to see that it is of the requisite consistency. There is real need also of emptying and completely refilling the crankcase from time to time, so as to get fresh supplies of clean oil into circulation.

Then again, it undoubtedly pays to let an engine warm up in the morning as quietly and gradually as possible. Nearly all of us, I fear, are sinners where this matter is concerned. Myself, although I am punctilious in letting an aeroplane engine "tick over" for a solid ten minutes on the ground, I have to confess that I have never treated my car to an equal courtesy!

One can, however, and should, make a rule to drive a car very quietly for at least the first five minutes. Even this degree of consideration, alas, is omitted by many motorists. When there is a train to be caught, many an unfortunate motor engine is asked to turn over at 2,000 or 3,000 r.p.m. within a minute or two after being started up.

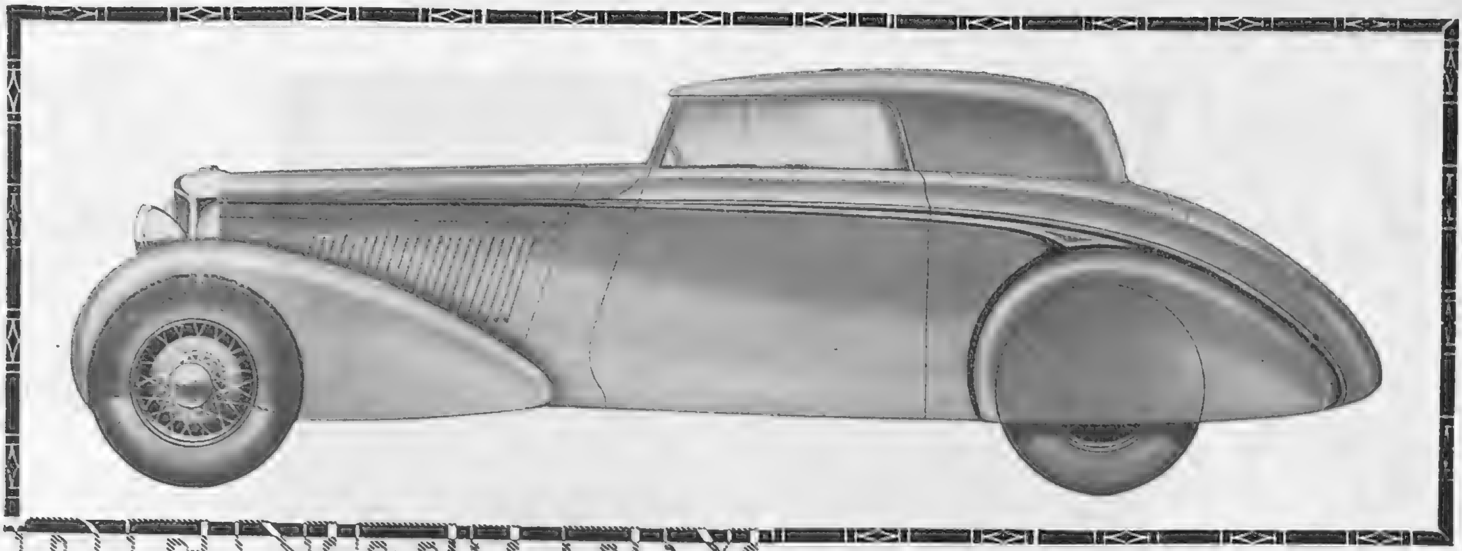
Of course, if cars were less good and responsive than they are, such things could not happen. If the engine habitually misfired and spluttered when cold, the owner would, in self-defence as it were, get up ten minutes earlier in the morning so as to let it warm up quietly to an efficient working temperature.

IN many departments of motoring the same argument applies. If tyres, for instance, were still liable to constant punctures, we should undoubtedly exercise more care in keeping them pumped up to the required pressure. As it is we are apt to be careless, and to grumble when our carelessness leads to unsatisfactory results.

Again, if modern electrical equipment was less skilfully designed, we should of necessity give it greater attention. We should "top up" batteries at more regular intervals, and be a good deal more considerate in using the self-starter.

It is the same with chassis lubrication. In the old days the owner who neglected his oil can or grease gun was reminded of his omission by many a squeak and rattle. Now, very often the first sign of neglect is that, after a year or so, one suddenly finds excessive wear and "play" becoming evident in the steering gear or elsewhere.

Thus, to extend the life of the modern car, the owner should aim at being a good deal less complacent than are the majority of motorists. In addition, he should, in my opinion, buy a car which goes at least 20 per cent. faster than he intends normally to drive it. To drive with the throttle never more than three-quarters open is to increase a car's expectation of life by a very considerable margin.



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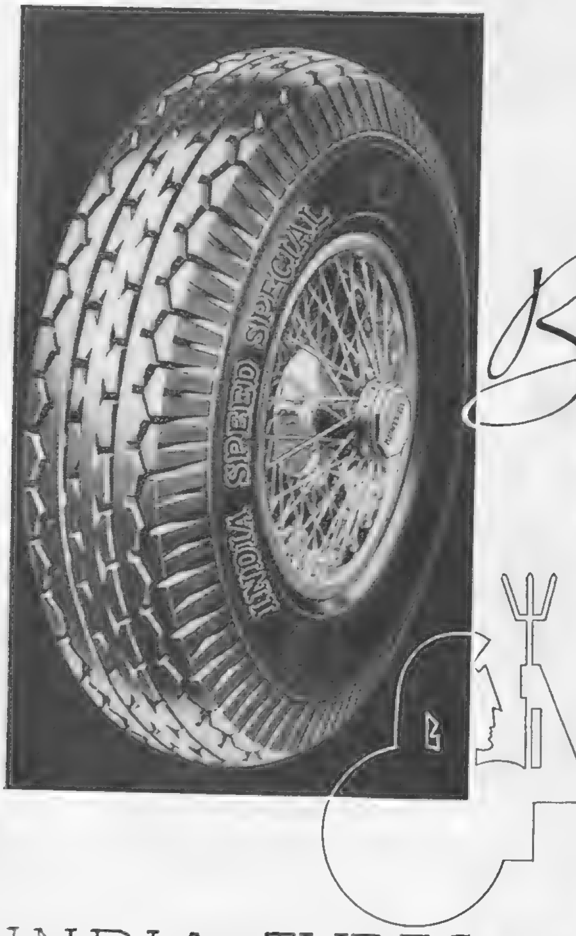


## *Bentley again choose*

# INDIA TYRES

## *as standard original equipment*

Thousands of Bentley owners have proved the quality of India Tyres by actual road experience. "The INDIA TYRES fitted as standard to the 3½ litre BENTLEY should be mentioned for their WONDERFUL ROADHOLDING."

—*Country Life, Jan. 26, 1935.*

INDIA TYRES
GRIP THE ROAD

1145

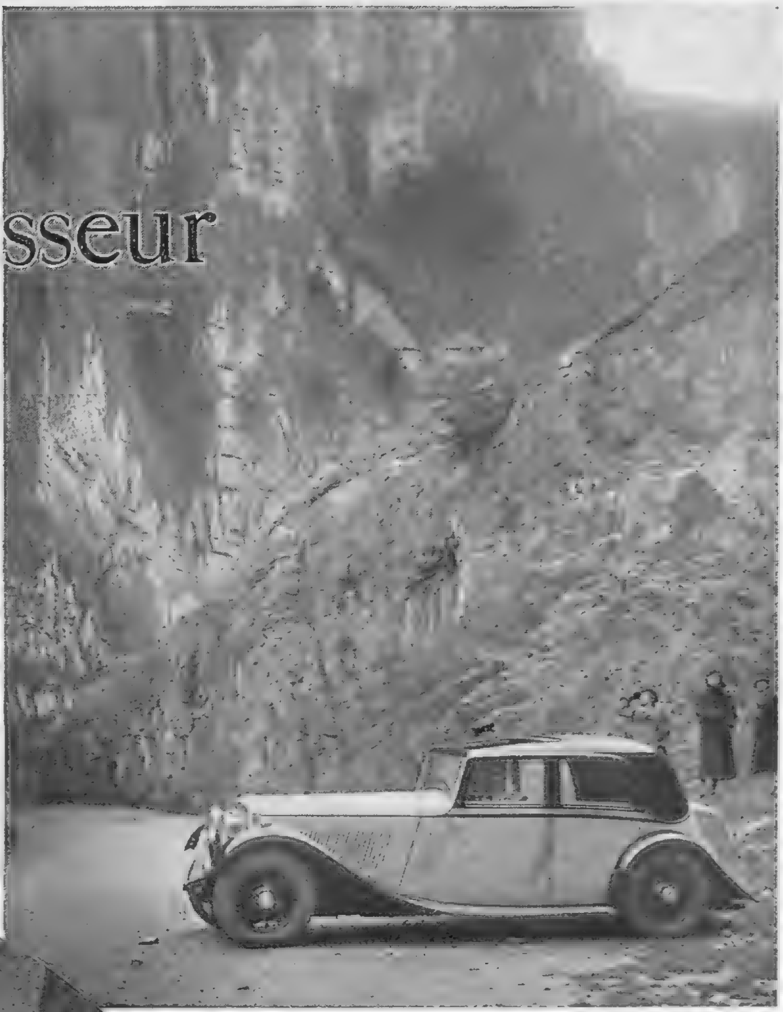
# A Car *for* *the* Connoisseur

## *The 3½-Litre Bentley*

### *By The Earl of Cardigan*

I HAVE come to the conclusion that, if I were a retailer of Bentley cars, I should urge all my bona-fide clients to make trial trips of the most intensive character and longest possible duration. I believe this would be a paying proposition; for there is no doubt that, the more familiar a motorist becomes with the new Bentley, the more vividly is he impressed with its all-round excellence. The car may indeed appeal to him from the first, but its appeal will be intensified, not lessened, by protracted experience.

Myself, I have now driven the 3½-litre model on a number of different occasions, and I can truthfully say that, at each renewal of acquaintance, it has steadily risen in my estimation. At first, for example, I thought that to cruise really fast and in complete silence was both novel and interesting. Now, I am quite sure that it is also exceedingly pleasant. In other words, I am becoming a regular convert to this new motoring sensation.



*Two views of the 3½ litre Bentley. The picture above shows this excellent car in the famous Cheddar Gorge*

Also, since I no longer feel any astonishment or sense of incongruity at the complete lack of mechanical noise, I find myself more at liberty to appreciate the car's actual performance. This, indeed, is deceptive. During my latest run, I was chided by one of my passengers for going unnecessarily slowly along a certain stretch of road. This made me glance at the speedometer—a notably fair-minded specimen. It was recording a steady pace of 60 m.p.h.!

SOME idea of the Bentley's real capacity for speed may be deduced from this incident. While appearing to a passenger to be going "slowly," it may actually be doing its mile a minute. When urged, it will accelerate to an honest 90 m.p.h. A higher figure still can be recorded if road conditions remain favourable. One hears of individual cars having touched 100 m.p.h. In other words, the maximum of this car is 90 m.p.h. and there is still something in hand.

### The 3½-Litre Bentley in Brief

*Engine: Six cylinders, with twin carburettors. Dead silent. Rated at 25·3 h.p., but will develop 120 h.p. or more.*

*Gearbox: Four speeds, top 4·1 to 1. Third and top gears, synchro-mesh.*

*Performance: Third gear, 75 m.p.h.; top gear, in excess of 90 m.p.h.*

*Steering: Very good, accurate, self-centring.*

*Brakes: Servo type, exceptional power and smoothness.*

*Springing: Semi-elliptic, with new control system for shock absorbers; highly efficient.*

*Coachwork: Thoroughly comfortable and well planned.*

*Tyres: India "Speed Special."*

*Price: With saloon body, £1,460.*

Acceleration is another deceptive factor. When the throttle is opened, the car gathers speed with perfect smoothness and in unvarying silence. At the same time, it quite definitely "walks away" from the vast majority of other vehicles, and, from a standing start, generally has the road to itself after a very few yards. Although it never seems aggressive, the rate of acceleration is really exceedingly rapid.

In third gear, which is a synchro-mesh ratio, the performance is even more striking. The acceleration is of genuinely exciting quality, while a speed can be reached of at least 75 m.p.h. Second gear also is very attractive to use. It runs silently and gives a wonderful "get-away" for traffic purposes. It would be improved, I think, if assisted by synchro-mesh mechanism—not that it is difficult, but for the sake of uniformity with the completely foolproof "third." Both these indirect ratios are admirable for their respective purposes, and the Bentley driver should be encouraged to use either with equal facility.

In recognising the Bentley's qualities of power and speed, one is bound, of course, also to appreciate its road-holding capacities. Here again, familiarity breeds a growing contentment. The steering is firm and definite, with a fair amount of castor action. The springing, since the car's inception, has always been good, and is now better than ever. The general effect (*Continued on page 92*)

# CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY ENGINEERING LABORATORY PROVE

## "Cylinder Wear "unmeasurable" "Oil consumption reduced some 50%"

Engineering Laboratory,
Cambridge,
December 21st, 1934.

Messrs. C. C. Wakefield & Co. Ltd.,
Wakefield House, Cheapside, E.C.2.

Dear Sirs,

You may be interested to know that we have recently examined PATENT Castrol and its effects in use, to a high degree of accuracy, and have been able to form certain opinions as to its performance in water-cooled and air-cooled engines.

Two 100-hour runs at 4,000 r.p.m. and full throttle were carried out on an M.G. engine of 847 c.c. capacity, equivalent to a road speed of 60 m.p.h. continuously up a gradient of 1 in 39 for 6,000 miles in each case. During the first test the engine was lubricated with Castrol XL as a reference oil, and during the second test PATENT Castrol XL was used. The engine behaved faultlessly throughout. **Excellent as was the condition of the engine at the end of the first run with Castrol XL oil, there was a marked improvement with the new oil, PATENT Castrol XL. The carbon deposit was not only less, and in some places quite negligible,** but also differed in character, being softer and more easily removed. On the piston heads the deposit flaked off spontaneously on exposure to the air, and there was a remarkable freedom from carbonaceous deposits both in the oil itself and on the inside of the crank chamber.

**Wear on the cylinder bore was unmeasurable**, but the delicate test of weighing the top rings before and after each run showed a definite loss of weight, which was reduced some 27% with the new PATENT Castrol XL oil. In addition, the **oil consumption was reduced some 50%.**

On a Norton motorcycle engine of 490 c.c. capacity, two corresponding runs at full throttle and 4,600 r.p.m., equivalent to about 85 m.p.h., for half an hour, alternating with periods of running at half throttle and 4,000 r.p.m. (i.e. about one-third full power) were carried out for 25 hours with each oil, corresponding to over 2,000 miles for each test.

The same general characteristics as in the previous two tests of the M.G. engine were found on examination: the natural flaking off of the carbon deposit with the PATENT Castrol oil being most marked. The reduced loss of weight of the piston rings when using the PATENT Castrol oil checked very well with the previous test on the M.G. engine.

**The decrease of wear in both engines should be noted,** thus allowing the engine to run for a longer period than hitherto without replacement of parts or removal of deposits. On these points the new PATENT Castrol may fairly claim to represent **a real advance in lubrication.** The improvement in appearance of the used PATENT Castrol was confirmed chemically.

These chemical tests also confirm the observations made on the unusually flaky nature of the deposits after the engine had been stripped. This flakiness is associated with a very marked reduction in the quantity of "gum" usually found in petrol engines, whereby the carbon is made strongly adherent to the surfaces exposed to the hot gases. **Frequently the rubbing surfaces are covered with deposits of a "gummy" nature which are quite absent after the new PATENT Castrol has been used.**

You are at liberty to publish this if you so desire.

Yours faithfully,

A. L. BIRD.
M.A., M.I.Mech.E., Assoc. M. Inst. C.E., Lecturer in Engineering, University of Cambridge

W. E. WOODWARD,
M.A., M.I. & S. Inst., Lecturer in Engineering, University of Cambridge.

"A real advance in lubrication"

**WAKEFIELD PATENT Castrol**

MOTOR OIL

# A New *and interesting* Humber

## *The Snipe with De Normanville Gearbox*

### By The Earl of Cardigan

*THE Humber "Snipe" is an excellent example of the powerful modern car which, although of ample size for all purposes, is very reasonable in price. The de Normanville gear is available on this model*

*COMFORT is a very marked feature of the "Snipe." The back seat is luxuriously planned, and both head-room and leg-room are ample*

IN its ordinary form, the Humber "Snipe" may reasonably claim to be one of the most successful of modern cars. It sells well; it is seen everywhere: it fulfils a definite need of the motoring public for a big car, fast and well-mannered, yet moderate in price. Ever since its inception, it has more than justified itself.

In these circumstances, the Humber Company might have been excused for merely "resting on its laurels" so far as the development of this particular model was concerned. Actually, however, progress has been continual in adding refinements and improvements to an already well-tried chassis. As the most recent example of this, we have the introduction of a brand new gear-box, designed by Capt. E. de Normanville.

This gear-box, which is at present an optional feature of the 1935 "Snipe," is of the modern epicyclic type. At first sight, it appears very much like what is known as the "pre-selective" gear-box, and indeed employs just the same basic principle. The points of difference, however, are important.

In the first place, the de Normanville gear claims a higher degree of mechanical efficiency than has been achieved hitherto. It is certainly remarkable that, in top or third gear, this box actually passes on 99 units of power for every 100 units delivered to it by the engine.

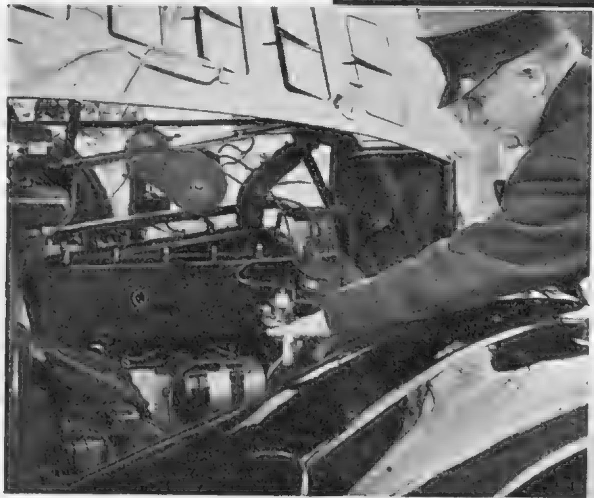
Secondly, in the use of the de Normanville gear, there is absolutely nothing new to learn. One does *not* pre-select the various gear ratios. To change gear, one de-clutches (incidentally the gear lever cannot be moved until the clutch has been disengaged), flicks the lever into the required notch of its quadrant on the steering column, and lets the clutch in again.

Thirdly, there is definite provision for "coasting." There are two "neutral" positions on the quadrant—one, as might be expected, between first and reverse gears, and another beyond the top gear position. The latter is very useful; for one can get into it easily from "top," and just as easily get back into gear again.

Fourthly, the clutch is a perfectly normal one. It is smooth, and very light to operate.

I NEED not add that all the gears are absolutely crash-proof; for this is the great merit of any epicyclic gear-box. At worst, the clumsy driver can only produce a jerk: he can never fail to mesh the gear he wants at the moment when he wants it.

In actual practice, one finds the new gear very pleasant to use. It enables "slick" and efficient gear changes to be made with ease, and thus gives the car, in the hands of (*Continued on page 92*



*THE engine is rated at 24 h.p., and is capable of a really fine performance. Even at high speeds, it is notably effortless in its running*

*A VERY useful luggage grid is fitted. A number of suitcases can easily be carried here, thus leaving the interior of the car unencumbered*

### The Humber "Snipe" in Brief

*Engine:* *Six cylinders with side valves; 24 h.p.*

*Gearbox:* *(Optional) de Normanville epicyclic unit. Four speeds, with normal type clutch.*

*Performance:* *Third gear, 60 m.p.h.; top gear, 80 m.p.h.*

*Steering:* *Firm, accurate.*

*Brakes:* *Servo type, powerful and smooth.*

*Springing:* *Good, and car holds road well*

*Coachwork:* *Very roomy and comfortable.*

*Price:* *With saloon body, £475; de Normanville gear an extra.*

The Smartest Women prefer NATURAL lips!

**AT IMPORTANT "FIRST NIGHTS," YOU CAN'T HELP NOTICING THAT THE SMARTEST WOMEN FAVOUR NATURALNESS IN MAKE-UP THIS YEAR**

● At the Theatre, at all the important functions, their make-up sets the vogue. Gone is that painted look. A charming naturalness has taken the place of those bright, gaudy lips. They have discovered the charm of looking natural . . . In short, more and more women are finding out about Tangee.

For Tangee is the remarkable lipstick that gives your lips *natural* colour. Tangee can't make you look painted, because it isn't paint! Instead, it contains the magic colour-change principle which makes it turn, on your lips, to the one shade of blush-rose most becoming to you.

Why not try Tangee? Two sizes, 2/6 and 4/6.

For those who prefer a more vivid colour there is Tangee Theatrical, specially suitable for evening use.

*From all hairdressers, chemists and stores.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick
**TANGEE**
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
New FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee colour principle

**LUFT - TANGEE LTD.**
**88 Regent Street, W.1**
Works: Johnson's Place, Pimlico, S.W.1

## A New and Interesting Humber

any average driver, a rather better all-round road performance than it otherwise would have. In traffic, it tends to reduce fatigue and nerve strain. Also, since the lever is on the steering column, it leaves the front compartment free from obstructions, other than the very inconspicuous hand-brake.

It would be wrong, of course, to exaggerate the part which this new gear-box plays in rendering the "Snipe" an attractive and likeable car. It is an admirable unit; but we must not lose sight of other not less vital features. The engine, for instance, in its latest form deserves high praise. It seems to run more smoothly than ever, while its power output is decidedly impressive.

In top gear, I was able to make the speedometer needle go well past the 80 m.p.h. mark. Allowing for a little natural exuberance on the part of that instrument, we may take 80 m.p.h. as a maximum. In third gear, no less than 60 m.p.h. can be reached—and all this with a saloon model of truly comfortable dimensions.

Road-holding is good, and a really high cruising speed can thus be maintained with ease. The steering is firm and accurate, with a decided self-centring action, although inclined to be a trifle heavy at the lower speeds. Braking is excellent and the driver soon gains a feeling of complete confidence in his controls.

THE roominess of the coachwork is a very distinct asset. It is, I think, one of the charms of a large car that it gives one not only sufficient space—but space enough and to spare. One can safely push one's seat back, without feeling that the passenger behind is thereby cramped. The "Snipe" provides a good example of this; and the accommodation of the saloon model may be described as luxurious.

For a car of this size and quality, £475 must be regarded as a very reasonable figure. An extra charge is at present made for fitting the de Normanville gear; but this should not deter anyone who appreciates the advantages which this unit has to offer. It represents yet another nail in the coffin of the moribund gear-changing "bogy."

## The 3½ Litre Bentley

(Continued from page 89)

is of absolute steadiness and controllability. Only those who have been in the habit of driving fast cars over long distances can truly appreciate the importance of the rôle played by the tyres. On this car, where every component has been fully tested before its incorporation, Messrs. Bentley have fitted the now famous India "Speed Special" tyres. This wonderful product of the tyre manufacturers' genius has been designed specially to stand up to continuous high-speed running over long distances. The average Bentley driver can, therefore, be sure that his tyres are the best that money can buy or that tyre manufacturers can produce.

The latest improvement consists of a device for controlling and varying the stiffness of the shock-absorbers, so as to obtain the best springing results at any speed and over any surface. The method employed is partly automatic; that is to say, the shock absorbers are made to become progressively stiffer as the road speed increases. The driver, however, has also a small lever on the steering column which acts as an overmastering control of the shock-absorber setting. Extra hard or extra soft springing can be ensured by the use of this lever.

In practice, the effect is most delightful. When travelling fast, one can enjoy real sports car springing, with its resultant steadiness on bends and immunity from "rolling." When going slowly, on the other hand, one is entirely free from the common sports car discomfort of jarring over pot-holes, and can experience the most luxurious "soft" suspension.

A FAST car must needs be well braked—here again the Bentley does all that one could wish, and rather more than most drivers would expect. The brakes are of tremendous power and inspire complete confidence under all conditions. At the same time, they are perfectly smooth; and this combination of virtues enables the car to be pulled up, without any discomfort to the occupants, within an astonishingly short space.

The standard coachwork is good, for, in addition to sporting and attractive lines, the coachbuilder has achieved really comfortable seating, with plenty of leg-room and head-room all round. In a word, from whatever angle it is examined, the Bentley is a car to satisfy the most exacting. As such, it incidentally represents excellent value for money—and the well-to-do motorist could hardly lay out his £1,400 or £1,500 to better or more enviable advantage.

## Cure Yourself with Fruit

(Continued from page 80)

meal, with one exception—the pineapple. This fruit is one of the finest digestives in existence. The active principle is "bromelin," which is powerful enough to digest a thousand times its own weight of proteids within a few hours.

If you doubt this, place a slice of fresh pineapple upon a raw beef steak and note how the surface becomes gradually gelatinous owing to the digestive action of the enzyme of the juice.

In the case of other fruit, include them in your meal as a *substitute* for some of the protein.

Choose fruit that is just ripe. Unripe fruit contains not only more cellulose, which is unnecessary, but an excess of acid which may prove irritating to the intestines. Over-ripe fruit is liable to induce colic.

The stringy fibre—that is, the cellulose of fruit—is of use to you. It is cleansing to the teeth and, more important still, stimulating to the intestinal movements.

When you have accounted for all the general properties of fruits, you are left with a little extra something peculiar to each individual fruit. This little extra something is a medicinal virtue of special efficaciousness in the treatment and prevention of disease.

Fruit therapy is as yet in its infancy, but knowledge of it is advancing daily. We know that the orange is almost a specific for the prevention of influenza and that the tomato acts beneficially upon the liver to promote biliary digestion.

We know that the apple is of particular value to the digestion and that it is a natural tooth-brush.

Apple powder has recently been successfully used as a medicine for the treatment of dysenteric-like disorders. Strawberries are given to cure sprue. The lemon fights uric acid and the troubles arising therefrom.

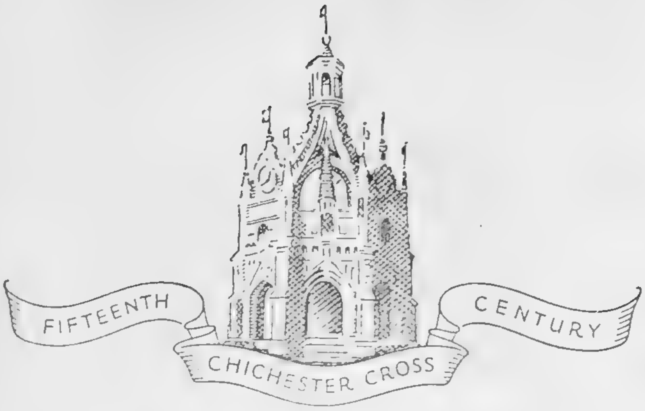
Grape juice is especially advantageous for feverish states, so are currants, freed of the pips, because they help us to perspire. Cherries will serve to dispel nausea or vomiting, resulting from an impaired digestion. They are good for rheumatism, too.

Apricots are sedative. The blackcurrant has a wonderful curative influence upon inflammations of the throat, whilst the whortleberry is admirably astringent and germicidal. The melon is the kidney-cleaner and restorative *par excellence.*

The Papaya, an Hawaiian fruit, is said to do wonders in cases of dyspepsia, and secret fruit farms for growing this miracle-worker are springing up in the south of England.

With a wider knowledge still of the different actions of fruits, much more yet can be done to keep disease at bay.

J. F.



Founded 1750
–about the time when the
Earl of Sandwich was inventing the Sandwich

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## PASTES

## of FRESH MEATS, FISH & FOWL

are highly praised for their purity and zest

*The immaculate and spacious kitchens where each of Shippam's 32 distinct varieties of pastes is cooked*

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We admit that we are immensely proud of our factory and of the ingredients we use in making our pastes — visitors tell us we have every reason to be. We welcome visitors to our factory at any time without appointment. If you cannot call yourself, please write to us for our illustrated brochure, free on request. C. Shippam Ltd., Dept. 14 D Chichester, Sussex.

The Creamier

MACARONI—

Milkaroni

*for making light meals nourishing and extra nice*

MILKARONI doesn't make a mere milk pudding—it makes a creamy treat that will get the children back sharp for lunch and earn a compliment from father on mother's cooking!

It's bound to be good because it's *manufactured with milk instead of water*. And the difference made by this milk and the special fine wheat is so great that Milkaroni is utterly different from ordinary macaroni except in appearance. It has a richer, creamier and altogether nicer flavour that no amount of extra milk could give you in cooking.

In all the many uses to which it can be put, Milkaroni is so much better for these advantages—in soups, stews and savouries of all kinds as well as in the many kinds of pudding you can make.

*From the point of view of nourishment*, you can make a meal off Milkaroni alone (and few good things are prepared so quickly: it cooks in 5-8 minutes). Sealed packets keep the flavour fresh: ½ lb 5½d., 1 lb 9½d.

*A treat that is light, nourishing and economical*

**Milkaroni Chocolate Pudding:** *Boil 1 pint of milk, then add 1½ ozs. of Milkaroni. Simmer until almost tender, then beat in yolk of an egg, 1½ ozs. of grated sweet chocolate, and 1 oz. castor sugar and blend well. Put into a pie-dish, whip up the white of egg stiffly, stir in two teaspoonfuls castor sugar, and pile this meringue in the middle of pie-dish. Place in a moderate oven for 20 minutes to set.*

**Milkaroni**

SOLD IN SEALED PACKETS TO PRESERVE PURITY

*Guaranteed by Quaker Oats, Ltd.,*
*11 Finsbury Square, London, E.C.2.*

M.59

# The Change Over to Summer Cooking

*(Continued from page 77)*

### THURSDAY.

*Breakfast.*—Cold cereals with cream, fried bacon and fried bananas.

*Luncheon.*—Grape fruit, curried eggs and rice, mixed vegetable salad, baked custard.

*Dinner.*—Tomato soup, cold rabbit pie with pickled walnuts and salad, cheese and fruit.

As you have wanted to stay out late to play golf, tennis or do some gardening, this meal requires no preparation. The soup only has to be made hot.

### FRIDAY.

*Breakfast.*—Boiled eggs, stewed fruit.

*Luncheon.*—Baked mackerel, boiled gammon and spinach, fruit salad.

*Dinner.*—Vegetable soup, grilled lamb cutlets and new peas, cheese fritters.

Make the vegetable soup (enough for two meals) in the water kept from cooking the gammon.

### SATURDAY.

*Breakfast.*—Cold gammon, fresh fruit.

*Luncheon.*—Roast lamb with baked potatoes and spring greens, stewed rhubarb and cream.

*Dinner.*—Cream of vegetable soup, cold roast lamb and salad, cream cheese and fruit.

Another day on which you need do very little cooking in the evening. The soup is prepared in the morning and made hot and finished just when you want to serve it (as will be explained in the recipes which follow).

### RECIPES

VEGETABLE SOUP I.

Two pounds of mixed vegetables (onions, carrots, turnips, tomatoes, a few potatoes) would make enough soup for eight to ten people. Peel and wash the vegetables, and cut them into small pieces.

Fry them for a few minutes in butter, adding salt and pepper, and then add boiling water, allowing for evaporation, that is to say, put in one-third more of water than you will require of soup.

In this case you will use the water in which the gammon has cooked. Bring to the boil and simmer for one hour. Before serving, just mash the vegetables roughly with a fork.

VEGETABLE SOUP II.

The second day re-heat what is left of the soup. Strain it, and squash the vegetables through a sieve back into the soup. Bring to the boil, and just before serving "bind" with the yolk of an egg diluted in a little milk, after which the soup must not boil again.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE.

Put a few crushed peppercorns and salt into a bowl, add the yolks of two eggs, a teaspoonful of cold water and a few small pieces of butter. Stand the bowl in a saucepan of boiling water and cook the contents, whipping all the time.

When the sauce becomes very thick, go on adding small pieces of butter until you have enough sauce, in fact, it is rather like a mayonnaise to which you go on adding oil. Pass through a very fine strainer and serve without delay.

Hollandaise sauce can never be more than tepid, as if it gets too hot it might curdle. If this should happen, you can probably save it by adding some cold water and stirring it quickly.

SOUBISE SAUCE.

Peel one pound of onions and boil the whole in salted water until quite soft; drain them well and pass them through a sieve into a clean saucepan, adding salt, pepper, grated nutmeg and a little hot milk (not too much, as the sauce must not become too thin), whipping well. Just before serving, add the yolk of an egg diluted with a little cold milk.

PILAFF OF CHICKEN.

I have given recipes for pilaff in these pages on several occasions, but this one can serve as a reminder. The pilaff this week will be made with the remains of the *chicken en casserole*. Trim it well and cut into small pieces, and make it hot in a frying pan in which you have first cooked two or three rashers of streaky bacon trimmed and cut into small pieces.

Add salt and pepper and a good pinch of curry powder, or of saffron or both. Meanwhile the rice (a handful for each person) has been cooking. When it is nearly, but not quite done, strain it and put it into the frying-pan, mixing it well with the meat.

Fry it until cooked, adding a piece of butter or more bacon fat. You may add other things such as pieces of tomato, or seedless raisins, according to taste.

HOT MACEDOINE OF VEGETABLES

A delicious though very simple vegetable dish. Take a pound each of really young carrots, and turnips, scrape the carrots and peel the turnips and boil them in separate saucepans (they sometimes cook at different speeds) until done.

Drain them and cut them into dice and put them back quickly together in one saucepan to get thoroughly hot again. Add salt and pepper and chopped parsley and a good piece of fresh butter. Shake the saucepan off the fire until the butter has melted and serve at once.

Whatever you do, do not let the butter cook. It is the fresh taste of melted butter with the young vegetable which is the secret of this pleasant summer dish.

END

* * *

*Dishes with Dash*, is a charmingly written and useful book containing fifty-seven original recipes, by A. H. Adair. If you want a free copy send a postcard to the Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, London, W.C.

## Let "RANEE" read your character from your Handwriting

**"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.**

**The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.**

**All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and the month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.**

**Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply*.**

**In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.**

*For the Man who Matters*

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THE car that will serve him best in the multitude of business and social interests that make motoring a part of his life. The car that is ready, day after day, to match his business activities with its own swift silent help. Ready without further attention, to fit into a social scene with dignity and immaculate composure

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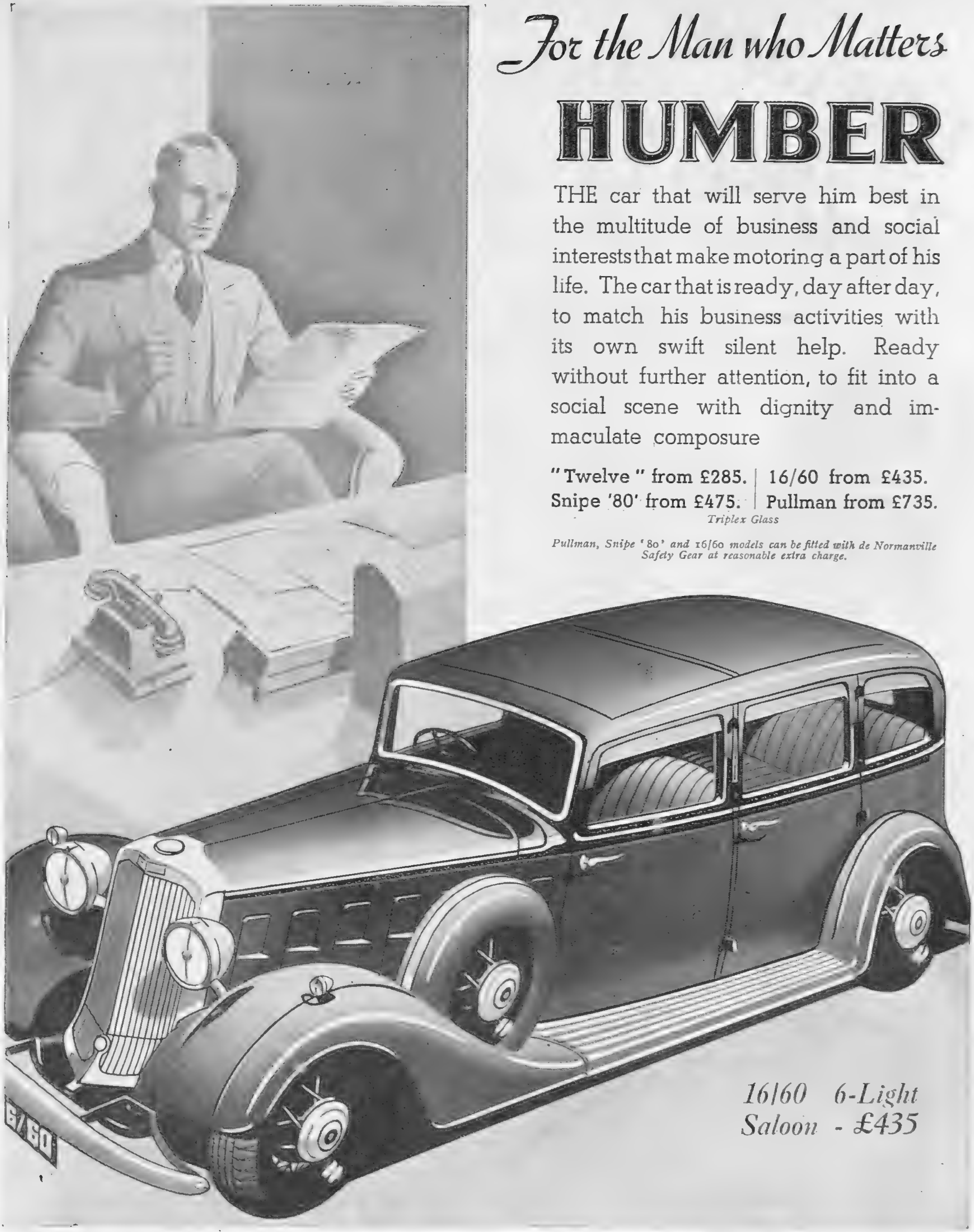
| **"Twelve" from £285.** | **16/60 from £435.** |
| **Snipe '80' from £475.** | **Pullman from £735.** |

*Triplex Glass*

*Pullman, Snipe '80' and 16/60 models can be fitted with de Normanville Safety Gear at reasonable extra charge.*



*16/60 6-Light Saloon - £435*

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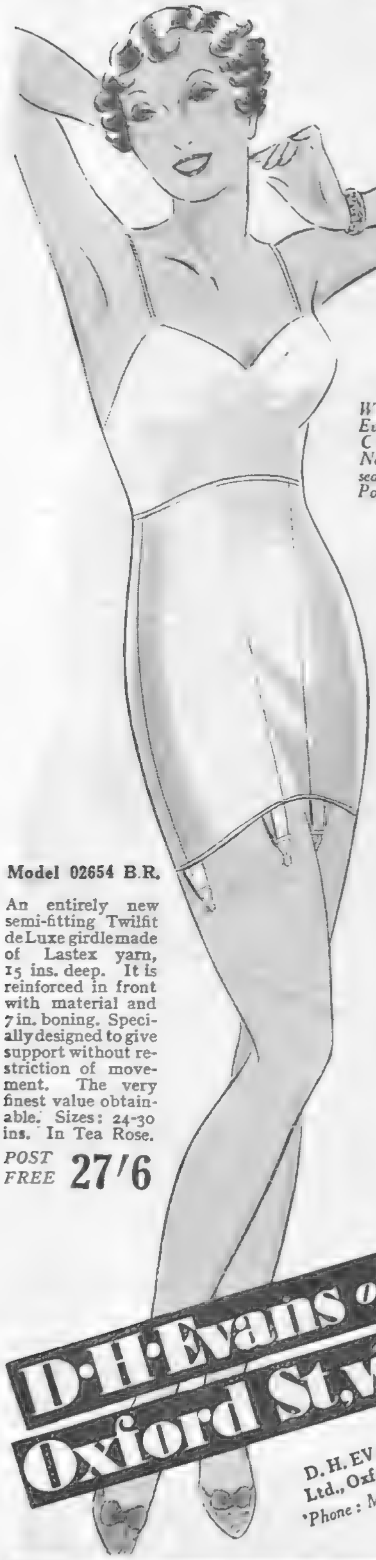

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London's Headquarters for
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**Made in England**
**Fully Guaranteed**

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**Model 02654 B.R.**

An entirely new semi-fitting Twilfit de Luxe girdle made of Lastex yarn, 15 ins. deep. It is reinforced in front with material and 7 in. boning. Specially designed to give support without restriction of movement. The very finest value obtainable. Sizes: 24-30 ins. In Tea Rose.

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# White Fire

(Continued from page 31)

using it as a charm. The Dutchman gave him several head of cattle for it, and himself took it into Hopetown. He found a trader there who gave him £11,000 for what proved to be an 83-carat diamond. The trader in his turn made a pretty good bargain, for he sold the stone to Lord Dudley for £25,000. Diamonds were rarer then than they are now.

It was this second discovery that started the rush to the Orange River and the Vaal. In a few months 10,000 prospectors were camping along the river banks, sinking pits in the heavy gravel of the big bend, sifting the river-bed soil in hand cradles. But they were working the wrong spot. In the autumn of '70 diamonds were found on the Dutoitspan farm, on the open velt, 20 miles away. Gamblers rushed to buy up all the farms around. Thousands of prospectors then rushed the new farm owners, who, unable to hold their property, made the best of a bad job by letting 30-feet-square claims to diggers at 10s. a month.

The Port Elizabeth firm of De Beers had bought the Voruitzicht farm for £6,000 as a speculation. A prospector who had got his claim in the big rush found the first diamond under the roots of one of the thorn trees growing on the grassy kopje. So they called the area De Beers New Rush, subsequently re-christening it Kimberley, after the Colonial Secretary of the day. The original claims on the Voruitzicht farm were called Old De Beers. Kimberley and Old De Beers were to be the rival kingdoms of the new diamond kings who were on the way.

Neither of them seemed destined to wear a crown. The shy, lanky, 18-year-old vicar's son arrived first. He had been sent out from Bishops Stortford to the Umkomanzi Valley for his health. In the valley he grew cotton. But there was no money in it. He decided to try his luck on the new diamond diggings, and trekked thither, 400 miles over range and veld, a month's journey in an ox-cart. A few months after Cecil Rhodes had bought his claim, and started to dig, there arrived a mercurial, nimble-witted, erratic Whitechapel youth, son of a shopkeeper and grandson of a rabbi, who had come out steerage with sixty boxes of cigars to see what he could get out of the lucky dip of which he had been apprised by his brother Harry. This youngster, having sold his cigars at a tremendous profit, bought an old pony, and went round on it from sorting-table to sorting-table, buying diamonds as they were turned out of the gravel by diggers. It was also said that if a good stone were offered him, he asked no awkward questions about where it came from—which may be one of the reasons why he was blackballed at the Kimberley Club, which was not precisely the Marlborough. His name was Barnett Isaacs, but he subsequently self-christened himself Barney Barnato.

Great days, exciting days; and at crack of dawn on every one some 10,000 human beings, mostly hired blacks, crowded on a piece of ground 180 yards by 220 yards, and started to dig. A 7-foot roadway, daily growing more precarious as the pits deepened, was the only division between claim and claim; and some claims were divided into quarters, and even into eighths. Rhodes described the diamondiferous soil as just like a Stilton cheese. The description has never been bettered. They were getting a diamond out of every fifty buckets of soil. Rhodes averaged 30 carats, or £100 a week, on his 30-feet-square claim.

One may here interpolate that it was just by chance—so conspicuous in British imperial affairs—that the reefs containing the chimneys of diamond-bearing rock happened to lie athwart the track of that African corridor which Rhodes later described as the Suez Canal into the interior. There were 50,000 turbulent white immigrants struggling for diamonds on a 20-acre patch when the British imperial machine, through its shrewd and enterprising cog on the spot, the satrap Southey, elbowed off the Transvaal Boers and the Free State Boers, made a deal with Chief Waterboer of the Griqua tribe, and grabbed the Griqua territory for Britain, and the diamond patch along with it. The Boers were sore. Five years after the big grab a somewhat blushing British Government paid the Free State £90,000 as a solatium for the loss of Griqualand West. The Boers took it, but with a sour smile. One year's output of diamonds from the field they had lost aggregated far, far more than the solatium.

The diggers took all the diamonds they could find out of the top layer of yellow earth. At sixty feet they struck the *kimberlite*, the blue ground. What lay hidden in this mysterious new stratum, which went down to unknown depths? Nothing, said the diggers, already rendered disconsolate by a whole complex of natural and economic difficulties; and they drifted away. "The biggest pipe of diamonds on the planet," privately thought Rhodes, on the Old De Beers patch, and Barnato, on the Kimberley patch; and they held on, and bought up claims.

How those two very different men acquired claims until there were under 100 owners left in the big pits; how they halved the cost of winning diamonds, wiped out the illicit diamond buyers, fought one another tooth and nail; and at last, after a terrific stock market struggle, in which the Beits and the Rothschilds participated, made peace, and amalgamated all the diamond mines under one control, so that they could regulate production, and thus the market, is the story of the diamond industry itself, and is too long to tell here anyway.

But it may be noted that if Barnato had had his way, diamonds would have been as unstable as oil, rubber, or cotton, with cut-throat competition the order of the day, and the devil take the hindmost. But it was Rhodes who won, and his way was the way of monopoly and world control. De Beers now, through financial control, producers' agreements, Government co-operation, and the Diamond Syndicate (who buy the whole output and sit on it if necessary, the mines being closed down meantime to stop any increase in stocks), controls the market as a market has never been controlled before, so that although the price of diamonds fell during the great slump, it was only a fraction of the drop in other commodities.

ALL sorts of diamonds come out of the diamond pockets—green diamonds, blue diamonds, yellow diamonds, *carbonado*, which are black diamonds, and, rarest of all, the diamonds for which men through the ages have slit one another's gizzards, and women have sold their honour, if not their souls: the colourless and limpid stones, which, possessing high refractive and dispersive powers, show marvellous brilliancy and play of prismatic colours when cut into forms with a number of reflecting facets.

Size is not everything. (Rhodes used to sigh over the 50-carat diamonds his men dug up, only to find they had the slightly yellowish tinge which detracts enormously from their value: dealers would give no more than £4 a carat for them, or £280 for a 70-carat stone.) Nor is quality. Perhaps 40 per cent. of the stones are useless to the dealer in precious stones, but manna to the dealer in industrial diamonds.

It is estimated that, in all, diamonds to the tune of 150,000,000 carats have been taken out of the South African deposits—and there seem to be plenty more where they came from, and probably there are other deposits as yet uncovered elsewhere in Africa, Brazil and India. Supposing half the 150,000,000 carats of diamonds were good enough to cut into jewels, and allowing for the heavy loss in cutting—sometimes as much as 60 per cent. of the rough stone—one arrives at a rough total of 30,000,000 carats, worth probably £150,000,000. Add the bort and splints, say 70,000,000 carats, and you have another £20,000,000 at least

(Continued on page 98)

# READ WHAT
# Gloria *and* Dawn
## *Selfridge's Famous Mannequins*
# say of Bread

"WE live a very busy life, and at times very fatiguing, but on the other hand we must not eat things which put on weight as it is an essential part of our calling that our weight must not be increased. Therefore we both have to study diet most carefully and eat those things which re-vitalise us quickly, and we have found that Bread taken regularly at our meals is the most easily digested and the quickest re-creator of energy we know.

If any woman still has the illusion that the eating of Bread affects her figure, we not only entirely disagree with this idea, but further we can state that if you do diet, then Bread is most essential, because when you are dieting you need something which will make up for your loss of vitality .... *and Bread certainly does that!*"

Gloria Dawn.

**Bread is the most easily digested food and the quickest re-creator of energy**

C.F.H.67

The beauty lasts when it's 'BRIVELVO'-covered

It is easy to choose upholstery in "Brivelvo - finish" pile fabrics. "Brivelvo - finish" pile fabrics are moth-proofed; but no one but the moth knows—there is no odour; the beauty and wear of the fabric is not affected. Good suites, at high or low prices, are covered in "Brivelvo-finish" Moquettes and velvets. They are in colours and patterns to suit every furnishing scheme. Ask to see the "Brivelvo" Guarantee on every piece of furniture.

**Furniture upholstered in "Brivelvo" Pile fabrics is obtainable at most shops.**

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FINISH
MOQUETTE
Guarantee
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to add to the total. Clap on the Syndicate profits, the cutters', jobbers' and retailers' profits, and if you say that the private owners of these diamonds have paid £500,000,000 for them, you will probably not be far out.

ONE could fill this magazine with the tales of crimes committed for possession of a fortune concentrated into a bit of crystallised carbon. They range from the sordid and commonplace to the magnificent and bizarre. Some old diamonds have indeed caused so much woe that they have been given a personality by the superstitious. The Hope Diamond is such a stone.

It already had a fantastic history when Lord Francis Hope inherited it. The chief source of diamonds in the old days was India, and this big diamond originally reposed in a Hindu temple, whence it was stolen. The priests cursed the thief, whoever he might be, the curse to remain as long as the gem existed, or until some owner returned it to the temple. Thus the legend starts. The stone seems to have found its way across the trade routes to Europe by the seventeenth century. In 1668 Jean Tavernier, a well-known merchant engaged in the Eastern trade, sold the diamond to Louis XIV. of France, whose House could scarcely be said to enjoy good fortune thereafter. Some time after the destruction of the French monarchy it turned up in the hands of a Dutch jeweller named Fals. Evidently it was stolen, for Fals tried to alter its shape by recutting. His son stole it, and committed suicide. It was a man named Ellison who brought it to England and sold it to Thomas Hope, of Deepdene. Ellison is supposed to have killed himself soon after.

From Thomas Hope the stone passed into the Pelham-Clinton family, and from them by descent came into the hands of Lord Francis Hope. Lord Francis was nearly killed when a gun went off accidentally. Then he married May Yohe, the American actress, who nearly ruined him before he got rid of her by divorce in 1902. She had worn the diamond—and she died in poverty. Lord Francis Hope sold the diamond to pay his debts. Prince Kamtovski bought it from a jeweller in Paris in 1903 and gave it to his mistress, the French actress Ladue. The night she wore it for the first time on the stage of the Folies Bergère a jealous lover killed her on her return to her apartment. The prince took possession of the diamond, but was murdered a few days later by a man who attempted to steal it.

A Greek merchant bought it and was murdered, along with his wife and their two children. Before this calamity he had sold the stone to Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, who thereupon lost his throne.

After many other vicissitudes the jewel returned to Paris. It was sold by public auction for £20,000. Later Edward McLean, the American newspaper millionaire, bought it as a present for his wife, Evelyn Walsh, daughter of a Montana mining millionaire. On the latter's death Mrs. McLean inherited over £10,000,000. One son was born to the McLeans. After an unsuccessful attempt had been made to kidnap him, precautions were doubled; the child was kept inside the precincts. But one day, when he was a few years old, little Vincent Walsh McLean found a door to the street open. He ran out into the roadway and a passing motor-car knocked him down and killed him. Mrs. McLean's last piece of ill luck was to pay out £20,000 to Gaston Means, who said he could get the Lindbergh baby back. Means kept the money, and went to jail. Nobody seems to know where the Hope Diamond is now, but I am told that Mrs. McLean still has it—locked in a safe deposit.

The Koh-i-noor (Mountain of Light) is supposed to be a lucky stone for its owners. Anyway, its loss has usually meant that its late owner was "for it." Legend traces it back to 57 B.C., but it first appears in documental history in 1304. In that year it came into the treasury at Delhi, as part of the loot of Malwa, capital of the Pathan empire. Tamerlane's grandson, Baber, found it at Delhi when he conquered Hindustan and founded the Empire of the Great Moghuls. Nadir Shah in due course conquered the fag-end of the Baber line and took the great jewel. Thus it passed through the years from conqueror to conqueror, and Oriental despot to Oriental despot, eventually coming into the possession of Runjet Singh after the Sikh conquest of the Punjab. His successors lost it when they lost their kingdom. The East India Company got it, and offered it to Queen Victoria, who accepted it, and willed it, not to her successor, but to his Consort. It has been in the possession of the reigning Queen of England ever since. Possibly the old Queen made this peculiar provision because she believed in the legend that the stone is fatal only to the male, and not the female, of the species.

Legends may come and legends may go, but it takes more than a tale of ill luck to deter the Diamond Syndicate when a stone comes into the market. They bought from the Archduke Joseph of Hapsburg some time ago for £20,000 the famous Golconda diamond.

The gem weighs 66 carats and gets its name from the city of Golconda, near which it was found in a quarry with a rich vein of diamonds, rubies and sapphires. The story attached to this gem is that it was found toward the end of the sixteenth century by a worker in a British company who decided to keep it for his own profit. Safely through the search that followed the day's work, he asked a friend to help him dispose of it. His friend murdered him, took the gem, and fled. The police, ignorant of the motive for the crime, followed him. Before he was caught he swallowed the gem. An hour later he died in extreme pain. The police thought he had poisoned himself and a doctor made the autopsy. Discovering the jewel, he sold it to Henry Mekoll, an English merchant, for a sum far below its value. The merchant had it mounted and gave it to his mistress, a famous dancer. On a trip from India to England she disappeared, and the diamond too. Nothing more was heard of it until 1849, when it was offered to an English peer by a Frenchman of modest means. The peer thought it suspicious and notified the police. They reached the Frenchman's hotel room, only to find him murdered, and the diamond gone. Three years later it reappeared at a jeweller's in Amsterdam, and in 1870 it was sold to the Hapsburg family—whose luck, the superstitious would say, has not been anything to boast about since.

# Caravanning—*for* Health *and* Comfort

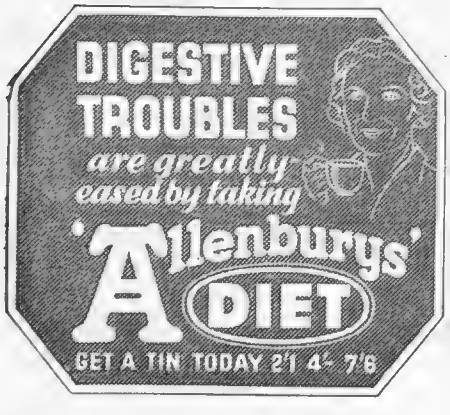
(*Continued from page 85*)

leeward and, in any case, a pitch should be chosen which gives the required aspect whilst leaving the caravan on an even keel.

As in any form of camping, the secret of comfort is in learning what to do without. Take no more than you are certain to need, and leave suitcases at home. Adequate lockers—these are all over the place—and wardrobes of a well-equipped modern caravan make them unnecessary, and loose pieces of luggage can be such a curse!

Don't start out with food supplies for a multitude. Take just enough for the present, and replenish as you go along. Overcrowding is very easily avoidable in the modern caravan. It's simply a question of method and, after that, of taking your pleasure in comfort.

If you want further information or advice, write to the London Caravan Co., Ltd., 21, Dering Street, W.1. Or go down to their display ground on the Barnet By-pass Road, Boreham Wood, Hertfordshire, where all the newest Eccles caravans are to be seen.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I don't suppose you always feel quite satisfied when you look in your mirror—who does? And I am quite certain, of course, that you spend money on creams and cosmetics, and follow, as every fastidious woman will, a certain amount of home beauty routine. That you honestly and wisely spare no effort to keep the lovely skin you had when you were a little girl. And yet I feel very sure it must be true to say that sometimes when you've used your skin foods and lotions conscientiously, and applied your lipstick and rouge with immaculate care, you've perhaps thought a little wistfully: "If only I had a beauty specialist on the spot, what a lot more she could do for me, with these very same creams and lotions and rouges." And that brings me to my point. I've planned these six lessons to teach you to get quite as much out of every preparation as I could myself. So that skin foods shall really feed, as they were meant to do, so that contours shall really be moulded to lovelier lines, and the last most casual flick of your powder puff shall be really clever. I hope you will let me send you this little course, one lesson every day for a week. It's simple. It's direct. Believe me, I've put all I know into it.

LILIAN V. MAYLE.

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*

*(Ladies who have personal maids are advised to put these lessons in their hands).*

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# The King of Armageddon Island

*(Continued from page 53)*

MR. ALONZO P. ROCKBURN, owner of the yacht *Esmerelda*, heaved his short, squat body up the golden stretch of sand that guarded Armageddon Island from the lapping tongues of the Coral Sea. At every step the sun sent down broadsides of liquid fire to bring a suffusion of dark maroon to his normally florid countenance. Literally Alonzo P. was walking in a bath of perspiration. And as he stumbled through the sand he looked not unlike a flounder who has been caught away from his natural habitat and has become very much embarrassed about it.

In the direct wake of Alonzo P. followed Mrs. Alonzo P., Miss Chlorinda Rockburn and Mr. Frederick Plate. At a respectful distance behind came Captain Jasper Sheame of the *Esmerelda* with two nondescript sailors as a sort of supporting cast. And at a point where the terrain left off being beach and became scrubland, the King of Armageddon Island stood to receive this delegation. He had managed to dig up a pair of once-white flannel trousers whose virginity had long since passed before the ravages of time, work and liquid. Apparently, however, his hope chest contained no garment suitable for the covering of the upper portion of the royal torso. Here the underwear in which Captain Sheame had first found him was still doing business at the old stand. But the head that should have worn a crown fared better. Upon it reposed a derby hat, ancient of vintage and well greened by sun and damp. It was nevertheless a hat capable of being doffed. It was doffed now as the party from the *Esmerelda* approached him on the beach.

"I bid you welcome," said the king, sweeping the hat in a flourishing arc, "to Armageddon Island."

Alonzo P. Rockburn puffed to a stop. Then, panting audibly and perspiring profusely, he ran appraising eyes over his surroundings.

"God Almighty!" he ejaculated finally. "What a hell of a place!"

"Alonzo!" said the elder of the two females, reprovingly.

"Don't 'Alonzo' me!" snapped Mr. Rockburn. "I said it was the hell of a place and I'm prepared to say it again."

"Don't you think," said the king, breaking in gently upon this bit of gorilla warfare in the Rockburn family, "that we ought all to be introduced?"

Alonzo P. ceased to regard Armageddon Island and got down to the brass tacks of common politeness.

"You're right," he said, extending his hand. "I'm Alonzo P. Rockburn of Philadelphia in America. This is my wife, my daughter and Mr. Plate. Now who are you? The Captain's been telling me some fiddle-dee-dee about your calling yourself king here."

"The captain," said the king, "was sticking to the facts. I am the king."

Alonzo P. Rockburn stared. So did Mrs. Rockburn. Miss Chlorinda Rockburn gurgled deliciously. Mr. Frederick Plate seemed to sneer. The king, looking from one to another, categoried each with the rapidity of frightened lightning.

Alonzo P. Rockburn, he decided, looked like the kind of fellow who spent his life packing infinitesimal portions of pork into cans of inferior beans and selling same to a negligent public at an atrocious profit. Mrs. Rockburn, grey-haired and spectacled, was the helpless sort; a worrier, no doubt, just a simple soul quite overcome with the unsuspected power that follows a plague-like distribution of pork and beans. With Mr. Frederick Plate, he was not impressed. The man irked him from the first. Tall, spare and sallow, with eyes that bulged greyly like those to be encountered in a dead fish. Captain Sheame had been right. Truly a bad bit of business. He turned from the contemplation of this unpromising trio and let his eyes rest upon Miss Rockburn.

The African slave buyer, beholding a fair Circassian amidst an array of dusky debutantes from the reaches of the jungle, must have felt his heart leap up as at sight of a rainbow. In no less fashion did the heart of the King of Armageddon Island ascend as he gazed upon Miss Chlorinda Rockburn of Philadelphia. She was tall, slim-hipped, and she stood with all the insouciance that a sapling displays at the breeze created by a wren's wing. Her hair was a dark drift; her eyes black and smoky, and she had a trick of dropping a long, black-fringed lid over the left one so that it made you think vaguely of the ace of spades up a gambler's sleeve. Her nose was straight until just at the end when it took a little devil-may-care turn upward. She wore a short royal-blue jacket with silver buttons and a cream-coloured flannel skirt. Her legs were long and brown. And somehow they remained shapely despite the fact that she seemed to have forgotten her stockings. Saddle-coloured sandals covered her feet, and through the tips of these peeped crimson-tinted nails. The King of Armageddon Island had a good look and then, in a manner of speaking, staggered groggily to the ropes and hung on.

"I don't suppose, young man," said Alonzo P. Rockburn, jarring in like a Mack truck careering through fairyland, "that you would have any suggestions for getting us off this island."

The king smiled.

"Not right at the moment," he said. "But I'm giving the matter careful consideration. I may evolve something presently."

"Humph!" said Alonzo P. Rockburn, who chafed at all forms of inaction.

"But until," continued the king, "I get a brainwave or some other Act of God occurs, I offer you the freedom of the island. There is a kind of food, a kind of water a kind of shelter. True, it is rough, primitive even. But such as it is you are welcome to it. I suggest that while awaiting some fortuitous event, we attempt to exist here as one big happy family."

"Hum!" said Alonzo P., already a family man.

"Why, that's very nice of you, I'm sure, Mr. Mr. . ." began Mrs. Rockburn, and was forced to call it off through lack of knowledge.

"I think it'll be swell," said Chlorinda, flippantly.

Mr. Frederick Plate merely sneered.

"How come," inquired Alonzo P., with interest, "that you're here?"

"It's a story," said the king, smiling, "that I'm saving to tell you in the cool of the eve."

"Oh," said Miss Rockburn, "does it get cool at night?"

"Deliciously!" the king assured her.

Upon hearing this news Mr. Frederick Plate ceased sneering long enough to grumble a "Thank God!"

"And now, if you will allow me," said the king, expanding as a host, "I suggest that we all retire to my palm grove a little way back in the island."

"Good idea!" commented Alonzo P.

There was, however, a dissenting voice.

"Oh," said Chlorinda, who in private life was known as Chloe, "I don't want to sit in a palm grove. I'd rather see the island."

"Humph!" declared Alonzo P. emphatically. "I'm doing no sight-seeing. I'm going to sit down under a tree, if you have trees on this damned island or peninsula or archipelago, or whatever it is."

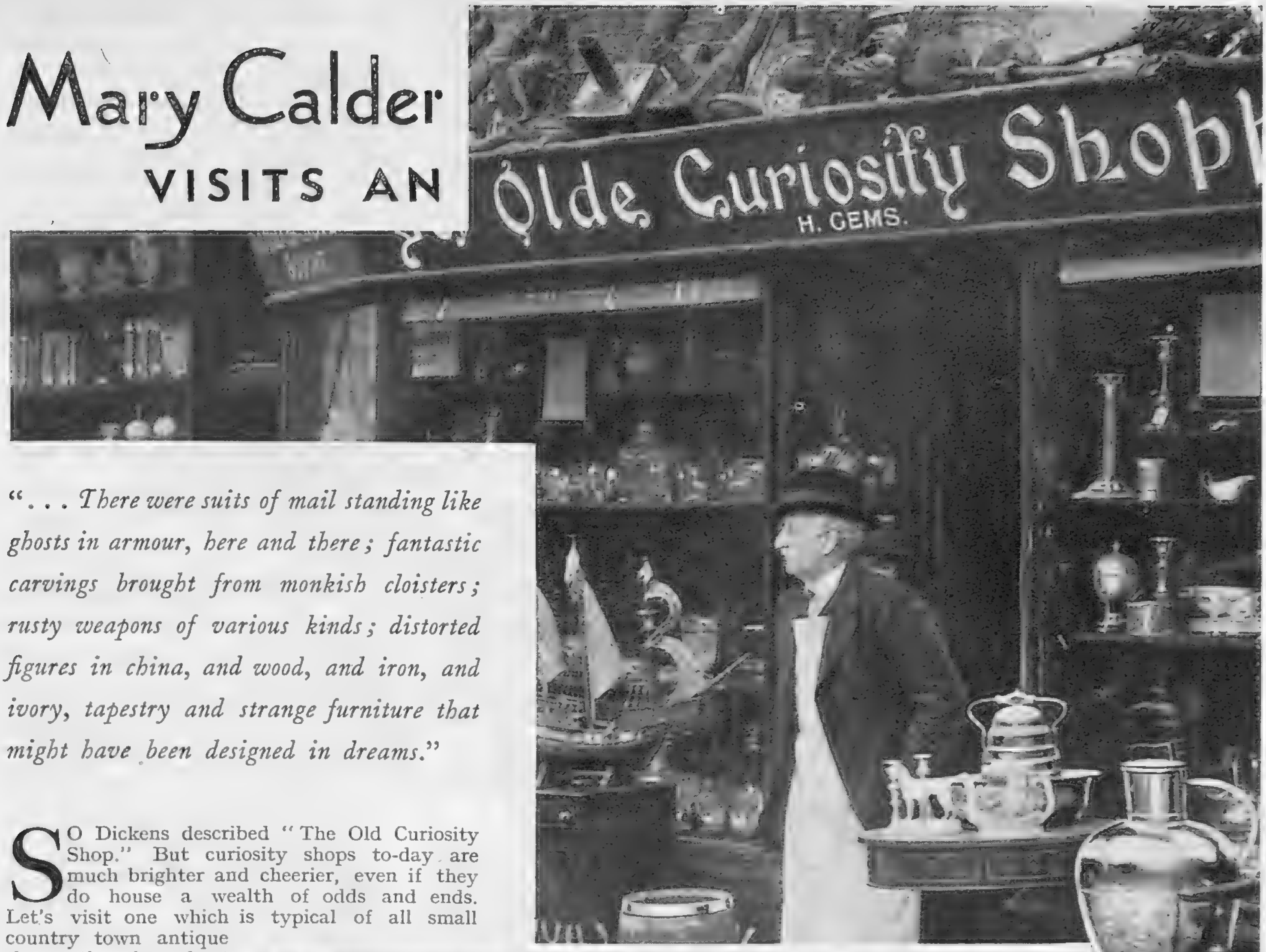
"Yes, father," said Mrs. Rockburn, "I think you'd better."

"And the same goes for you," said Alonzo P., the head of the house.

"Everybody," broke in the king at this point, "must please themselves. If Miss Rockburn desires

*(Continued on page 102)*

# Mary Calder
## VISITS AN



*"... There were suits of mail standing like ghosts in armour, here and there; fantastic carvings brought from monkish cloisters; rusty weapons of various kinds; distorted figures in china, and wood, and iron, and ivory, tapestry and strange furniture that might have been designed in dreams."*

SO Dickens described "The Old Curiosity Shop." But curiosity shops to-day are much brighter and cheerier, even if they do house a wealth of odds and ends. Let's visit one which is typical of all small country town antique shops—the shop kept by Mr. H. Gems in the High Street at Weybridge, Surrey.

You see Mr. Gems in the photograph at the top of the page, standing at the door of his shop wearing the traditional white apron, He treats you like a guest; lets you wander at will among the laden tables of his shop, so crowded that his stock overflows on to the pavement outside.

Inside the shop a pair of glittering lustres catch your eye, a shapely coffee-pot in Sheffield plate—and a suit of mail as in Dickens's own Curiosity Shop. There are samplers whose colours are all the more beautiful for having faded a little, a gilt mirror, stacks of old books, a charming sofa table, sporting prints, ship's models, jewellery, quietly gleaming pewter and happily shining pieces of copper and brass. It is these bright metals that give such a light-hearted air to the windows of most antique shops. Wisely, Mr. Gems always keeps one or two bold pieces of copper and brass on the pavement near his doorway—a blazing Jersey Jug and a huge copper measure.

*A TYPICAL old curiosity shop at Weybridge, Surrey*

*INSIDE the famous brass shop in the Brompton Road, London*

If copper and brass can brighten the interior of an antique shop, what would they do in your own rooms? Many women have discovered that these bright old things make all the difference to the look of a room. All they ever need to renew their gleaming is a touch of a modern liquid metal polish—Bluebell, Brasso or Shinio.

To realise the endless decorative possibilities of copper and brass you would have to pay a visit to the shop of Messrs. C. Pratt, Son and Sons, in the Brompton Road, London.

THE lower photograph gives you some idea of the glorious array inside this famous antique brass shop. Here is a big cream cooling-pan—even when empty of flowers it looks simply glorious. There is not one helmet-shaped coal-scuttle, but a dozen, in sizes to fit any hearth. There are fenders in a score of designs. Trivets, whose tops show as many more patterns; copper measures, door stops, chimney ornaments, lanterns, warming-pans, and, of course, candlesticks — one finds something new and charming at every turn.

There are bright ideas as well as bright pieces—tea-urns converted to lamp standards, foot-warmers which might have been designed as gorgeous rose bowls, grape-carriers which are admirable as umbrella stands.

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to see the island I shall be happy to escort her. The rest of you will find the palm grove situated just behind my lamentably rude shack, which you can notice in the distance."

Mr. Frederick Plate opened his lips to prove beyond shadow of doubt that he was a nasty piece of business.

"Believe I'll take a look at this rotten island too," he said. He gave the king a glance that had a leering quality in it.

The king controlled himself. Some time or other something would have to be done about Mr. Plate. But hospitality imposes its chains. He bowed. "I shall be happy to include you in the—er—tour."

"Well, go along then!" advised Alonzo P. "I'm off for those palm trees."

Strangely enough the king did not move. His eyes were fixed upon Mr. Frederick Plate as though he were some sort of curious worm passing in review beneath a microscope.

"My dear fellow," said the king at last, nodding his head solemnly, "I don't want to alarm you, but I'm certain of it. Yes, indubitably!"

Mr. Plate fidgeted.

"Wh-what the devil?" he demanded.

The king turned to Alonzo P.

"Does he," he enquired, "or does he not, look green to you?"

Alonzo P. peered at Mr. Plate.

"Now you mention it," he said, "he does look funny. But he isn't green. He's blue."

"Poor Daddy!" murmured Mrs. Rockburn, with worlds of sympathy. "Always a trifle colour blind!"

Chloe's left eyelid ceased to hide the eye.

"Why, you are green, Freddy!" she said. "Green as spinach!"

Mr. Plate, at bay, took a stance.

"Say, listen!" he growled truculently. "What's this all about? Green? You're ga-ga."

The king paid no attention to this.

"I was almost convinced when he stepped out of the boat," he said, "but I wanted to be sure. It's really not frightening at all. You see, the disease is not uncommon in these islands. One of the first symptoms is the tinge of green that you can now see plainly creeping up toward his eyes. Later on, perhaps, fits of derangement may follow, though this does not occur in all cases. There is a technical name for the ailment which eludes me at the moment, but the Australian natives call it Babababa. Absolute relaxation is required. . . ."

"Hell!" cut in Mr. Plate, belligerently. "You're all cock-eyed, I tell you."

"Listen, Freddy!" said Chloe. "Be reasonable! This gentleman knows far more about these islands than you do. And you are green, you know. Green as a gambling table!"

"Uh!" said Mr. Plate, taken aback.

"The quickest known relief," went on the king, in a lecture platform tone, "is the underside of a palm leaf brought into direct contact with the forehead. Do not ask me to explain! But there is something in the composition of the vegetable that reduces the possibility of insanity to a bare minimum. We are fortunate in having a surfeit of palm leaves. During the treatment the patient should remain recumbent. . . ."

"You're to lie down, Freddy!" explained Chloe.

"I will not lie down," stormed Mr. Plate.

"Freddy! To please me!"

"I . . . . ."

"Freddy!"

"Oh, all right!" said Mr. Plate sulkily.

"I'll find you," said Mrs. Rockburn, anxious to render a sort of sweet unselfish service, "the biggest palm leaf on the island."

"Well, then, for God's sake, come on!" said Alonzo P. fretfully. "Let's not stand here gassing in the heat. Don't be a fool, Freddy! If you're sick you're sick."

Presently the king and Chloe stood alone.

"Well," said Chloe, dropping the left eyelid, "that was neat. How did you think of it?"

"We kings," said the king, "have to think fast. Shall we saunter?"

"We shall," said Chloe. "I'm rather interested in you. I want to know what an Englishman is doing out here?"

The king, with difficulty, restrained himself from taking her arm.

"Do you mind," he said, "if I wear my hat? It makes me feel more regal."

"Do!" urged Chloe. "It's a charming hat. Whose was it last?"

"Noah's," said the king. "He put it on when they sighted Ararat. Tell me, do you think your fiancé will look well in a palm leaf?"

"How did you know he was my fiancé?"

"I had it from the skipper. But"—he let his steely eyes rest upon her—"did you really feel you had to do it?"

She shrugged. "Oh, I don't know. We had a party in Honolulu. It must have been the champagne. Or the moonlight."

"Ah!" murmured the king.

"Freddy," explained Chloe, as if to justify herself, "follows me all around the world like a trained dalmatian."

"For which," said the king, "nobody should lead Freddy to a gibbet."

She smiled up at him. "Your Majesty works fast."

"My Royal Highness," apologised the king, "is a little out of practice. Then, too, I'm sort of stunned. I didn't expect—ahem—Aphrodite to leave the foam near my particular island."

Chloe shook her head. "You don't need practice. You're a pro."

"As we walk," said the king, "I shall endeavour to improve. You can't expect much from a castaway who's just been bashed by a streak of black lightning."

"I'll let that one blow over," said Chloe, "because you're English. In your quiet way you English are great kidders."

"Kidders? You mean leg-pullers? You wrong us. We're sincere and direct."

"How comforting! Now, why aren't you in England carrying on or muddling through? I love England."

"Oh, you've seen it."

"Would I love what I haven't seen? We visited Shropshire last summer."

"Is it possible? My home was near there before I became a king."

"Oh, then, you must know everybody we know."

"Well, whom do you know?" asked the king guardedly.

"Oh, let's see. Shropshire? Well, we visited Alicia Friar. And then there was Sybil Hartweather and Mike Cazelet and Lord Johnny Claren and . . . Oh, I just can't remember."

"Well, I know that crew," said the king. "Mike Cazelet and I have been mates for years."

"You really know them? Isn't it thrilling. Don't you love old Lord Johnny Claren?"

"I do not," said the king. "I think he's a mug."

Chloe's eyes widened. "But he's a lamb."

"He isn't. He's an old he-goat."

"He is not. He's a lamb."

Chloe laid a hand, cool and brown, on the king's arm. "Oh, let's not fight. Tell me why you're here?"

"No," said the king. "I'm lecturing later. Right now I'm content with just walking along this lovely island with you."

"Is it lovely?"

"For the last hour," said the king, "it's been almost radiant."

She gave him a level look. "You pitch them up straight and hard, O King."

He waved a hand. "I'm a man of few words. But I endeavour to make every one do damage, like a shell."

Chloe's eyes dropped. "Well, go on. I sort of take to your technique. But you really ought to tell me your name."

"We kings," said the king cautiously, "always carry a lot of names for convenience. But why don't you call me Rex? That's eminently suitable."

"I'd love to," *(Continued on page 104)*

# Figures

# IN THE PUBLIC EYE

## that keep their form on Vita-Weat

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said Chloe. "I had a fox-terrier named Rex once."

"Don't confuse us in your mind," said the king. "I'm the one with the underwear."

NIGHT had dropped like a dark bird over Armageddon Island.

"O King," said Miss Chlorinda Rockburn, leaning back comfortably against the base of a palm tree, "I hereby award you the blue chinchilla safety razor for having won the Lying Championship of Armageddon Island in a walk."

The king bowed. "Words fail me as I gratefully accept . . . ."

"Words," interrupted Chloe, "come as natural to you as feathers to a duck." She shook her head. "That apple sauce you told my poor unsuspecting parents—you don't seriously stick to that, do you ?"

"I do," said the king gravely. "As I said, we were a gay party of sportsmen who set off from the Australian coast seeking the thrills of hunting and fishing in this little known Barrier Reef. The hurricane, or did I say typhoon—let's settle on typhoon, it sounds more drastic—took us completely unawares."

"Yes, I remember," said Chloe. "You were very dramatic in that part. 'Clinging to a spar I watched, with horror, as the huge combers swept away comrade after comrade, etc., etc.' . . . I liked that 'with horror,' king. It's those little touches that lifted your story out of the news report class and made it drama."

"But you don't believe," asked the king, "that I'm the sole survivor of that gay but ill-fated party. You doubt my veracity ?"

"But I prostrate myself before Your Majesty's creative genius. You know you've really talked Freddy into being ill. He's got indigestion. Captain Sheame has taken him back to the *Esmerelda*."

The king winced. "Please. I shall always think of her as . . . oh, well, as the *Bluebell*. But Freddy should stick to a strict diet of turtle eggs, as I do."

"There you go!" said Chloe. "The truth isn't in you. I'm sure you've been living on the fat of the land. I saw matches in your shack, and just a few yards from here there's a very disreputable heap of unburied gin bottles. Whereas you said that everything on your boat was lost."

"Gin floats!" said the king solemnly. "Nice obliging amphibious gin. Listen, did the captain tell you about that boat that passed us the other night ?"

"Yes." The king's voice became serious. "And I don't want to alarm you, Miss Chlorinda, but I'm a little worried."

"Worried ? Why ?"

"Well, you remember you saw a man with a yellow face through the glasses ?"

"Yes. The captain reported that he looked like a dreadful creature."

The king nodded. "Dreadful is right. Unless I'm very much mistaken, the man you saw was none other than Yellow-Faced Jack of Shanghai, the Terror of the Bund. He's the most notorious pirate in the South Pacific."

Chloe laughed. "How thrilling! I've always wanted to meet a pirate."

"You personally," said the king, "have nothing to fear! Jack, I've heard, is uncommonly shy with women. But I'm sure he'll cut Freddy's throat. Freddy's the kind that Jack takes a natural disaffection for—on sight."

"Well," said Chloe, "I rely on you to protect us. If Yellow-Faced Jack comes perhaps you'll tell him a few lies to keep him amused."

The king sighed. "Still doubting! Ah well, better men than I have been hooted to scorn. Look at Socrates!"

"You look at him!" said Chloe.

"No," said the king. "I'd rather look at you." He found a use for his right arm. "I say, Miss Rockburn—er, that is—Miss Chlorinda—um, ah, Miss Chloe—er, darling..."

"Go on, king!" Chloe's eyes were two misty lights shining out of shadow. "Single out the word you want and chase it into the open. . . ."

"Hell!" said the king. "Words are entirely superfluous." He kissed her very suddenly.

"Why, your Royal Highness!" said Chloe startled. "How reckless! But never mind! It gives me an idea for a story—Kissed by a Castaway."

FROM two deep wicker chairs on the after-deck of the *Esmerelda* Miss Chloe Rockburn and the King of Armageddon Island gazed across a narrow strip of blue sea to where a small black-hulled boat rolled lazily in the gentle swell of the Coral. Before them on a small table stood two glasses filled with liquid in which ice cubes floated.

"Darling," said the king, "just think how perfect it would have been. Here we sit refreshing ourselves with your sire's most excellently-chosen liquor. It is the siesta hour and your good parents woo Morpheus. Mr. Frederick Plate, in the throes of indigestion, tosses in his bunk. What an idyl! In a minute or two we could have gone ashore, stood beneath a palm and agreed that in the sight of God we were man and wife. A pity we didn't think to yesterday! But it's too late now. Yellow-Faced Jack of Shanghai, the Terror of the Bund, has come. And, instead of settling down to a peaceful existence, we shall have to have our throats cut. Rather mouldy, isn't it ?"

Chloe strained her eyes toward the black hulk.

"They've got the boat lowered," she said, "and four of them are getting into it. And—yes, I can see the man with the yellow face."

The king took a drink. "Yellow-Faced Jack, the Scourge of the South Pacific. Well, having no boots I can't die with them on. Consequently I don this hat"—he put on his derby—"and await my end dressed, to the best of my ability, as a king."

Chloe was still looking across the water. Suddenly she clutched the king's arm.

"Look, Rex!" she said. "There's an elderly man with them."

"That," said the king, "must be none other than the Eye-of-All-Evil. He's Jack's Prime Minister, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and what-not! As bloodthirsty an old scoundrel as ever sailed the seas."

"Well, Captain Sheame will have to take charge," said Chloe. "There's no use waking father. His language is awful when he's disturbed."

"He and Jack should get together," said the king. "But look! Can't the captain give them a broadside ?"

Chloe shook her head. "We've nothing more deadly than a fountain pen aboard."

The king raised his glass. "Well then, darling, see you in the next incarnation! *Morituri te salutamus!* That's Latin for 'merrily we go to hell.'"

The little boat came nearer. And with a sudden darting movement Chloe Rockburn was out of her chair and rushing excitedly to the side of the yacht.

"Rex!" she cried. "Come quick! I think I know that elderly man! And if it's that darling old lamb . . ."

"Ram!"

"Lamb! Oh, I'm sure it is!" Chloe waved both arms frantically. "Hello, Johnny!"

From across the water came a voice. "Yacht ahoy!"

The King of Armageddon Island put his feet on the table, cocked his hat sideways, took a drink and bawled in a most unkingly voice, "Nuts to you!"

"Oh, it is Johnny!" said Chloe, dancing up and down. "Yo, Johnny!"

"It's the Eye-of-all-Evil," said the king, in a last effort.

But the little boat was close in now and Lord Johnny Claren was standing up in her.

"Well, dash my buttons!" he boomed. "Is that Chloe Rockburn ?"

"It's the whole damn Rockburn family," called back Chloe. "Oh, Johnny, I could kiss you."

They came aboard. (*Continued on page* 106)

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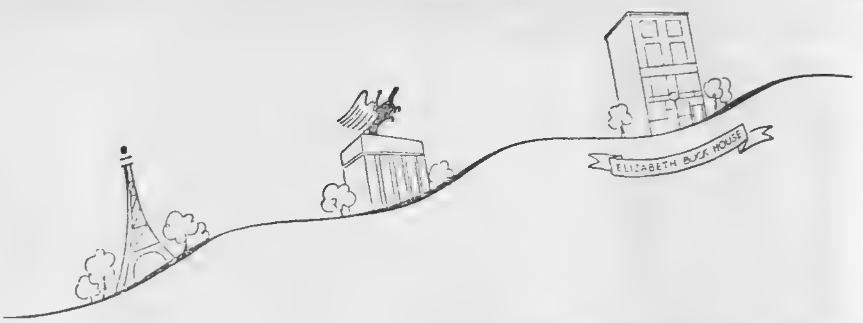

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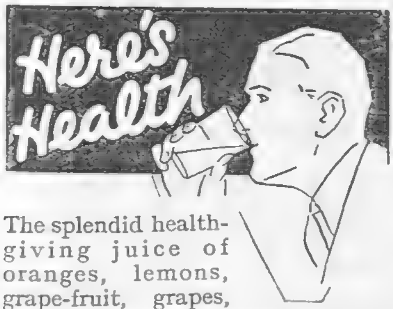

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Lord Johnny Claren appeared first. Behind him followed a lean individual whose face was undeniably tinged with yellow. And, bringing up the rear were two pink-cheeked youths of scarce voting age.

Lord Johnny looked at Chloe once, then caught her in his arms. He gave her a hurried fatherly kiss on the forehead, hurried because the King of Armageddon Island was fixing him with a sardonic eye and grinning wickedly above his glass. Lord Johnny put Chloe gently aside and extended an accusing finger at the king.

"You!" he said sternly. "You've violated the terms of the wager."

The king flourished the glass.

"Cheerio, old soul!" he said "I've done nothing of the kind. The terms were that I was to subsist on what Nature provided. Well, Nature provided the yacht *Esmerelda* and the loveliest . . . oh, hell, your crass mind wouldn't appreciate it."

"For the love of Pete," broke in Chloe, "do tell me what it's all about? And please introduce me!"

"Johnny," said the king, "your manners are atrocious. I'll introduce you, darling. That handsome specimen there with the deep-lemon complexion is Yellow-Faced Jack of Shanghai, the Terror of the Bund . . ."

"What?" gasped the yellow-faced one. He turned to Chloe. "I'm Jack Shorewether, and I live in New York City. I've never been to Shanghai in my life. And I only look yellow because I'm just getting over jaundice. How do you do?"

"And those two beauties standing foolishly in the rear," continued the king, imperturbably, "are Messrs. Fry and Pye, better known as the Pagoda Murderers."

"Shut up, Rex!" commanded Lord Johnny. "They're just two nice boys from America, Chloe."

Chloe turned to Johnny, who stood pulling his white moustache.

"Johnny," she said, indicating the king, "will you please tell me who on earth this languid individual with the magnificent thirst is? He calls himself the King of Armageddon Island. I ask you, is that what a king looks like?"

Lord Johnny snorted. "King, my foot! That's Rex Revellan, the most troublesome damned young jackanapes of a ward that any man ever had. God has seen reason to visit judgment upon me. I'm his guardian."

"But why . . ."

"He boasted," continued Lord Johnny. "Being of that boastful nature, he boasted he could subsist upon Armageddon Island for a fortnight, taking what Nature provided. He's taking it now, I see, as fast as he can guzzle it down. But, he had the unmitigated effrontery to bet two hundred pounds—of my money, mind you!—with Mr. Shorewether here. Very rightly, Mr. Shorewether took him up. Well, we put him ashore and allowed him a dozen bottles of gin. Didn't want to be too hard on him! We also let him take his bowler. Doesn't he look a fool in it?"

"Then he wasn't shipwrecked?" said Chloe.

"Shipwrecked?" queried Lord Johnny. "Poppycock! Bilge! He's just a born liar."

"I knew it," said Chloe, emphatically. "But, Johnny, why on earth did you pass us in that storm the other night?"

Johnny turned upon the yellow-faced one and again extended the accusing finger.

"Our hired skipper," he said, "is really quite sick over on the island where we're camping. He was unfit for anything when the day came to fetch Rex off this place. But we had to come according to the terms of the wager. Well——" the finger wagged ominously and Jack Shorewether, alias Yellow-Faced Jack of Shanghai, the Terror of the Bund, seemed to shrink away—"this poisonous, leprous excuse for a human being swore that he knew enough navigation to find this island. He lied. And for two days he has jeopardised our lives sailing aimlessly around these treacherous shoals. We got here to-day by sheer luck. I . . . ."

The King of Armageddon Island went into sudden convulsions.

"Ha-ha!" he roared. "Ho-ho! Hee-hee! Isn't that perfectly splendid. You lose the bet doubly, Jack. You failed to come at the appointed time."

"Aaaaah!" said Jack, getting a world of disgust into it.

"In addition to which," continued Lord Johnny, "Jack Shorewether is the worst sailor on God's green earth. When we passed you the other night, he was being indisposed at the rail. He said later that he got your distress signal, but at the time it didn't seem important to him. I . . . in God's name, what's that?"

From somewhere in the depths of the yacht there issued a bull-like roar. "What's all the disturbance? Why in hell can't a man get a wink of sleep on his own yacht? I'm coming up to kill somebody."

The rubicund face of Alonzo P. Rockburn popped suddenly into view. And Alonzo P., on the verge of slaughter, stopped in his tracks and permitted his mouth to fall open.

"Alonzo!" roared Lord Johnny Claren.

"Johnny!"

"Well, what in the devil," demanded Alonzo P., almost embracing His Lordship, "are you doing here?"

"Fishing party to the Barrier Reef," explained Lord Johnny. "Mixed English and American. All good sportsmen!"

Alonzo P. ran around in circles.

"Steward!" he shouted. "Where in hell are you? Get something to drink and get it quick!"

Yellow-Faced Jack of Shanghai, the Terror of the Bund, brightened visibly at this salutary prospect. So did Messrs. Fry and Pye, the Pagoda Murderers. But the King of Armageddon Island and the only daughter of Alonzo P., unnoticed in the confusion, made good their escape to the bow of the *Esmerelda*. There they paused and looked into each other's eyes in a way that suggested that Gabriel was whetting his lips for the last toot.

"Rex Revellan!" said Chloe at last. "It's a lovely name. Why didn't I meet you in England?"

"Because, darling," said Rex, "I was in America at the time getting this party organised. But the devil with that! I say, could you love an ex-king?"

"Could I?" Chloe's left eyelid drooped dangerously. "Well, I might have a shot at it. I'll try anything once. I'm funny like that."

"Right!" said the King. He turned and faced Armageddon Island, careful to keep an arm around her. "In the sight of God we are man and wife!"

# Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page 45*)

crown of sorrows is remembering happier things."

The happy days thronged through his brain; vitalised, galvanised by his despair into superhuman intensity: "The barest branch is beautiful *one* moment—when it breaks."

For to Cellini Caterina was not only woman; she was the incarnation of his genius; the supreme model, the perfect beauty, the goddess on whom his supreme artistry was to confer the final gift of immortality.

Slowly Benvenuto Cellini regained his self-control. But violence alone could assuage his racking rage. He flung Caterina and her mother from the house.

They went—thankful to have got off so lightly.

When he was alone he fell on a stool. The strong man vanished. His abstracted glance noted his sword, fallen on the floor; its blade, a huge index finger, pointing to the corner of the room, where on a tripod stood his portrait of Caterina, serene and smiling, cast in everlasting bronze . . .

* * *

Day followed day of sadness. Constantly

Cellini came across sketches, statuettes, models, fragments—all of her.

The form he knew so well was continuously before his eyes. He knew not whether to destroy, or to love, all of them.

Every time he set eyes on the cast of a hand, on the study of an arm, on the sketch of a foot, each recalled not only the touch of charcoal on paper but of lip on living flesh in not only art but life; not only life but love.

And jealousy . . . The thought of Miccieri living with Caterina . . . The studio without his beloved was an unbearable place to live.

Time, perhaps, would have healed the wound, would have restored to him at least the scarred serenity of the man betrayed. But a whisper came to him that the two lovers were deriding him.

But he touched the nethermost pit of bitterness and drank the acid lees of life when a base accusation was made against him by Caterina and her mother and the scurrilous attorneys they employed.

The ordeal of his defence—climax to an avalanche of trouble—made him eager to leave France and return to his own country.

The glory of his work, the protection of the king, his fame and his wealth could provide no counterpoise in the scale against the leaden weight of his misery.

Still the mischief-makers did not desist from launching poisoned darts of innuendo until one day, Benvenuto decided to put into cruel practice the vision that had dwelt with him for weeks.

Vengeance!

Only when he had achieved his revenge could he again hold up his head and face his own soul.

Sword at side, dagger in belt, he went to Caterina's new love-nest.

Fate has never failed a man injured in love. The traitors are always found ripe for the red hand of vengeance to pluck them.

When Cellini burst open the door, Miccieri and Caterina were in each other's arms. The point of his sword flicked like silver lightning at the throat of Miccieri. Any attempt to move, Cellini countered with a touch of the point, delicate as a kiss—or a Cellini masterpiece, deadly as a serpent coiled to strike. In his agony he reverted to his childhood. "Mamma mia, mamma mia, salvami tu," he whimpered through chattering teeth and trembling lips.

When the first moment is passed, and the blade is still motionless, a man does not kill unless he has a fresh provocation.

Cellini interrupted the nauseous prayers for mercy. "I will spare your life—do what I say."

"Anything," cried Miccieri.

Said Cellini: "I am sending for a notary. You will marry Caterina in my presence. I will pay the fees. If you object . . ." The sword swished through the air and flickered again at Miccieri's throat.

The marriage was duly performed. The notaries, unaware of the real position, left with their conventional oily greetings and ritual, meaningless good wishes.

But still Cellini could not do without his model. For a while he summoned her to his studio to pose . . .

His feeling for her was a mixture of rage, contempt, unconquerable necessity.

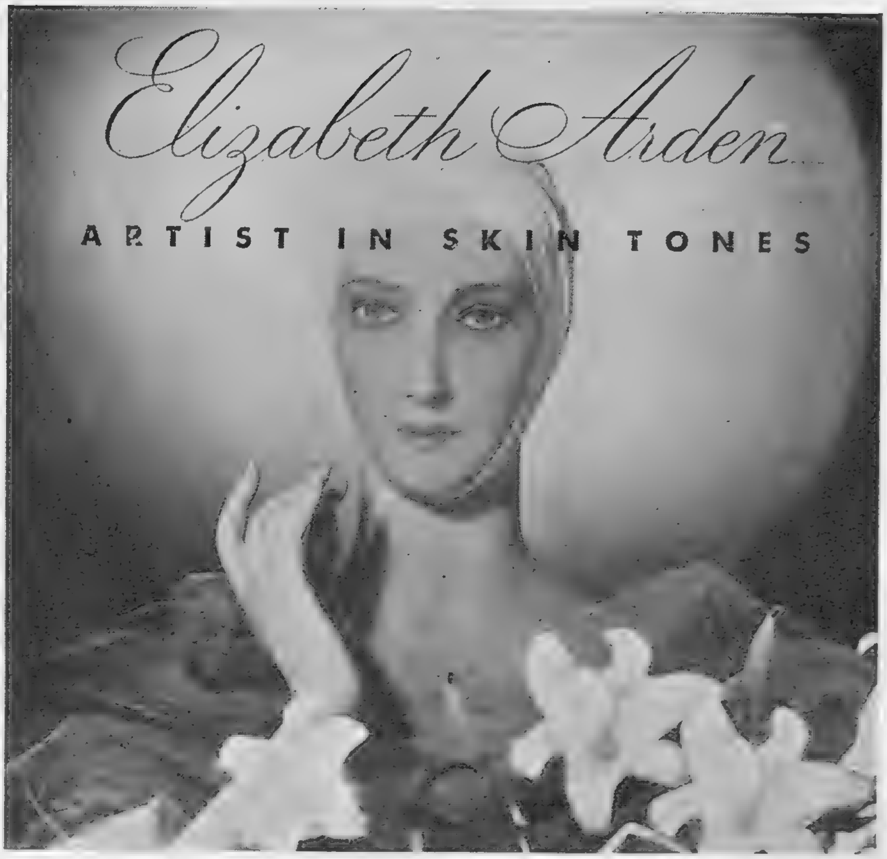
But she gradually fades and finally vanishes from the pages of Cellini's memoirs.

And she set her mark on him. She was the love of his life. There is no mention anywhere of any other lover during the rest of his life.

In 1546 Cellini returned to his native Florence, where, under the immortal Loggia dei Lanzi, he left to the admiration of posterity his Perseus Holding the Head of the Medusa.

And, to the seeing eye, there is in that tortured, torturing snake-tressed face that turned its beholders to stone; that might be beheld with impunity only in the mirror of a Goddess' shield; in that face there is for ever portrayed the soul of Caterina; the serpents of falsehood curling on her brow; the petrifying gaze that turned Cellini's heart to stone.

But we may look upon it, for it is mirrored in the sacred shield of Cellini's art.



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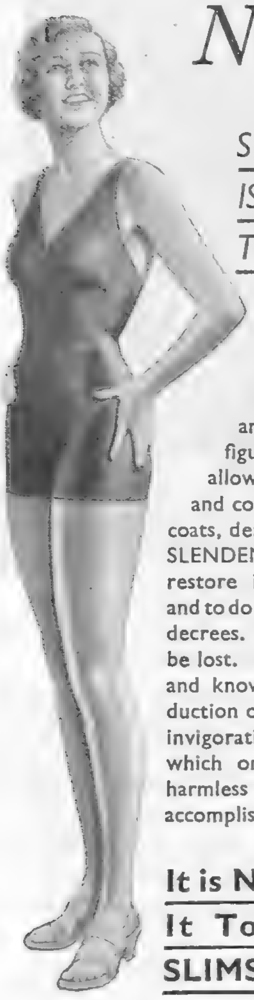

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# Simple Arithmetic

(*Continued from page* 29)

He was aroused from uncomfortable meditation by someone's question.

" Where's Mac ? "

" Below," said Imrie, the second engineer. " They kept him to take her in. Last thing I saw of him was a Dago jabbing him in the ribs with a rifle. Mac enjoyed that."

There was a titter of forced mirth. Somehow or other, all present felt that this affair was too serious for laughter. It was a gloomy company that watched day whiten the portholes, or sat around in attitudes of dejection.

But below, in the sweltering engine-room, Mr. McTavish discovered himself with but little time for gloom. Like the rest of his companions, he had privately no doubt of the seriousness of things. The San Tomas Government were just in the mood to shoot first and apologise afterwards—and an example would be precisely to their taste. The execution of a few gun-runners, caught red-handed, would demonstrate to the rebels that they meant business.

Standing on the *Glendale's* driving platform, his hand on the throttle, and watching the wheezy old engines revolve before him, McTavish was deep in thought. The scowl upon his craggy features grew fiercer as the time went on, and the pimply guards nudged one another suggestively.

" Mphm, ay ! "

It tore itself at last from deep in his chest—the ruminative, considering Scots grunt. The sentries jumped to attention.

" *¿ Que dice ?* "

McTavish glowered at them. " Sumple arithmetic ! " he ejaculated. " Ah, the swundlin' rogue ! "

From which it might have been deduced that his mind was afar, pursuing Captain Bellamy through trackless fields of speculation. The guards shrugged, murmuring " *Loco !* " to one another, and McTavish resumed his glum musings. To all appearances he was completely lost to his surroundings and his plight.

It was thus that the *Glendale*—destroyer in close company—made the roadstead of San Tomas just about sun-up. The town slept, for all its revolution-torn surroundings ; its littered beaches lay empty, the great brown mountain behind it showed nothing abnormal. Only a flag, drooping lazily from the tower of the military barracks, proclaimed that here was the storm-centre of trouble. A blast from the freighter's siren roused the echoes and sent them hurtling to and fro in the still morning air.

The *teniente* on the bridge rang his engines to stop, and turned to a subordinate.

" The prisoners ! " he commanded.

They were marched on deck—the entire ship's company of the *Glendale*, from skipper to black gang. Lined up on deck under the rifles and revolvers of their captors, they made a sorry enough sight in the early morn. Captain Bellamy made a half-hearted attempt to recall his old bravado, but a sharp nudge from Mason checked him.

" Easy, sir—easy ! " the first officer whispered. " That doesn't go down with these fellows ! "

Bellamy was almost foaming at the mouth with rage and panic, but there was that in Mason's eye that stopped his ranting. Something was occurring among their captors. The San Tomas commander was deep in an argument with two of his men—the pair who had been on duty in the engine-room. Cotton suddenly smothered an oath.

" Where's McTavish ? " he breathed.

The engineer was nowhere to be seen among the huddled captives. There was much frenzied Spanish, a-running hither and yon of the little brown men ; the *teniente*, swearing like a cat, dived below.

" What's up now ? " Cotton enquired. The first officer shook his head.

" Don't ask me ! " he said. " Some funny business or other, if I know Mac."

Bellamy interrupted, fussily. " Wh-where is he ? He's got to be found. We've got to stick together over this affair, gentlemen ! "

Neither Cotton nor Mason saw fit to reply to this pronouncement, and at that moment one of the stokers sidled up.

" Beg pardon, sir," he said to Mason, " 'E's overboard, sir ! "

" What's that ? " Mason whirled on him. The man repeated his news.

" 'E's gone overside, sir. I see him slip in the ash-hoist when them blokes was swappin' cigarettes—an'. I 'eard a splash-like, sir——"

He broke off cautiously, as the San Tomas lieutenant came bounding on deck once again. He looked positively consumed with fury, and marched directly upon the prisoners.

" Ze engineer ! " he howled. " Where is 'e ? "

" How the hell should we know ? " responded Mason pleasantly. " You had him last."

For an instant it looked as if the San Tomas officer would save the firing-party a job of work, but a furious babble of voices from the ship's side sent him off at a tangent again. Men were clustered there, pointing dramatically over the rail.

" Now what ? " Cotton asked, and again Mason made a gesture of ignorance. " Think he's given 'em the slip ? "

The first officer cast a glance at the three hundred yards of bright water between the *Glendale* and the shore. " If he has," he said in an undertone, " it's for good. This place is full of sharks. Hey, what's this ? "

There had been much activity among the group at the rail, and a man had clambered over with a boathook. Now he returned and handed an object to the *teniente* ; both Cotton and Mason gasped at sight of it. It was a battered uniform cap.

" Good God ! " said Mason hurriedly. " That looks like ——."

The San Tomas officer came across with the thing in his hand

" You recognise, eh ? " he enquired of Bellamy. The *Glendale's* captain looked, and his face altered.

" That's his," he said. " That's undoubtedly McTavish's. Eh, Mr. Imrie ? "

Imrie nodded gloomily. " No doubt about it, sir," he said. " But ——." Like Mason, he cast a look at the smooth water inshore.

It was the *teniente* who supplied the rest of his sentence. He smiled nastily.

" Food for the pretty shark, eh ? "

There was activity on shore now—plenty of it. People had come pouring down to the beach, and a large cutter was being pulled out towards the *Glendale*. In it were more uniformed men, and seated in the stern a large personage in white. A row of medal ribbons decorated his chest and he was begirt with a sword-belt. Mason groaned at sight of him.

" *El Carnicero !* " he said. " The Butcher ! "

The *calabozo* at San Tomas was in no respect other than might have been expected. It was a square stone structure, hot, dirty, and populous with the kind of insect life likely to cause humanity the maximum of discomfort. In its foul cells, the *Glendale's* complement, confined in twos and threes, panted, scratched, and cursed for the rest of that interminable day, their mental attitude not at all improved by uncertainty. *El Carnicero* had a pretty talent in suspense, for all his knock-'em-down entitlement.

" Damn him ! " Mason, in a cell with Cotton, fidgeted restlessly. " I wish he'd make up his mind ! "

" Made up long ago," said Cotton in accents of gloom. " If that reputation of his goes for anything. He's just playing with us."

*El Carnicero* was the sobriquet conferred—not without good cause—upon Colonel Don Felicidad Diaz, the commander of San Tomas's loyal forces. The reputation Cotton had hinted at had come to him with the name ; indeed,

(*Continued on page* 110)

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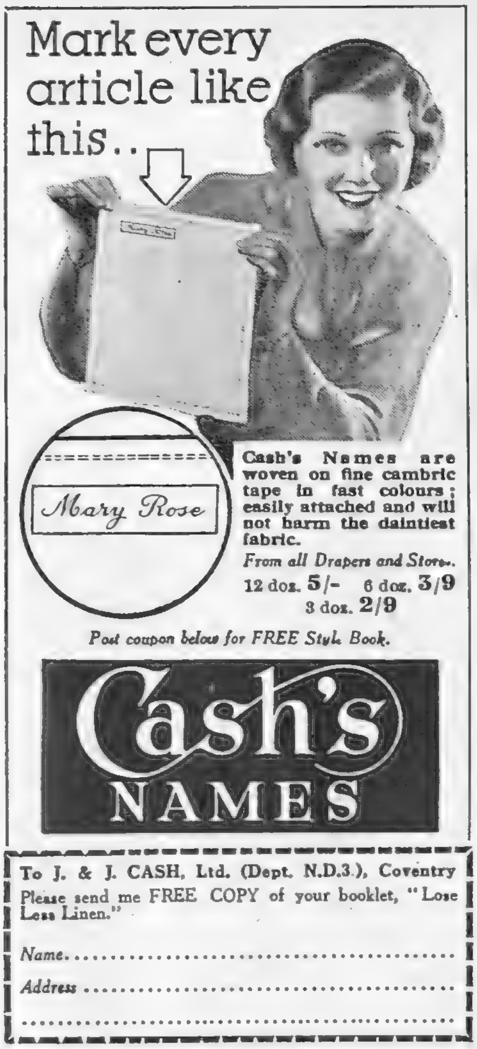

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for months the press had been full of his lurid exploits in brutality. There were apparently few refinements upon the art of terrorism with which he was not familiar. And gun-running to the insurgents would not be likely to mellow his temperament in the least.

"Curse Bellamy!" said Mason bitterly. "Of all the tom-fool rackets——"

He stopped and swung about as the key clicked in the lock. With a couple of sleepy-looking soldiers at his heels, the *teniente* of last night entered. He was scowling formidably, and bore a paper in his hand!

"You—and you!" he said, reading out their names. "Follow me!"

The mates obeyed, there being nothing else for it. They were conducted to the gaoler's office, a frowsy room with a table in it. Behind the table, cigar in mouth, the white uniform strained across his enormous chest, sprawled *El Carnicero*. He fixed them with a bull-like stare.

"So?" he began, in a blurred, soft voice. "A pretty pair, the two of you! Little *contrabandistas*, eh?"

Mason returned him look for look. "Who said so?" he demanded coolly. "I'd be a bit careful, if I were you, mister. There's such a thing as international law——"

The Butcher laughed uproariously.

"*Gracias!*" he said. "I shall think it over, señor. But meanwhile, there is this business. It is a fact, no? You smuggle arms—you and this other?"

"Like hell!" Mason exploded irresistibly. Then he checked himself all at once, for *El Carnicero* had taken a document from the table before him and was glancing at it with an amused, tolerant smile. He commenced to read it.

"'The deposition of Ed-Edward Bellamy, master mariner in steam, is sworn, according to law. Deposes—— "

He continued in the same level, mocking tones to the end. There was no sound in the room save the voice, soft, blurred, recounting incredible perfidy. With chapter and verse Captain Bellamy of the *Glendale* incriminated his two subordinates, fixed the responsibility for the arms shipment upon them, denied knowledge of the matter himself. Mason, as first officer, would be in charge of the stowing of cargo, he testified; the cases shipped at Iquique—from an agent introduced by Mason—were duly billed on the manifest as "Agricultural Implements." And in conclusion Captain Bellamy stated that he made this declaration of his own free will and without coercion.

The recital died into silence, broken only by Cotton's gulp of astonishment and Mason's "Well, I am damned!" *El Carnicero* considered them carefully.

"Ah?" he said. "You are confused, eh? You shuffle? *Buen*, we have a method of dealing with such shufflers. You do not confess, no?"

The expression on the captives' faces seemed to be sufficient answer for him, for he jerked a finger at the guards.

"Take them away!" he said. "At dawn, señors, we meet again!"

Darkness fell upon San Tomas—the stifling dark of a still tropic night. Up in the *calabozo*, men tossed and turned, sleepless and anxious; but in the harbour the *Glendale*, moored to a couple of buoys, made a restful lump of black shadow against the glimmering blue of the sea.

She was in pitch darkness from stem to stern, save where, in a corner of her bridge, three ragamuffin soldiers crouched over a smoky hurricane lantern. They were the ship's guard, placed there until unloading operations should commence in the morning; and they were deeply intrigued in a complicated gambling game with dice. Except for their murmured, disjointed conversation and the rattle of the bone cubes on the deck, the *Glendale* was as silent as she was dark.

It was going on for midnight, and shore noises had died down to a faint murmur, when —deep in the vessel's bowels—there was a momentary, flitting spurt of blue-white light. It appeared and vanished, leaving the stokehold once more to its grimy murk. There came the smallest of scraping sounds and a muffled grunt, as Mr. McTavish, stiff, red-eyed and malignant, squeezed himself out of a narrow interstice between girders—the kind of retreat that might be expected to be familiar only to an engineer.

He was black with coaldust and ashes, ragged, greasy and unsavory; but there was menace all over him, and he was still muttering his slogan of wrath against Captain Bellamy.

"Sumple arithmetic!" he whispered, switching on his torch again for a second, and padding barefoot into the engine-room. "Ay, ye dom treecherous deil's buckie! I'll learrn ye!"

He fumbled an instant among spanners and wrenches until he had found a suitable weapon. Then, still silent as a wraith, he slipped on deck.

The three gamblers on the bridge never knew what hit them. A shadow, poised for a breath on the edge of the chartroom roof, swooped with the noiselessness of a hunting owl. There was a *plick-plock-pluck*, signifying the descent upon defenceless skulls of a ten-inch Stillson in the hands of a master, and McTavish, slightly breathed, surveyed the field of battle.

"Hoomph!" he observed. "A'weel—so far so guid, McTavish. And noo—" he stooped to pluck an automatic pistol from its holster on one of the unconscious figures—"noo for ye, Cap'n Bellamy, ma bonny wee skrumshanker! Ay, noo for ye!"

A boat swung from the *Glendale's* quarter. He dropped into it and sculled cautiously shoreward.

The invasion of San Tomas, that midnight, by an unearthly shape, ash-plastered and vengeful, has passed by now into one of the port's cherished legends. A sentry, drowsing outside the custom-house, challenged what he set down as a manifestation of the devil, and was incontinently knocked cold by the same hand that had dealt with his comrades on the steamer. A sleepy innkeeper, peacefully closing his *cantina*, found himself seized by the scruff and pitched into the gutter, while an eldritch figure skilfully looted his shelves of an armful of assorted bottles. The chief of police himself, a portly gentleman with delusions of grandeur and a long nose, had that organ dramatically flattened when he attempted to challenge the flitting phantom. For a good hour McTavish explored the dark town, fortifying himself with deep draughts from the innkeeper's bottles, and breathing fire and slaughter against Bellamy.

At length, however, there were reactions which even he could not fail to notice. From the police barracks came the cracked bray of a trumpet; the troops up in the citadel stood to arms with much shouting and running to and fro; somewhere high in the midnight sky a bell began to ring, frenziedly and without ceasing.

McTavish stopped, listening.

"Eh?" he said. "The dommed Dagos are wakenin', laddie! It's time ye were showin' some action, I'm thinkin'!"

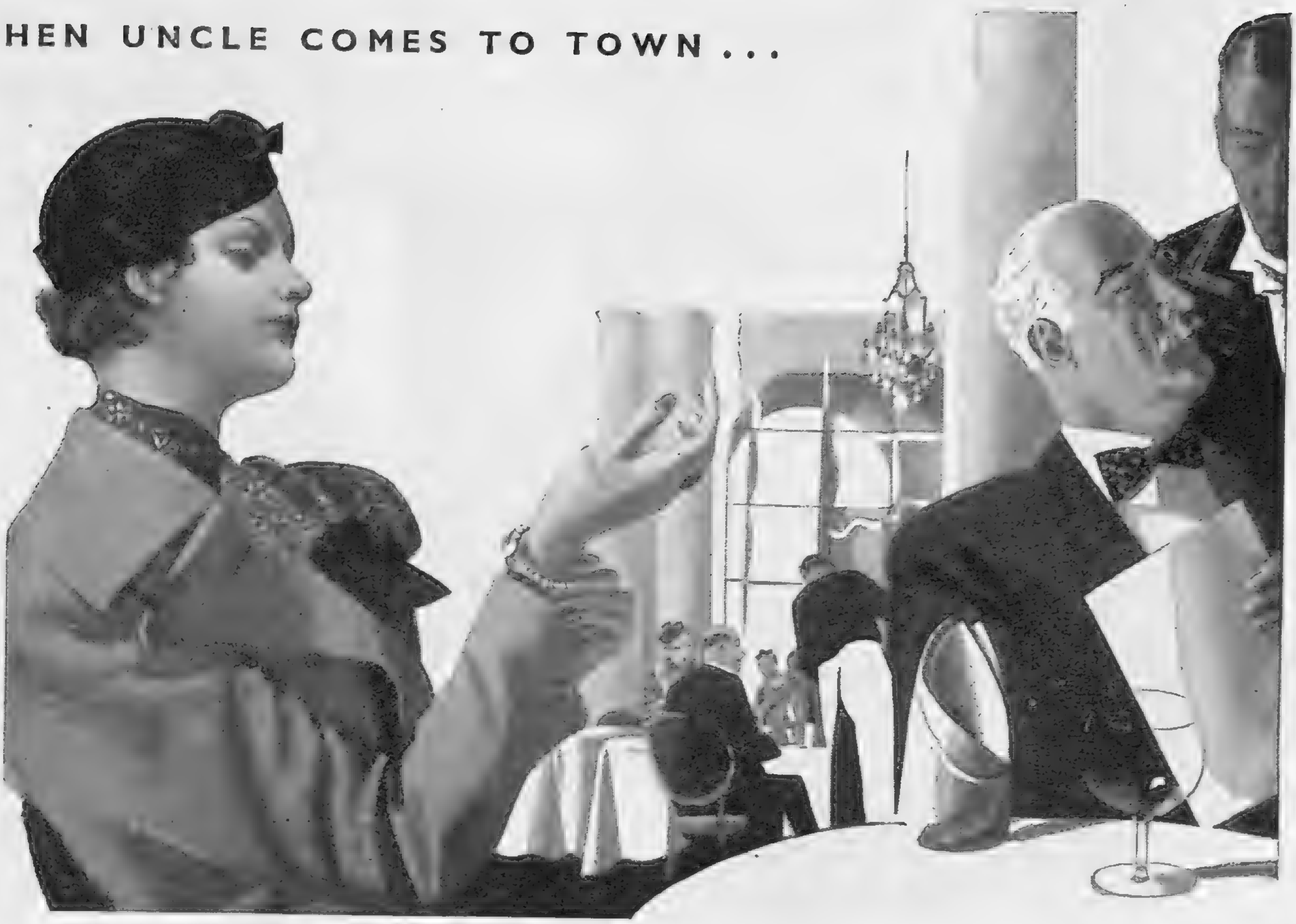
He tossed the last of his bottles into the ditch and looked about him. He was in a narrow street, off the main square of the place, dimly illuminated from a window behind which somebody still seemed to be awake. But McTavish had small attention for such matters; his mind was set on discovering the town gaol, identifying Bellamy as imprisoned there, and after that—well, after that the Scotsman's ideas were a little hazy. But something extremely unpleasant for the *Glendale's* skipper was their general tenor, and he was still rumbling "Sumple arithmetic!" to himself at frequent intervals.

He made an irresolute move towards the square, but checked himself at the sound of an opening door. A man emerged from the house with the lighted window, stood an instant glancing about him, and began to walk rapidly away.

"Hey!" McTavish's potations had had the effect of making him reckless, and he hailed the stranger loudly. "Whuch way to the *calabozo*, muster?"

*(Continued on page 112)*

## WHEN UNCLE COMES TO TOWN . . .



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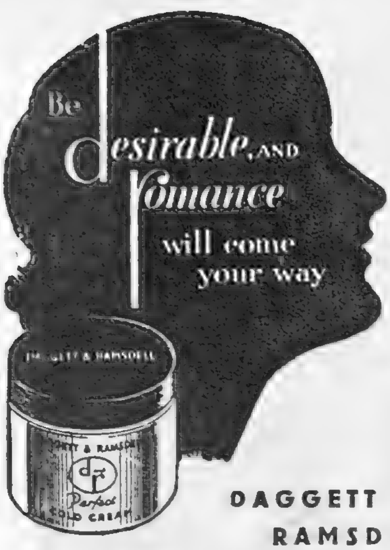

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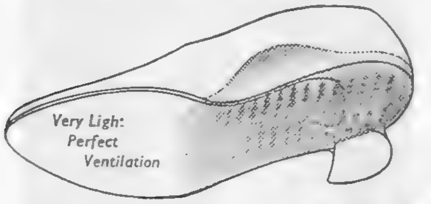

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At the unfamiliar English, the hurrying man stopped and looked round.

" *Madre de Dios—* " he began. It was the naval lieutenant, returning from some night-hawk visit. McTavish greeted him with a howl, and was at his throat before he could do more than gasp.

" Ye yellow pup ! " he said between his teeth. " It's yourself, eh ? Weel, ye'd better be brushin' up on yer prayers, mannie—ye're goin' to need 'em ! "

He shook the paralysed officer until his eyes nearly jumped from their sockets, and jabbed him savagely in the ribs with the muzzle of the automatic.

" Before ye're for the high-jump, now—" McTavish redoubled his squeeze and the *teniente's* face turned a livid purple. "Whaur's yon Bellamy ? Whut did ye do with him, the cheatin' auld scutt ? Tell, now, or I'll——"

But the lieutenant had gone beyond such simple matters. He choked out something as McTavish partially released his throat. The Scot stared at him.

" Eh ? " he demanded. " Whut's that ? "

" One thousand dollaire—" croaked his victim. " I give it you, señor—one thousand dollaire ! Only be silent, and release me ! "

McTavish made no movement to comply with the last request ; but he continued staring. Then an idea seemed to strike him.

" Eh-h ! " he said, as if comprehension was beginning to dawn on him. " An' say ye so ? Ye're not by any manner o' means traffickin' in contraband yer ain self, surely ? A wee deal wi' the revolution, eh ? "

The lieutenant nodded vigorously, being beyond speech once again. McTavish regarded him with grudging admiration.

" Spig," he said, " ye've the makin's of a financial genius in ye, at that ! Come on, now, let's hear—an' don't ye sae much as think aboot any funny business, or this'll go off, d'ye see ? "

He shepherded him into a dark corner, and held him there for five minutes, whispering, while San Tomas stirred uneasily all about them. Then the engineer laughed, for the first time.

" Weel, I'm dommed ! " he said. " An' to think I misjudged ye ! Man, ye're a pairfect wonder ! Lead on, wull ye ? "

Still pistol in hand, he followed the *teniente* into the night.

In their stuffy, unventilated *calabozo* cell, Cotton and Mason were talking in low tones.

They had been returned to confinement immediately upon *El Carnicero's* significant order of the night before, and since then they had been striving to catch up with events, and assimilate Captain Bellamy's staggering treachery. The more they considered their situation, the less promising it appeared.

" They've got us for fair," said Mason moodily. " No getting behind that damned affidavit, or whatever it is. They want to believe it, and they will believe it."

Cotton said nothing. He was glowering out of the heavily barred window into the darkness. The alarm that had aroused San Tomas an hour or so ago had died away, and the town was quiet, save for an occasional footstep in the street and the striking of the hours from some clock. It was just after three ; in a couple of hours the dawn would show—the dawn so delicately hinted at by the Butcher. In the harbour, visible as a black patch against the scarcely less black water, the *Glendale* slept motionless. Cotton groaned as he looked at her.

" Give a lot to be there again," he said in accents of gloom. " Even Bellamy'd be tolerable, by George. But as it is—— "

He broke off, listening intently, and Mason sprang up. There were queer sounds outside their door—a scuffle, a thud, whispering voices. Someone put a key in the lock.

" Stand by ! " said Mason grimly. " They've come for us."

A shaft of light flashed into their prison as the door opened slowly. It circled round, falling on each of them in turn, as they hesitated, white-faced and open-mouthed. A low, Mephistophelian chuckle arose.

" Mac ! "

It came from both prisoners simultaneously, and McTavish switched the torch on to his own smeared countenance.

" Ay, it's me ! " he said in a hasty whisper. " But noo come on, the pair of ye ! Hustle—there's worrk waiting' ! "

He conducted them, speechless, across the limp body of a sentry and out into the corridor. The gaol was full of murmurings, of hurrying feet and low-toned conversation. Cotton bumped into a man in the dark and recognised one of the *Glendale's* deck-hands.

" Slippy, there ! " McTavish spoke urgently to someone. " Whaur's yon Spig ? "

" Here, señor," said a voice, and the *teniente*, with more of the ship's company at his heels, appeared. The *Glendales* were struggling and heaving at a burden ; Cotton stopped dead at sight of it.

" G—good Gad ! " he exploded. " Where—where'd you get him ? "

McTavish gripped his arm. " Dinna ask sae mony fool questions ! " he hissed. " Look slippy, the lot of ye, an' get doon to the ship. I've a matter of business here yet ! "

" Take him with us ? " Mason indicated *El Carnicero*, trussed, purple, and helpless.

" Ay, ye dom fule ! " McTavish spoke testily. " What d'ye think ? "

" Where's Bellamy ? " Mason turned back from the door. The Scot whirled on him in a spasm of passion.

" Awa' oot o' this, ye bletherin' auld woman ! " he said. " I'm handlin' things, an' don't ye forget it ! I'll fix Bellamy ! "

He vanished into the night, and the two ship's officers awoke to realities. Hastily they collected their men, formed them into a solid phalanx with *El Carnicero* in the midst, and broke for the harbour. As they reached the water-front, a chorus of yells broke out in the distance behind them, and a burst of firing. The alarm-bell began ringing again, this time with a frenzied iteration. San Tomas woke to life with an uncomfortable jerk.

Mason flung a glance over his shoulder. " Hey ! That's outside town ! " he said excitedly. " Great Cæsar's ghost, it's the other lot—the rebels ! " He turned hastily to *El Carnicero's* escort. " Dump that bird in the boat and get him aboard ! " he said. " Lively, now ! By James, we'll stick to him, anyway ! "

It was high noon when the sounds of war and tribulation finally died away in San Tomas. The *Glendale*, a head of steam nearly up again, swung poised at her cable, ready for instant movement if the battle threatened to spread seaward. Her rail was lined with interested faces, enjoying ringside accommodation at the show ; but on the bridge Cotton and Mason conferred anxiously.

" God knows where the old fool'll be in that mix-up," said the first officer, as a final outburst of musketry echoed from some unknown barricade. " He's just the obstinate devil to hang on till it's too late."

" What's his little game, d'ye think ? " Cotton was sweeping the smoke-wreathed town with binoculars. Mason grinned.

" Lord knows," he said thoughtfully. " Might be anything at all, with that Scotchman. But there's money in it somewhere, sure enough. Yes, and he's playing for his own back from Bellamy as well. You see if he's not ! "

Cotton growled something unprintable at the captain's name, but bit it off abruptly.

" Look here ! " he said. " By thunder, what's all this ? "

He pointed shoreward. A formal little party had appeared out of the smoke-wreaths, and came marching down to the water's edge. There were a dozen ragged-looking men with rifles ; and at their head, side by side, moved the *Glendale's* skipper and her engineer. To all appearances, even at that distance, their differences were at an end.

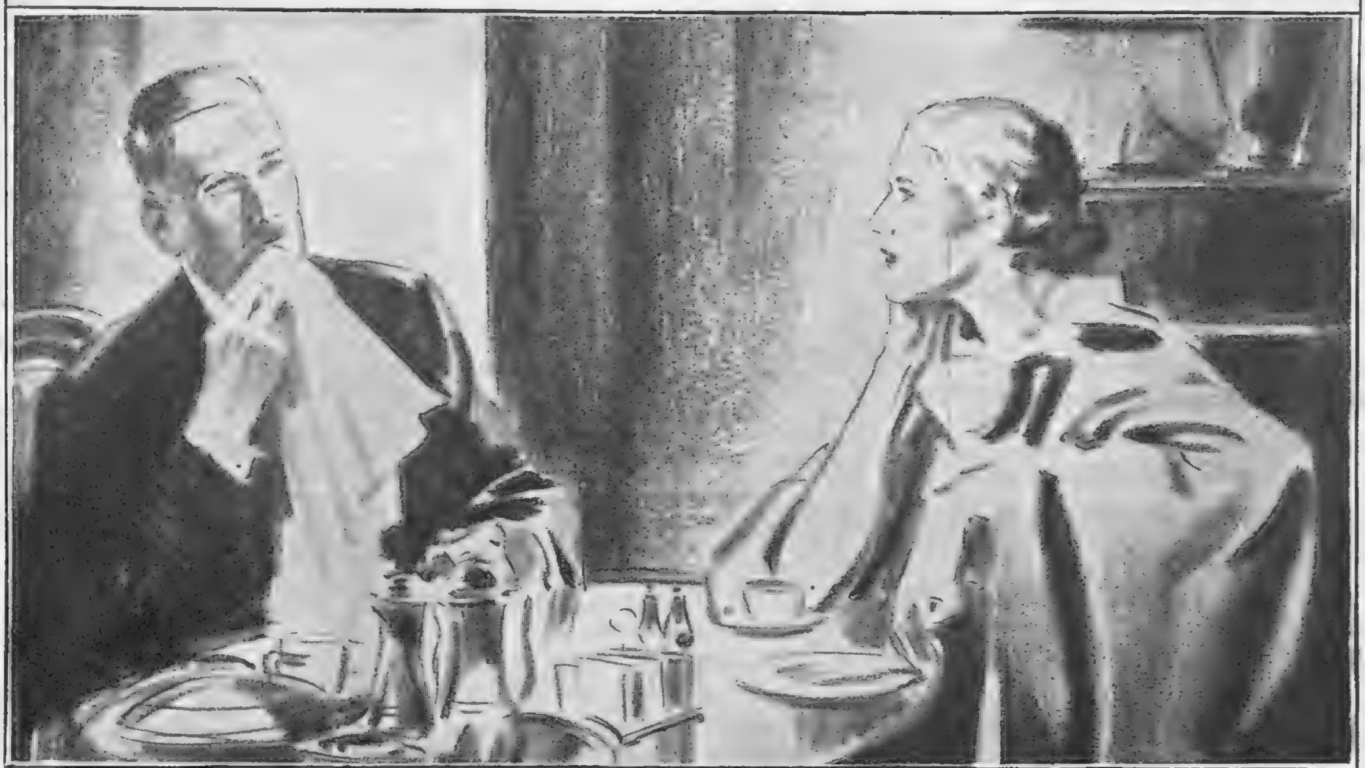
" Damnation, no ! " said Mason bitterly. " I'm not kow-towing to that swine any more, if Mac is."

" They're calling for a boat," said Cotton. " Better send one, I suppose."

The first officer

(*Continued on page* 114)

# 'Why does Janet's skin always look so nice?'



Is there anything more annoying than being compared with another woman! Dorothy was furious.

'How can you be so *beastly!*' she said to her husband. 'It's not my fault if I was born with a bad complexion.'

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K. 16

waved him away. "Do anything you like!" he said. "Any damned thing—but don't ask me to meet Bellamy, that's all!"

Nevertheless, he was at the top of the ladder when the skipper came aboard, McTavish in rags at his heels. The armed men had come off as well, and their commander, a terrier of a little fellow with broken teeth, skipped up on deck grinning. McTavish spoke first, to break an awkward little silence.

"Whaur's yon prisoner o' yours, Muster Mason?" he asked. "He's wi' us still, I hope."

"He's down in the saloon," said Mason. "Want him?"

"Na," said McTavish, "but these guid gentlemen do—michty badly at that. There's a new government bein' formed ashore there, an' they're wishful to ask Muster Whatever-his-name-is some questions, I'm thinkin'."

He addressed the rebel commander in halting Spanish, and *El Carnicero* was duly produced. In a few moments he was being rowed ashore, trussed in the bottom of the boat; and the *Glendale's* officers faced one another once again.

Captain Bellamy then cleared his throat, importantly.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we'll now, if you please, proceed with the unloading of that—er—consignment in number one hold. I understand that—hum, thanks to Mr. McTavish here, the two thousand dollars freight has been forthcoming. That is so, eh, chief?"

Before the others' popping eyes McTavish drew out a roll of bills.

"Ay, ay, sir!" he said, and handed it to the skipper. Bellamy examined it.

"That seems correct," he said. "Well, as I observed before, there's a thousand for me, and a thousand for you, gentlemen. Here you are—split it for yourselves!"

And he stumped below, leaving a stricken group standing on the deck. Mason was the first to recover himself.

"Well—I—am—damned!" he ejaculated.

McTavish had been leaning over the rail, disinterestedly a spectator of the landing of *El Carnicero*. He turned now, and there was a puckish grin on his battered features.

"Na, na!" he said. "I'd no say onything o' the sort, Muster Mason. Indeed, I'd no say onything at all, yet awhile. If oor worthy skipper likes to pocket a thousan' dollars, weel, let him, say I"

He laid a finger to his nose and winked scandalously.

"What d'ye mean?" demanded Mason.

McTavish sniggered. "Ou, naethin' at a'!" he said. "Only they've fancy prices hereabouts for billies like *El—El* Whatever-it-is——"

"Mean to say you sold him?" It came from both Mason and Cotton.

McTavish winked again. "Whut d'ye tak' me for?" he enquired. "I've fufteen thousan', richt here in ma pants, gentlemen—an' deductin' a thousan' for ma ain trouble, as oor skipper'd say, I'll leave ye to figure whut it's worth to the seven of us per head. It's all a matter," he dragged pensively at his moustache, "of oor auld friend, gentlemen!"

A lurid twinkle appeared in his eye.

"Mph'm, ay!" he murmured. "It's juist sumple arithmetic!"

END

# The Belt

(*Continued from page* 55)

of great Negroes, tap dancers in spite of their size and weight, stood around with the rest. There was an Arab tumbling troupe, and a Chinese juggling crowd. A wire-walker had come from Spain, and a knife-thrower from Mexico.

No one seemed to know what he or she was going to do next. But, somehow, everybody did it in turn. It seemed all confusion and mix-up on the stage. And it seemed a worse confusion in the wings. But no one seemed to mind.

Dollie Paxton, used as she was to the rich life in which all her days were now spent, felt sadly old-fashioned. Even her married life seemed more a reality of herself than this. All this modern stage business which, since she last showed, twenty years before, had speeded up, become electrical. She felt suddenly old.

But then, from the wings, she saw Gertie Watson dancing a bit. It wasn't more than a bit. But, for old time's sake, they applauded her.

And watching Gertie on the stage stood Dick Tompkins, waiting to sing:

"I'm One of the Good Old Has-Beens,
But Still I'm One of the Boys."

He had sung it for fifty years. He had really been a has-been—for a generation. But still, in his great big heart, he was one of the boys, and everybody knew it. That was why they cheered him.

And, on the stage too, she saw T. P. Wallace, who had sung coon songs when she was but a girl, and who, when the Old-Timers got a week, sang one of them still. Soon it would be his turn, and then the old people in the house, sentimental again, and the young ones, wondering what it was all about and what grave had been opened, would hear:

*By the cornfield I'll be waiting;*
*I'll be waiting by the corn,*
*Where I've kissed you in the evening*
*And I've kissed you in the morn."*

Well, it was all very well to laugh, but that song, anyway, had gone round the world, and come back again.

And, when she saw Gertie Watson dancing, if that was what it could be called, Dollie Paxton really wished that she were Dollie Darling again.

This was the world she was born in. This was the world that she had made her own. Who wanted to be Lady Paxton, anyway?

"I PRAY silence for Sir Manning Paxton." The toastmaster, with a scarlet jacket over his evening dress, rolled out the name as though he were announcing the birth of a new world.

The great dining-hall was crowded. At the top tables, the men all wearing white ties and the women ablaze with diamonds, applauded or rattled spoons on wine-glasses as the man for whom the toastmaster had prayed silence stood up and beamed.

It was the proudest night of his life . . . He and his dear wife were among their friends. He was glad to know that Business Success had been recognised.

There were a few smirks from the tables far away, at which clerks and workpeople of all kinds were among the guests, guests who, like the rest, had paid for their seats.

But, not seeing them, Sir Manning and his dear wife were delighted to know that their joy was shared by their friends. . . .

Then followed a lot about the sweet factory and how the sweets had gone all over the world.

A few rival traders rather sniffed at this, but hoped, while they listened, it would be their turn one day.

Success oozed out of Sir Manning's every pore. Success looked defiantly out of each of his eyes. He typified Success. His Success was proved by the diamonds his wife wore on her arms, and on her neck, and on her breast. Around her waist was a diamond-buckled belt. She seemed ablaze with diamonds. Always on show nights she had to put them on.

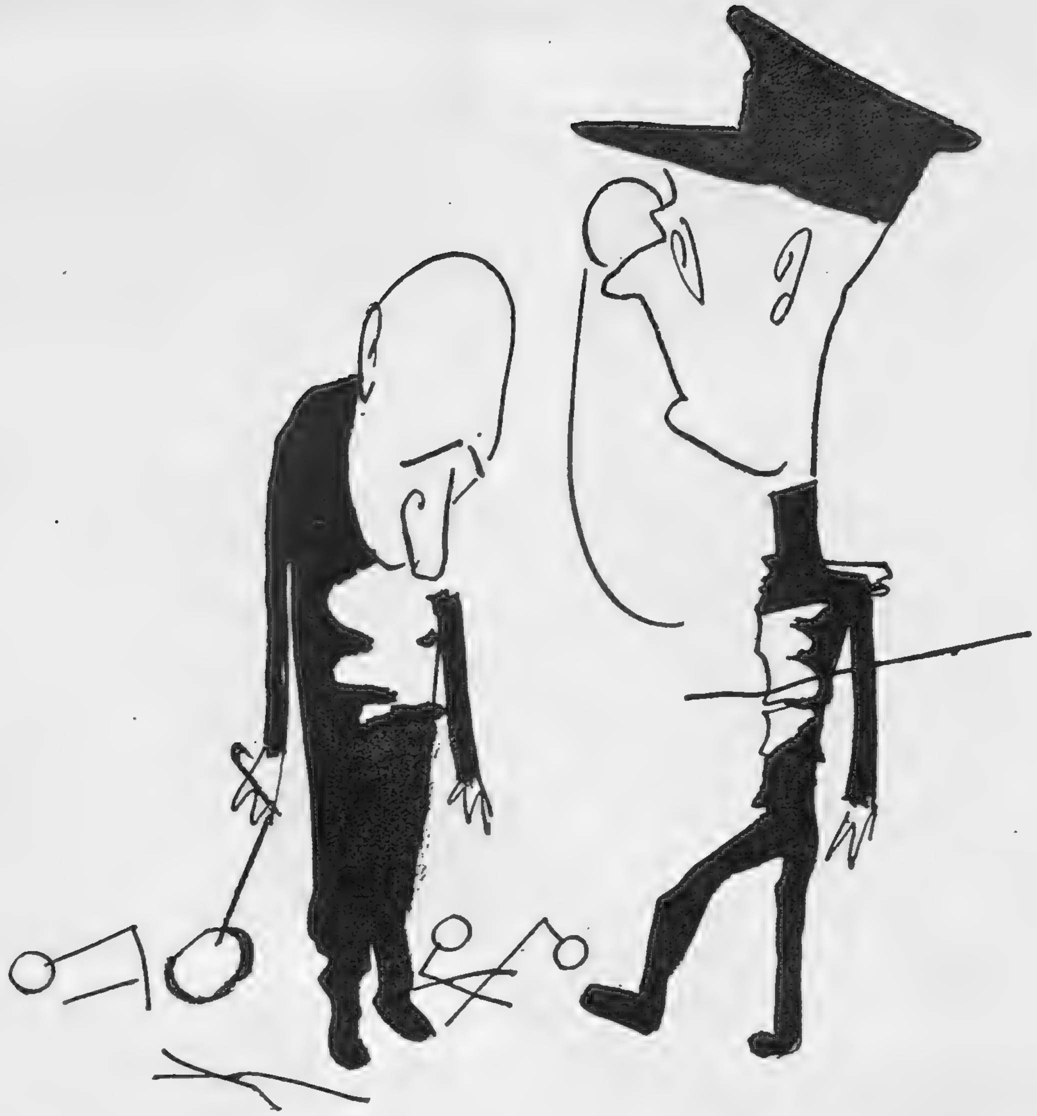
And then, of course, she was called on. And she said how proud she was, and sat down again.

"Let's go round to the factory now," said Sir Manning, when it was all over. "They're working overtime over that big Australian contract. They couldn't all come. We must go and look at them."

And so they went.

But they did not know that following them in a taxicab were three workpeople who, having had rather too much to drink at the dinner,

(*Continued on page* 116)



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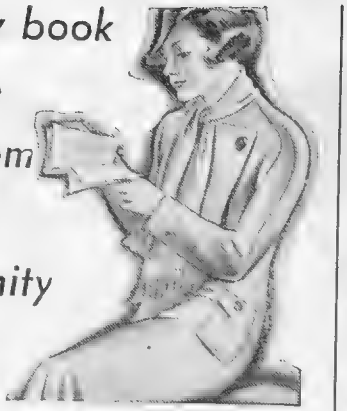

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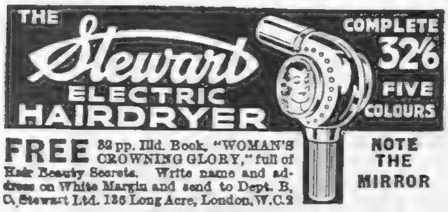

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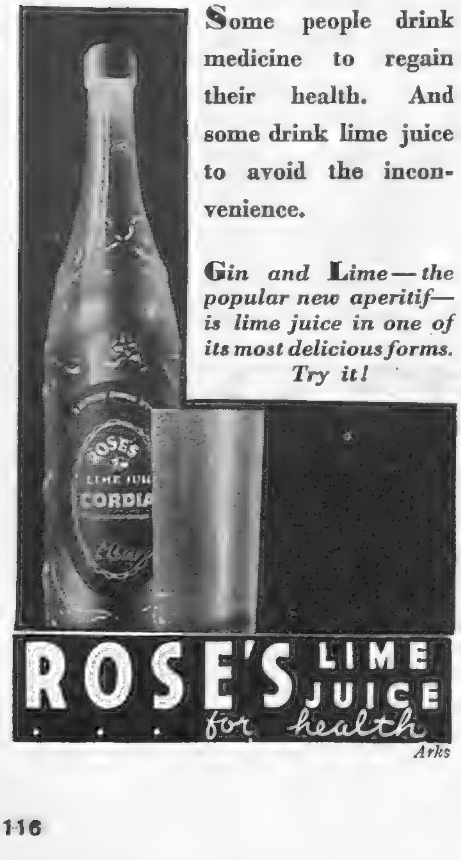

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thought they would go round and tell their pals all about it.

Sir Manning, in evening dress, and Lady Paxton, in diamonds, walked through the assembling room. Girls sat by a long Belt that carried the sweets along to bottles, and then when they were in the bottles, bore them on to the labellers, and then on into the packing-room close by.

All day long, the Belt went on. And all night, too. When big contracts had to be satisfied, the Belt went on. Three shifts worked, all slaves of the Belt. The speed at which it travelled ordered the speed at which their fingers worked. The Belt was the boss. It went round and round. And so did the workers' lives, just one dreary round.

Sir Manning, beaming with pride, walked with his wife along the Belt. The workers looked up timorously when he arrived, and whispered when he had passed.

But then, from the back suddenly, there came a shout.

"Come on, Dollie Darling," yelled a voice. "Give us one of the old 'uns."

Sir Manning looked round, defiantly.

"Come on, Dollie," insisted the voice. And near the voice stood two men, applauding and joining in.

"Come on, Dollie. Sing one of the old 'uns!"

"Let's get out of this, Dollie," said Sir Manning, horrified. "We must get away."

But, in a second, Dollie Paxton became Dollie Darling again. She pushed away her husband's arm and she started to sing. She wasn't Lady Paxton now, but Dollie Darling, one of the Old-Timers.

The Belt went on. But the workers stopped and all turned round. For, in the middle of the factory, by the long eternal Belt, a woman ablaze with diamonds sang:

> *"I never had in view what he was going to do.*
> *I had no idea and no suggestion.*
> *Then, in among the wheat, he rushed me off my feet.*
> *Yes, it was among the poppies he popped the question."*

Sir Manning stood there glaring. But his wife went on singing. She sang the chorus again. Six times she sang it. And the workers joined in. The Belt went on, alone, empty.

Sir Manning purpled. He scowled. For the first time in his life, he had been disobeyed.

"Good old Dollie!" shouted the three men at the back.

"Good old Dollie!" echoed the workers. The Belt went on—silently.

Then Dollie Darling rushed from the factory, and, looking on the floor, Sir Manning saw her diamonds. She had torn them all off, from her neck, her arms, and her waist, and left them there—the bracelets and the necklace and the belt.

One by one the workers began to work again. The Belt went on, half-filled soon, then full again.

Dollie Paxton stood in the wings at the Coronium again. She had dashed there, scarcely knowing where she was going. Once again, she saw the crowded stage, the dancers waiting, the syncopated band and the Negroes and the tumblers and the jugglers.

And, on the stage, the Old-Timers were on. Gertie Watson was dancing a bit. Dick Tompkins was waiting to sing. And T. P. Wallace waited, with the rest of them.

One after the other, they went through their turn, and the applause got louder. For always, when the Old-Timers sing, the audience gets worked up as it goes along. Old memories come back and crowd the brains of the older ones. The young ones get excited, too, because they know the tunes. They don't know the people who sang them, but the melodies have become part of their lives.

And then, in the middle of it all, Dollie Paxton rushed on the stage.

"I'm going to sing 'Poppies,'" she said.

There was a long silence. It was Dick Tompkins who broke it.

"It's Dollie Darling come back again," he said. "Play 'Poppies,' Charlie."

And he turned to the conductor. The band had no music, but the bandsmen all knew the tune.

And so, clad in all her finery, everything except her diamonds, Dollie Darling sang:

> *"I never had in view what he was going to do.*
> *I had no idea and no suggestion.*
> *Then, in among the wheat, he rushed me off my feet.*
> *Yes, it was among the poppies he popped the question."*

And then she flopped on the stage in a faint.

"Come home, you fool," she heard when she opened her eyes.

It was her husband, who had followed her, guessed where she was going.

"I've done with you," she said, "you and your Success. You don't know what Success is. I knew it was on the halls, and then you robbed me of it. You fastened me to your damned Belt that goes round and round. I became part of the Belt myself. But now I'm free, one of the Old-Timers."

"You fool," he said. "They don't work every week. How are you going to live?"

And, stamping, he left the dressing-room and went out into the night. In his pocket was the diamond-buckled belt, picked up from the floor.

In the factory, the Belt went on. . . .

## An Odyssey of Sport

(Continued from page 39)

little or big, are still bombs," I insisted; and when the master of ceremonies, in a voice of brass, stretched himself to his full height and announced that in obedience to a military order no person would be allowed to leave the building until 11.30, I prepared for the worst. It meant that we were to be held captive for at least two hours after the big fight was over. And if that were not enough, rumour would have it that the likelihood of the theatre being blown sky-high was by no means remote. However, so soon as McTigue and Siki appeared they made philosophers of us all, and we settled down in tolerable comfort to watch their fight, which was spread over twenty rounds.

Strange, but true, the Irishman, a bulging foreheaded fellow, and the swaggering nigger might not have fought each other, for when Siki had ducked under the ropes to throw handshakes and blow kisses and light up his forbidding features with a leer, Descamps stung him to the quick by a splutter of argot common to the coalfields of Northern France.

"Cochon," hissed Descamps as Siki, consumed with rage, flew to the ropes as if he meant to tear him limb from limb.

Carpentier saved the situation by his famous smile, and "Bravo Siki."

More than a master of back-chat was Descamps: he had a tongue of vitriol. And from the first clang of the bell, Siki fought under a shower of invective.

I confess that concentration on the fight was almost beyond me, for the while I hutched close to my companions, I could but wonder what was happening outside. I saw in the fight an ugly mockery, a needless, unpardonable challenge to orderliness, a ghoulish reminder that we were in the very cockpit of rebellion. Who could have really cared that a world's championship was at stake?

To the science of boxing Siki was a total stranger, but mentally and physically monkeyish, he was liable to do much damage. With a blow picked by a gorilla arm from near to his ankles, he slashed the eye of McTigue when there were still several rounds to go, and it seemed that Siki was bound to win; for, save that his abnormally thick

(Continued on page 118)

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lips had been slit, he was unmarked. The seconds of McTigue, by rough-and-ready means, however, dammed the blood that gushed from his eye; but, target that it was, Siki so played on it that it was in danger of being fatally hurt.

To the everlasting credit of McTigue, he refused to be rattled by the leering, cocksure negro, upon whose spreading nose he beat many a tattoo with a left hand employed with the straightness and precision that bespoke fighting genius. Had it not been that, like the rest of us, he dreaded the possibility of worse than a riot, I was sure that, weakened though he was by loss of blood and racked by the pain of a sorely damaged eye, he would have won by a knock-out. Seasoned campaigner that he was, he steeled himself to box, and at the end he was returned the winner. For which I heaved a sigh of relief. What the aftermath of the defeat of McTigue would have been, not even I, in my wildest flights of imagination, could have estimated. If only in its attunement to the occasion, the verdict was proper; but the margin in the favour of the Irishman was by no means considerable. As a matter of cold fact, McTigue no more than won on the post.

With the ringing down of the curtain we were made prisoners until midnight was fast approaching, when "All clear" was shouted, and an assurance given that neither rifle would again crack nor a Lewis gun spatter.

"Sure, all the fireworks have been spent," a laughing soldier encouraged, as I sought the street; but no sooner had I begun a return journey to my hotel than I was all for seeking cover. For having wormed and wrestled and jostled a way through a waiting crowd, many thousands strong, and found Sackville Street, shots were fired from here, there and everywhere. With the inimitable Tom Webster, I joined in a general stampede and took a headlong dive through the doors of a confectioner's shop.

Lights that had been put out were turned on as a signal that an end to trouble had come, and into the street, furtively I must confess, we strode. We had not gone more than a few hundred yards to reach the Bank of Ireland, when a shot rang out and a soldier, prodding his rifle into my ribs, called "Halt! And where's the shooting coming from?" Arnold Wilson, who, with the firing and like a good soldier, had dropped on all fours, appeared from nowhere, so it seemed, to answer, as he pointed to the opposite side of the street, "Over there."

I had still some distance to travel when I was pulled up with a jerk, pinned to the wall, and searched, the while I looked down the barrel of a rifle. I counted myself supremely fortunate when at last I got indoors, where I was mightily pleased to enjoy the hospitality of Shaun Glenville, who, with a twinkle in his incorrigible eye, confided that he had come to his native Dublin for a rest cure.

And fear gave way to jollity. McTigue, his bandaged eye reminiscent of Donnybrook, was brought and banqueted in a whole-hearted Irish way, and until daylight we made merry.

I did not see McTigue again. He took himself back to the States, where he fought many a rousing battle, but with, I am sure, the ghosts of Dublin ever at his elbow.

Siki returned to Paris and gallivanted until, because of his obtuseness, he was glad to escape to New York. But there was no escape for him. He was found murdered in "Hell's Kitchen."

By whom, no one cared.

# Books

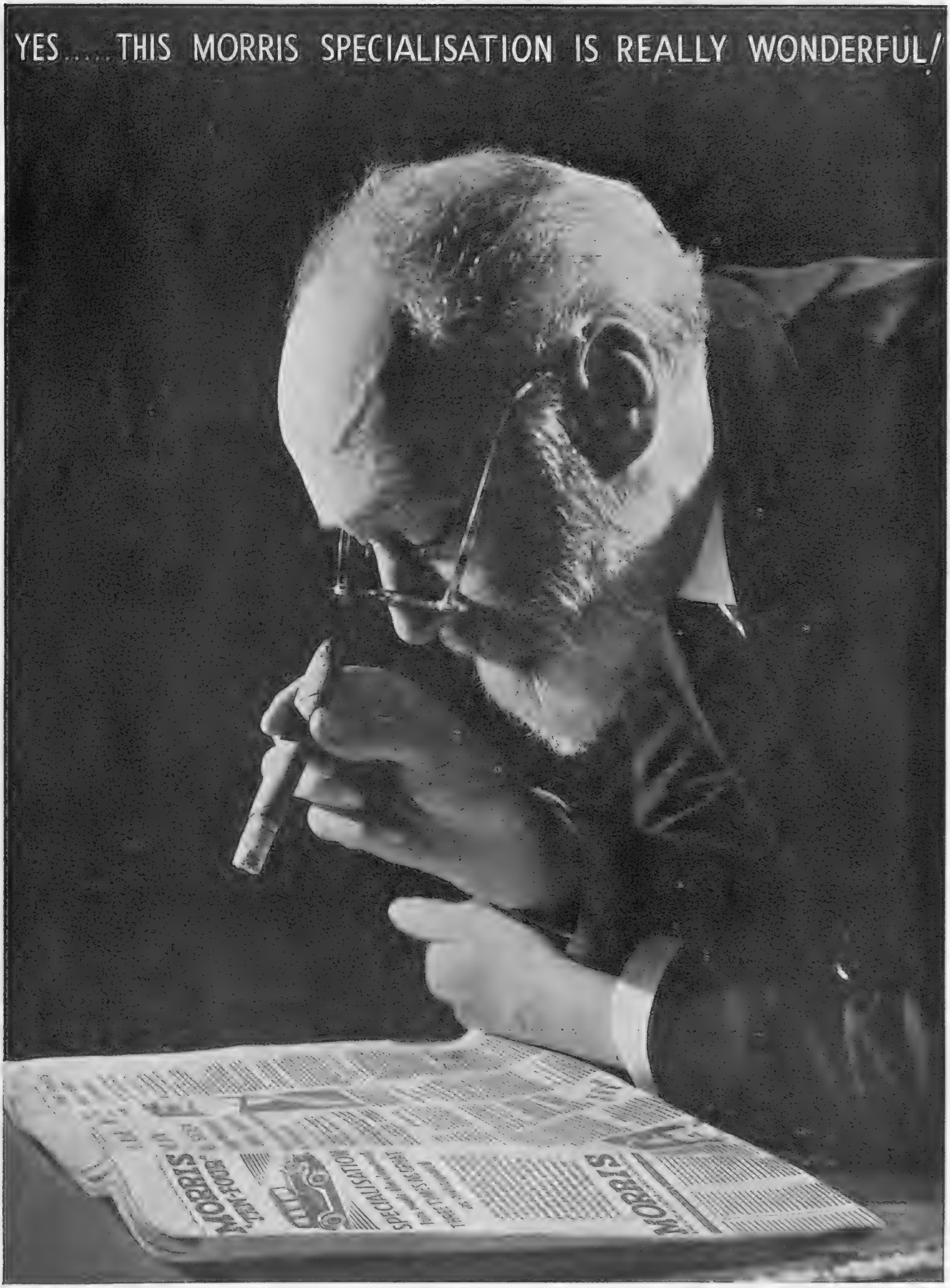
*(continued from page 61)*

dog, and reflects instead that one is perhaps a bit of a brute. *Dusk at the Grove*, by Samuel Rogers (Hurst and Blackett, 7s. 6d.), elicits no such benignity from me. In the first place, the publishers inform me on the front of the book, behind the book and inside the book, that "this story has an inescapable charm that is hard to forget." What publishers tell me three times is not always true; and before I had read a word of the story I had the gravest possible doubts about that charm, escapable, forgettable, or both, or neither, or either. In the second place, with this novel Mr. Rogers won the Atlantic £2,000 Prize Novel Contest, and I cannot help thinking that so astonishingly lucky a man needs no special treatment from reviewers. The last American prize-winning novel which I read was, I think, that fine book *Jalna*. The standard seems to have declined since then; positively slumped, in fact. *Dusk at the Grove* is simply a pastiche of all the second-rate novels of authors who have tried, without success, to model themselves on Henry James. It tells the story of an American family during the last 20 years. As novels go nowadays, it is of no great length; but, requiring a deal of chewing, it seems much longer than it is.

Novels have, of late years, grown fearfully slow (especially American and English novels), and many good writers have actually destroyed their art to acquire the fashionable vice of longwindedness. There is not necessarily any connection between length and pace, and a man may write as formidable a tome as *Jew Süss*, and yet be a neat, precise, even a swift novelist. If anyone doubts that, let him turn to Herr Lion Feuchtwanger's *Little Tales* (Secker, 5s.). Here are eight stories, all good, three very good indeed, and such economy of method as would be hard to match in England to-day. I have seen some rather unflattering notices of this little book. To me, it is full of delight, and I recommend it strongly. Mr. Secker has issued another translation from the German—*The Young Joseph*, by Thomas Mann (7s. 6d.). This is the second volume of a trilogy, in which it was preceded by *The Tales of Jacob* and will be followed by *Joseph in Egypt*. I do not know if I am justified in mentioning this volume among works of fiction; I do not know how far it is an effort of the imagination, and how far it is a display of scholarship. The effect is impressive, but I must admit that I should feel happier if I were told how heavily I might lean upon the author, as well as upon the translator. Presumably the variations from the Old Testament story are the results of recent criticism and research. Otherwise, there seems no point in retelling a story which has been well told already.

*Coronation Baby*, by Robert Gathorne-Hardy (Collins, 7s. 6d.), is another book difficult to classify—part fiction, chiefly autobiography, the first twelve years in the life of an English boy born in 1902. It is a quiet record, dependent on charm rather than excitement; obviously the product of a cultured and able writer. Sometimes a fluty note of condescension, rather hard to bear, comes into the author's voice. Bear it. The book is worth this trifling annoyance. From the same publisher come also *Dark Border*, by Norman Giles (7s. 6d.) and *The Son of Sir Richard Carden*, by Neil Bell (7s. 6d.). Mr. Giles's novel supplements (chronologically, it precedes) his spendid tale, *The Ridge of White Waters*. Apparently, there are more volumes to come, until the history of South Africa has been retold in romantic fiction. This is good news. Mr. Giles is doing a great work; one can recognise that without ever having seen Capetown. It is heartening to see a capable novelist sitting down to a big and congenial job. By the time he has finished, Mr. Giles will have built his own monument. I wish it were as easy to feel happy about Mr. Bell. He seems to me to be just that type of writer who, in the attempt to write novels of great length, is ruining his art. Mr. Bell has written some fine books. To see what is happening to the man who wrote *Bredon and Sons*, one need look no further than the first page of *The Son of Sir Richard Carden*. Any intelligent undergraduate or reporter, possessing not half of Mr. Bell's talents, could lop 100 words off this page and vastly improve it in the process.

END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# There Rode Death

(*Continued from page 59*)

there's a brawl or you're fleeced. Either way you'll go out of this bar desperate enough for the outlaw camps. I want to see your mind set different. Stop Mallee Jack and every decent digger and stockman in this country'll be your friend."

Jim Rayne looked at Goldfield Sal for a long instant, but as his eyes moved from her they rested on Wallaby Joe and Larry Stevens. The pair, as if suddenly suspicious of Goldfield Sal's earnest presence at the card-table, were moving back. Jim Rayne tapped the empty bottle on the table.

"Fetch another of this, Sal—stick to your own job and don't try savin' souls."

With a half-angry, half-hopeless glance at Rayne, Sal picked up the empty bottle. As she did so, a man lounging in the sunlit doorway held up his hand.

"Look respectful, boys," he said cynically. "Here comes Mallee Jack and his gang now."

A sudden silence fell in Donovan's bar. Goldfield Sal heard the increasing beat of horses' hoofs on dusty ground. She looked at Jim Rayne.

"Too damn late, anyway!" she jeered.

MALLEE JACK, leaving two guards without, swaggered with his other followers into the bar. Tall, broad-shouldered, he was a striking figure of a man, save for his swarthy, truculent, cruel face. Many of the outlaw chiefs who terrorised the bush had an innate chivalry; Mallee Jack merely wore his—when he felt amiable—over a nature brutal and ruthless. At the moment he felt amiable—with eight thousand pounds' worth of gold in the "shammies" he could afford to.

"Drink this on me," he invited with a glance that swept the entire bar. He jerked a "shammy" out of his shirt pocket, and poured yellow dust into the scales on the bar. "Take that out in your best rotgut, Donovan."

All lined up to drink, except the three at the card-table and the man whose sweat-stained horse was an object of interest at that moment to Mallee Jack's two guards outside the door.

"Come on, you fellers," the bushranger chief ordered. "Why the shyness?"

Wallaby Joe and Larry Stevens looked round from their cards.

"We're right in the middle of a corker poker hand," Wallaby Joe explained.

"Drop it, and drink," Mallee Jack said quietly. The two rose. Larry was grinning uneasily.

"Wouldn't offend you, Mallee."

"No," Mallee Jack said. But plainly he was offended. "There's still two standin' out—your cobber there at the table, and that feller at the door. Who's he, anyway? That his sweated horse outside?"

"Yes, mine," the rider himself answered. "That hard-ridden horse might signify something, Mallee."

From his seat at the card-table, Jim Rayne watched the two in the silence that suddenly had returned to the bar.

"It does too," Mallee Jack agreed. "We seen tracks from the Three Dingoes Plain. But I reckon what happened there was bound to get around quick, anyway, and it ain't makin' much difference to our welcome here—is it, Donovan?"

Donovan shook his head. "You've always treated us all right here, Mallee. We mind our own business, so long as you leave us alone to mind it."

"Which is good business at that," Mallee Jack chuckled. "We're takin' in a good store of ammunition and camp gear—that's why we pulled in instead of passin' by. But I never counted on findin' anybody that was slow to drink with me. Why don't you two step up?"

His glance turned to them again—lingered, frowning, on Jim Rayne.

"I got all the drink I want on the table here," the boy said. "And I'm waitin' for you to let Larry and Wallaby there loose so we can get on with the game." He saw Wallaby Joe turn to Mallee Jack and say something with a laugh. Then Mallee Jack sauntered across to the table.

He stood looking down at Rayne with a dry smile.

"I'm sort of interested in anybody that'd rather sit in a card game than line up to the bar with me. What's ailin' you, son?"

"Ask Goldfield Sal," Jim Rayne grinned. "She's been tellin' me a long time."

The reply seemed to soothe the Mallee Jack's ill-humour. "You diagnosed his complaint, Sal?"

Goldfield Sal laughed. "Likker and gamblin' fever, Mallee. Quit teasin' him and leave him alone. He's headin' for a smash fast enough as it is."

"If you reckon you can lead him that way faster than me," Mallee said, "I'll leave him to you, Sal. When you've finished with him, pass him over and I'll see if there's the makings of a bushranger. He's already wearin' armaments, and that's a good sign. We want all we can get on our side. The time's comin' when we're going to run this country."

"You're runnin' pretty big slices of it now, aren't you?" Jim Rayne said. Mallee Jack seemed to miss the slight irony in his tone. He might have imagined boyish admiration.

"There's some savvy in that block of yours along with the whisky fumes. Maybe one day you'll see where there's good chances for a youngster with guts and nerve."

"You mean you'd let me ride with you now?" Jim Rayne asked curiously.

Mallee Jack laughed. "You'd have to prove yourself, son. We don't take 'em till they've ridden out where we can trust 'em. They've got to be blooded and desperate."

"I reckon Jim's going to be if you wait around long enough," Sal said derisively. "A Sydney skirt gave him his passport to hell—and the poor fool's using it!"

Mallee Jack laughed again. "A busted heart, eh? Well, I reckon you can mend it, Sal. The old girl's lookin' better than ever, and I'm sort of jealous." He slipped his arm around her and led her back to the bar, whispering in her ear. "Boys," he chuckled at his henchmen, "Sal's comin' with us—I just got her promise."

"No," Goldfield Sal laughed. "I don't ride much these days, Mallee, and I reckon you're going a long way."

She tried to draw free from him, but he held her by the arm, twisting it callously till her face was a grimace of pain.

"You say you won't come?"

"I say I won't."

Mallee Jack pushed her away from him. "You must think I'm mighty hard driven to want you—anybody's camp slut! Come on, boys—drink up! I've got some business to fix with Donovan, and we're off."

A few minutes later Mallee Jack and his men were in the saddle.

"And remember," Mallee Jack said in partin, "if anybody snakes out of this camp and raises any riders on my heels, they better say their prayers on the way. Where I ride, there's Death ridin' too, see?"

Men breathed easily again in Donovan's bar. But Jim Rayne forgot his gambling fever long enough to move to the bar and address Goldfield Sal.

"Did that swine hurt you, Sal?"

"Both ways," Sal admitted. "I reckon I'm what he said I am—and that hurt plenty. As for my hurt arm—well, that ain't hurtin' any more already."

"It's queer," Jim Rayne mused, "you sayin' that with me wearin' this gun and likkered up and playin' with card sharps, I was headed for bloodshed in this bar. Well, for a minute it seemed like it too. But the booze didn't let me shoot Mallee Jack. Maybe I'm soberin' up."

"You look it," Sal told him as she looked at his serious young (*Continued on page 122*)

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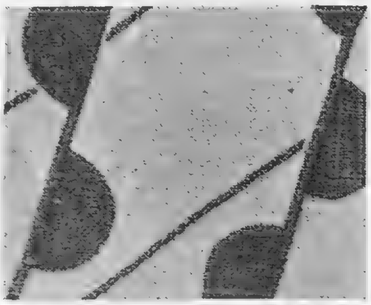

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face. "You might get some sense yet and pull out of that game."

"I'm out of it—long enough to get puzzlin' about things. Does Mallee Jack turn up like that often?"

"We've seen quite a lot of him different times," Sal admitted.

"And the swaggerin' coot always is let lord it over the bar like that? Nobody did anything when he laid his dirty paw on you. Not even Donovan."

"The boss has got to look after his business."

"The rest had nothin' to look after except their hides. They always eat dirt when Mallee Jack's around?"

"I suppose it's safer eatin' than bullets."

"Well, that's somethin' Mallee Jack's gang would taste, too. There looked to me only one game man in the bar—that feller who rode in on that sweated horse, and 's just gone out. Who is he?"

"Bill Kennedy."

"I reckon in another minute he'd have had to shoot Mallee Jack or drink with him."

"And you?" Sal asked. "You'd have drunk without—shootin'?"

Jim Rayne flushed. "You spoke of a chance, Sal, to get set up right in this district. I didn't take it. You're right, and I'm the fool—headed for hell. Chances don't come plentiful. Maybe that was the last. You needn't rub it in."

Sal looked at him steadily for a moment. "Jimmy, that may be the last chance—but it's still open. Mallee Jack's got a lot of friends in this camp, but there's some that would like to settle with him. All they need is somebody to get them together—somebody that's not afraid of his hide and that can lead them. Maybe that somebody is you." She looked hard into his face again—a face tight-lipped, with eyes that had become clear and grave; the face of the man the drinking, gambling, indolent Jim Rayne could become if his wayward being had something to stiffen it—self-respect, decent friends, pride. Suddenly her voice became fiercely earnest as she gripped his arm.

"Jimmy, you can do it. Listen: Mallee Jack can't travel faster than pack-horses will let him, and those that follow him on that long pad must take pack-horses too. Yet a fair distance of it could be travelled without—if you knew you didn't have to go far, you could travel light, swing out from the pad, and get ahead of him. You could gather up a mob of riders around the camp in ten minutes if you knew who to go to and had some plan that showed any good promise of smashing the gang. I can tell you the men you can pick. There's Bill Kennedy as the first of them. Are you on?"

Jim Rayne nodded. "I'll do it, Sal."

"Then listen——" She dropped her voice and spoke quickly for some time, Jim Rayne's eyes widening as he listened.

"All that'll take nerve," he said finally.

"You'll need it anyway, Jim," she told him. "You heard what Malleee Jack said—that where he rides, there rides Death too. It's true enough—he's the worst killer in the bush. A dingo's life rates as high as a human being's to him. It'll be fight to the death—none of that gang ever surrender while they're in the saddle. So you're going with your eyes open—and maybe I shouldn't expect you to go."

"I'm going anyway, Sal," Rayne said. "Because maybe you were right about what's likely to happen here at the card-tables—and it's a decenter risk than a gamblin' brawl."

IN the dark Jim Rayne rode north with three men, one of them Bill Kennedy. They rode without speech, and quickly, once the sound of their horses' hoofs was out of earshot of Donovan's bar. But they didn't keep to the pad Mallee Jack's gang had taken; Jim Rayne knew the bushranger chief would lay an ambush for anybody following. Also, Rayne wanted to get ahead of Mallee Jack, held down to pack-horse pace.

So where the country broke into knobby hills, he veered to the left, and after half an hour or so came out on a level plain. Here the riders had nothing to hamper them. Sparse mulga clumps and wattles and the pale trunks of gums drifted by incessantly in the night, phantoms on the route of phantom riders.

Stars shone in a clear sky, and the moon rose at midnight. The air was cool and fresh after the heat of day. There was only the smell of horses' sweat and dust to hint of the hell that would be with the sun of day. Now the horses could stand the pace. They were hard-ridden till nearly dawn.

Rayne pulled up then by a waterhole. "We'll rest here an hour or so. Ease your girths, but don't unsaddle."

The horses were rubbed down with dry grass and allowed to drink when they had cooled off. The late moon had passed behind a stray lone cloud, and the darkness that preceded dawn deepened perceptibly. Rayne and his men lay about to relax, but Bill Kennedy seemed tense and listening.

"There's somebody following," he said finally. "Hear him?"

Rayne sat up and listened. Distant hoofbeats faintly sounded in the silence of the plain.

"Goldfield Sal claimed Mallee Jack had plenty of friends back there. Maybe one of 'em sniffed us ridin' out, and reckons to keep track of us for Mallee. I'll go back and wait for him by that bunch of trees, and see what his game is."

Bill Kennedy accompanied him. They left their horses because the dark blur of trees was not far off, and the horses had not much of their spell left before the trail was taken again.

The hoofbeats had carried far in the silence, and it was some time before the rider drew near enough to be visible in the dark. He had slowed to a walk, but just as he came vaguely in sight he lifted his mount to a canter.

"The fool don't know we pulled up at that waterhole," Bill Kennedy said. "Must think we're still a long way ahead."

Jim Rayne nodded and continued to watch the rider. Suddenly, not far off, the horse stumbled.

"Foot in a rabbit-hole," Rayne said quickly. "Get him!"

But Bill Kennedy needed no prompting. He leapt from the shadow of the trees simultaneously with Rayne. The horse was up again, but the rider had crashed heavily, and lay still.

"Maybe he's playing 'possum," Rayne warned.

But when they reached the man he was unconscious. He wore a revolver; Rayne took it, and Bill Kennedy bound the man with a rope taken from the saddle.

"It's one of those fellers back at Donovan's I asked to join us and he wouldn't. That settles any doubt. He's one of Mallee Jack's 'bush telegraphs.'"

"Reckon so," Kennedy nodded. "We better leave him tied up."

"It's all we can do," Rayne agreed. "I reckon he's only stunned, and somebody'll let him loose before anything happens to him. Anyhow, we can't wait. There's dawn starting to break now."

They lifted the bound man under a tree, tossed the bridle and saddle beside him, and turned the horse out on the plain.

Returning to the camp, they headed on in the quickly increasing light of dawn.

Till an hour before noon they rode hard, and then drew up under a mulga ridge. Rayne had veered back on to the bushrangers' route to the border, and was now satisfied that he was ahead of the gang.

A cattle pad wound through the mallee scrub and led west. Rayne looked along the pad for a time, and then went on foot to the ridge. His frowning, anxious eyes at last picked up a cloud of dust. It thickened and thus showed that it was approaching.

Then for a time Jim Rayne withdrew his attention from this cloud of dust and scanned the plain to the (*Continued on page* 124)

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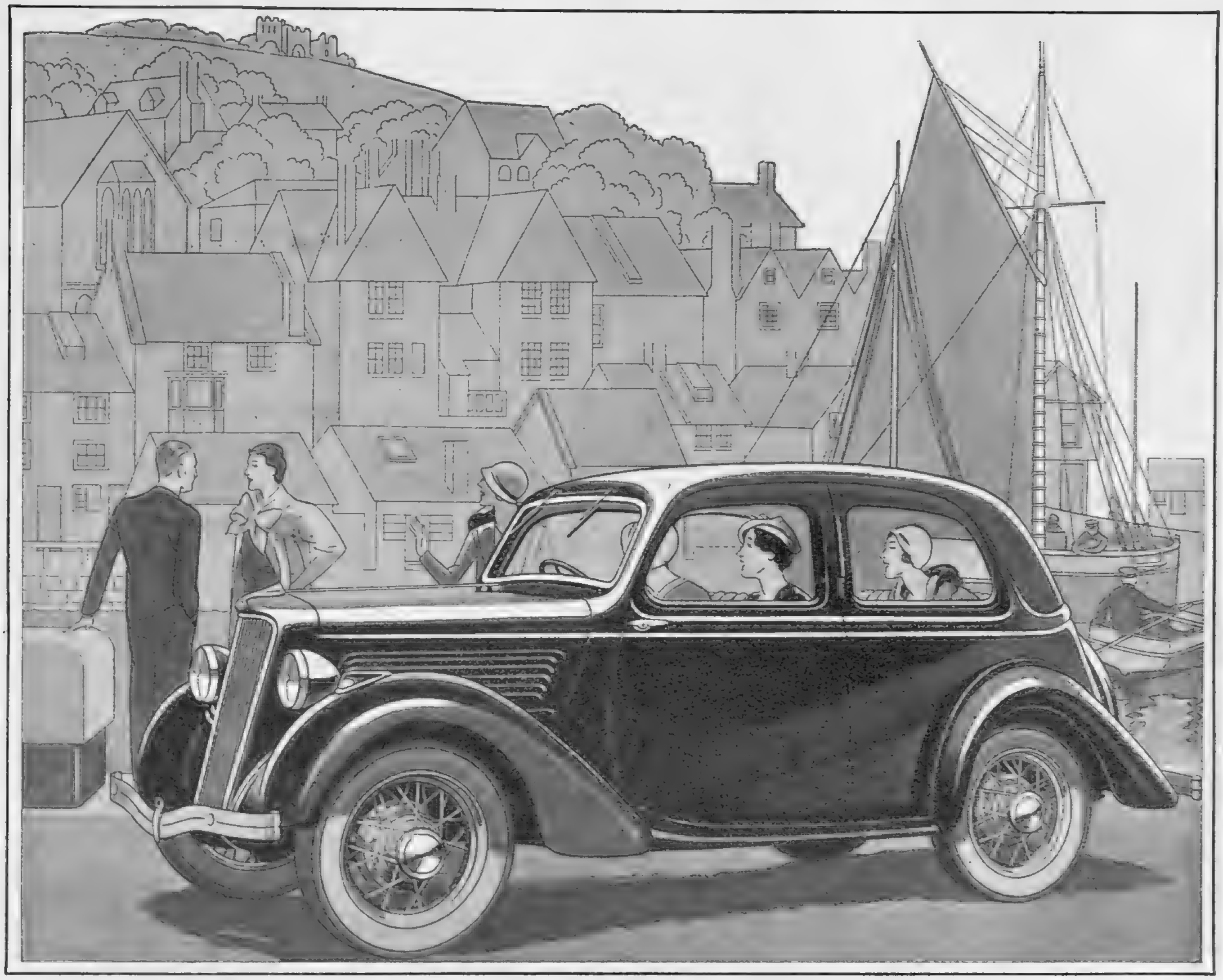

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south. Another cloud of dust, smaller than the other, presently came in sight there.

"Things are timed nice," he said, when he returned to his men. "That mob of horses is movin' in on the cattle pad. Get mounted. And don't forget the bandannas."

They swung into the saddle, masking their faces as they rode.

HALF an hour later two armed stock riders didn't have a chance when four masked horsemen broke cover and, with revolvers and rifles menacing, demanded the mob of horses they were driving. One of the stock riders, with his hand reaching for his gun, suddenly checked the action as he looked at the masked faces.

"Chances pretty poor," he surrendered. "You better take the mob."

"We'll take your firearms, too, in case you start shootin' after us. This mob of horses looks too good to risk bullets hittin'."

The two stock riders were disarmed, started back on the pad, and the mob of horses was driven on.

When they were well ahead the two disarmed men started hopelessly but grimly after them.

"Maybe there's one chance in a thousand," one of them said. "Them horses and our jobs go together, I reckon."

The horse mob was out of sight save for its dust ahead, and being unarmed the two riders had to keep well behind. Then, as a mulga ridge curved to the south of them, they drew rein suddenly.

"Gosh, but if them men are armed, there's the help we need," one exclaimed.

Riders were crossing the ridge from the south.

"Maybe that's the rest of the gang."

"Reckon not—look at the dust liftin' from that horse mob now. Them fellers wouldn't get that hurry up if the other bunch was any friends of theirs. Come on."

They turned off the cattle pad and headed for the ridge.

Six riders ready to shoot them out of the saddle, let them come on when they saw they were unarmed.

They told their story quickly and angrily—so quickly and angrily that they failed to notice the hardness in the eyes that watched them.

"And you say the men that got those horses were masked?" the man at the head of the cavalcade asked.

"Yeh; bushrangers. Some of Mallee Jack's gang, I reckon. Mallee Jack never lets a good horse go beggin' for a rider, and that mob was half stud and racehorse. There was Red King and Warrigal Imp and——"

"Red King, did you say? Hell, man, how'd you come to let a horse like that go?"

"Well, try pullin' guns against Mallee Jack's men when you're outnumbered two to one——"

"You poor mugs—I'm Mallee Jack, if it's any use to you. You've been done brown by a bunch of newchums at the game—maybe their first job. Now you better get. You were right about one thing—Mallee Jack never lets a good horse go begging. You won't see Red King or Warrigal Imp again, nor any of them horses that are near that class."

He had told them to go. They sat in their saddles, looking at him white-faced. When, then, they wheeled their horses and rode away, they knew truly they would never see Red King and Warrigal Imp again—Mallee Jack would never let them rouse stock riders, who were nearer than gold diggers and troopers. A hundred yards away they rolled out of their saddles and sprawled in the dust. Mallee Jack watched the riderless, frightened horses pass on, and turned his eyes to the mob on the plain.

Jim Rayne looked back and saw the riders following. With sun-narrowed and dust-stung eyes he watched their progress at intervals. They did not seem to be gaining; just holding their own. To make better pace they were not leading their pack-horses but were driving them in a loose mob in front.

"Reckon they can't make pace, though, till they drop them pack-horses out altogether," Bill Kennedy said.

"No, they'll do that soon," Rayne answered. "Their saddle horses aren't as fresh as the ones we can pick out of this mob, anyhow. We better do it now, while they're still held back with that mob of packs."

They let the horse mob slow down, checked and held it with two riders, while mounts were cut out. The tired, salt-streaked horses that had carried them on the hard ride from Donovan's were let go. With all saddles changed on to fresh backs, the mob was driven on.

During the halt, the bushrangers were able to come up a good deal. But the horse mob was faster to drive than Mallee Jack's pack-horses.

"We're drawin' ahead again," Rayne said.

Shortly after he saw that the bushranger chief had accepted the inevitable. He jettisoned his pack mob, and dropped one of his riders to look after them.

"That's split one out of the gang," Bill Kennedy said grimly. "Now play your hand, Jim. Maybe Mallee Jack's going to be mug enough to fall for it."

Jim Rayne increased the pace of the horse mob. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, they drew away. Then for a long time the distance between pursuers and pursued remained the same. But there was an alteration in the positions of the outlaw riders themselves. Their not-fresh mounts had begun to show their inequality of stamina; one began to drop back, leaving the other four well in the lead.

"Even money—four to four," Bill Kennedy said. "We've split the gang."

"We've split it—now we've got to go back and smash it," Jim Rayne nodded grimly. "When we hit that patch of broken country ahead, these horses we're driving will slow down and Mallee Jack 'll start to overhaul us. You, Calvert and Regan, spread out on the flanks more. Soon as we let the mob go, separate as wide as you can and ride back. There's four of those bushrangers still together. We've got to get them before the other two come up and join them. They'll hold off and do that if we try to use that scrub and rock ahead for cover."

Mallee Jack seemed to think that was their intention. He was near enough for rifle shots now, and he and the three abreast of him began shooting.

Jim Rayne heard the whirr of the bullets. Calvert's horse fell, and the boy cursed.

"That's one of us out already. We better swing back while there's three of us still in the saddle. Spread out and watch me."

A moment later when Rayne wheeled his mount the two others wheeled simultaneously. Wide apart, they spurred back, reins slack and rifles cracking.

One of the bushrangers pitched out of the saddle. Another. But out of the corner of his eye, Jim Rayne saw Regan go down. Away behind him the dismounted Calvert was using his rifle from the ground. Rayne and Kennedy were near enough now to use revolvers.

Rayne saw Mallee Jack rein in right ahead of him and take aim. With his own horse still in motion and jerking his arm, Rayne fired a split second before him. Mallee Jack slumped in his saddle and rolled sideways. The other bushranger dropped at the same time. Rayne and Kennedy went on with speed unlessened. The bushranger whose horse had lagged saw them coming, hesitated, and headed back to the pack mob. But the man who had been left in charge there had let the horses go and was riding on toward the shooting. The two outlaws, still separated by a fair distance, drew rein to fight it out; but when one fell, the other wheeled his mount and quit. Rayne and Kennedy pulled up.

"Reckon that's smashed the gang," Bill Kennedy said.

Rayne was bleeding from the arm; he bound the wound with a strip of his sleeve, and the two turned their mounts back.

As they approached the scene of the hottest part of the fight, *(Continued on page 126)*

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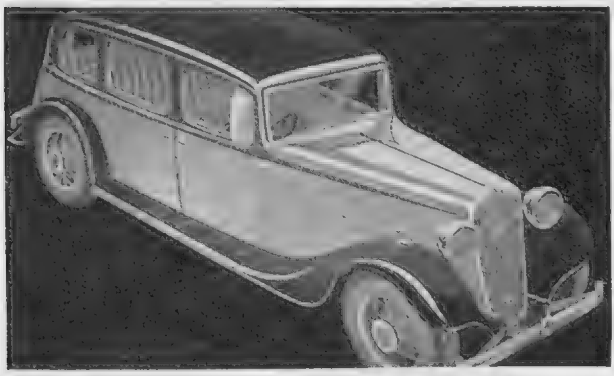

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they saw a man walking slowly toward them.

" Mallee Jack ! " Bill Kennedy exclaimed.

Jim Rayne looked at the outlaw chief curiously. Mallee Jack's slow walk turned now and then to a stumble.

" Dazed," Kennedy added. " He claimed he'd never be taken living. I reckon it looks like it now."

Rayne had already dismounted. He started toward Mallee Jack, who seemed not to see him, to be moving aimlessly and blindly. Rayne was at his side when the bushranger's face turned to him. It was twisted with rage and chagrin—but the eyes were not those of a man walking in a stupor.

" Where I ride, Death rides too," he sneered. " And I reckon there's been plenty—but it ain't finished ! "

His gun had whipped out, but Jim Rayne had been watching that hand. His revolver cracked, and Mallee Jack dropped and lay with a stain spreading on his shirt.

" That other bullet of mine just stunned him," Rayne said to Kennedy. " He nearly tricked me."

Calvert rode up on Regan's horse. " Regan's dead," he reported. " There's a couple of Mallee Jack's men that might live if we can get them in somewhere. I reckon the rest—— " He looked round on the plain, and shrugged.

In Donovan's bar Goldfield Sal heard a rattle of hoofs, and her face went pale. She started to go to the window and look out, but stopped halfway.

" You look—and see if Jim Rayne's with them," she said to Donovan.

" Yes," Donovan said, coming back. " The kid don't look hurt, except he's got his arm bound up."

The colour slowly came back to Goldfield Sal's face. She was herself when Jim Rayne and Bill Kennedy stepped into the bar and laid sacks of gold on the counter.

" Eight thousand quids' worth," Rayne said. " You better sit tight on it till the troopers turn up."

His eyes then turned to Goldfield Sal, and he moved towards her.

" It worked, Sal," he said. " It was smart of you to remember that bunch of thoroughbreds you'd heard was on the track, and to give us the tip we could use 'em to bait Mallee Jack into a chase that'd split up his gang. He fell for it—Mallee Jack, who was too smart to be taken in a surprise attack, and who was too strong for us to fight with all his gang at heel. It was the only chance, and it worked.

" Well, I reckon this camp won't eat dirt again because Mallee's swaggerin' into the bar. His friends around here will take a back seat. But there's one I'd like to talk to. We caught him out to spy up our tracks, and left him tied. We knew somebody'd let him loose, but I'd like—— " He stopped as he saw the look in Goldfield Sal's face.

" That man wasn't what you thought, Jim. *I* sent him out. I reckon you can forget about him."

" You sent him out—why ? "

" I—I got scared at the last minute about what I'd done, Jimmy. Mallee Jack's gang —It all looked too risky. I thought I was sending you to your death. I got that feller out after you to call you off. But, now—well, it turned out all right. I got you out of that sharps' card game, anyway—and maybe you've forgotten that skirt in Sydney."

" Yes," Jim Rayne said slowly, " but there's one right here that I'll be a hell of a long time in forgettin' . . ."

END

# For the Children—and Grown-ups too

CHILDREN nowadays seem to grow up so much more quickly than did the young masters and misses of the Victorian era.

This is due, no doubt, to the fact that the modern child enjoys the companionship of its parents and other grown-ups so much more than did the little Victorians, who were strictly confined to the nursery except for one hour in the evening, when, suitably clad in starched muslin or velvet, they were brought down to the drawing-room, there to endure an hour's agony in the company of those dreaded strangers, Papa and Mamma.

Tanks, aeroplanes, cinematographs, electrically-driven trains and radios are the toys of the young modern.

There is, however, one thing which has always given immense pleasure in both nursery and schoolroom, and which I can say with conviction always will, and that is plasticine.

Every normal child has the creative faculty which it loves to indulge. I must confess that this fondness for modelling is not confined to the nursery and schoolroom, for as I write now I have in front of me a most tempting box of Harbutt's Plasticine. In all modesty, I am bound to say that I am not an Epstein or a Frank Dobson, nevertheless, my fingers itch to break up the lovely coloured strips and make them into some of the delightful flower and animal designs shown in the booklet " Hints for Home Modellers."

Thank goodness I have a small nephew to provide a legitimate excuse for buying one of Harbutt's fascinating boxes. While he puts the finishing touches to the five-valve radio set which he is making for me, I can enjoy myself with the present I am so generously buying for him. I think I'd better do it after he has gone to bed, though, as I feel pretty certain that once he sees me at work he will forsake that unfinished radio in a desire to show me what really *can* be done with plasticine.

M. F.

*Title of this picture is " Little Buffer," meaning the chair, not its occupant. When lunch is over, the food tray detaches and there is baby, ready to go places in his wheeled chair. The whole packs flat into a suitcase for visits and holidays*

found!
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under-arm
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EASY TO CARRY
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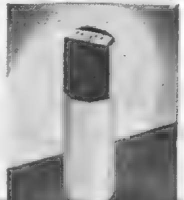
This new deodorant is the size and shape of a lipstick, applied as easily as a lipstick. A few touches to the armpits and you are protected against odour for the day.

Its name ? Perstik. And because it is the size and shape of a lipstick, it is easy to keep in your bag for use during the day or evening. If you have ever—even for a single moment—suspected the presence of under-arm odour when away from your bedroom you will appreciate having a Perstik with you in your bag at all times.



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Perstik
THE ORIGINAL "LIPSTICK" DEODORANT

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FLEXEES
twin control
THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST FOUNDATIONS

The first essential of beauty is a good figure. Every woman should regard it as her duty to care for her figure above all. Women who know put implicit faith in FLEXEES. Only FLEXEES can give that subtle perfection of line which is the making of modern beauty.

A FLEXEES foundation moulds the figure, and keeps it under perfect control without causing the wearer any discomfort. The back panel stretches up and down only; the side panels stretch across, and in some models both ways. This is "Twin Control." It gives both firmness and suppleness; it flattens the back while allowing free movement. A FLEXEES foundation gives with every movement of the body, thus preventing riding up.

FLEXEES foundations give a high, firm and rounded bust, smoothe the hips, and encourage the slender, flowing lines that are so desirable and so alluring. FLEXEES materials are woven by the manufacturers themselves, and none but the best are used. The flat French inverted seams, the improved flat hook and eye tape, the buckleless suspenders and the Fantom hose supporter grips have all been designed to serve the smooth, sleek silhouette beneath the form fitting dresses of today.

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Model No. 2432. As illustrated. Batiste with Lastex yarn, semi step-in, with attractive lace uplift bust line. Sizes, from 32 to 40 inches.

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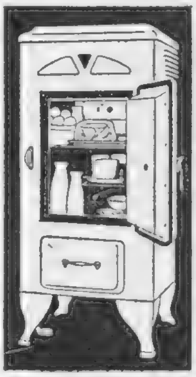
If you use electricity you can afford a "Prestcold" Refrigerator, all-electric, automatic, silent running and all-BRITISH. The initial cost, payable on easy hire purchase terms, includes a 12 months' guarantee. Service if required is available from any of the 350 Service Depots, staffed by fully trained, expert engineers.



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P.N.1b

## The Thousand Eyes of Fire

(*Continued from page 35*)

swing northward to the Cameroons. A million tongues wagged; the jungles breathed of the treasure; the white sands whispered of it in the nights.

There were liars who swore that they had seen the "Eyes of Fire." Hefty liars. Captain Strike had interviewed dozens of them during his years of search. He found that they were suffering from delusions.

Then, when the curtain of despair had fallen on his mind, Strike heard a story that seemed to stand upon the props of truth. He tested part of it with records, and it stood the strain. During the uprising of the Tuaregs against the French in 1917 a small raiding party of "The People of the Veil" had fallen upon five Frenchmen in the desert north of Bamako.

The five French made a stout resistance. They held off the desert raiders for three days, killing six of them, but on the fourth day they were overwhelmed and murdered. The Tuaregs acquired something so great that there were whisperings in the Palais d'Orsay three thousand miles to the north. The five Frenchmen had been on a secret mission. A very secret mission. They carried "something" which would have greatly fattened the French exchequer, sadly depleted by the Great War.

There were excited messages between Paris and the French Sudan. The French Camel Corps, the *Meharistes*, went into action. It pursued the raiders, came up with them and captured them after a brief engagement. But the "something" was not in the hands of the brigands. It had been disposed of during their flight, and all efforts to wring from the prisoners information concerning the hiding-place were fruitless. The "something" that had stirred Paris was lost in the Big Sands . . . . .

It was this story that had brought Captain Ben Strike along the Niger from Koulikoro. Strike had listened to faint whisperings. He felt that the three-year search was near the end. He was, to use a childish phrase, "hot." As he fought the mosquitoes he was filled with a strange belief. A belief that "The Thousand Eyes of Fire" were calling to him. Calling to him, the faithful searcher, who wished to do worship before them.

THE morning light showed the bank of the river, a bare fifty yards from the sand-bank, and close to the water was a small Tuareg encampment. There were three tents, half a dozen goats, and four hobbled camels.

Captain Strike cupped his hands and hailed the camp. An elderly female came from a tent, regarded him for a few moments, then retired.

Strike waited. A younger woman peeped from the tent, showed evident amusement at his discomfiture, then disappeared from view. The captain was annoyed. He shouted at the top of his lungs. He wondered why no men showed themselves. He guessed the males were away.

The old woman appeared again. She came slowly towards the bank. Strike addressed her in the Temajegh, which is the tongue of the Tuareg. He promised a gift if she could find a flat-bottomed punt that would get him ashore. When she looked undecided he doubled the price.

The crone returned to the camp and talked with two other women and a young girl. They were evidently nervous. The promised gift intrigued them, but the absence of their own men made them fearful of offering help to the man marooned on the sandbank.

Avarice won the day. The four came down to the bank and dragged from the rushes a flat-bottomed boat in the last stages of usefulness. The crone, possibly because her life was less precious than that of the others, was pushed into the affair, and with great difficulty she made the sandbank.

Captain Strike took charge on the return journey. The treasure hunter was a vigorous brute. He stood well over six feet, and he had a quality of litheness that caused one to think he was always on the point of making a quick pounce upon something or other that was invisible to the observer. Perhaps the long hunt for "The Thousand Eyes of Fire" had produced a sort of predatory expectancy in his manner.

Strike leapt to the shore, gallantly helped the crone to the muddy bank, paid the promised reward, and took a quick glance at the other two women and the young girl who were silently watching.

The keen hawk eyes of Strike passed over the two women. They slipped less swiftly over the face of the girl, then, with a suddenness that had the quality of a scream, they rested on the shapely right forearm. Stopped and feasted on what they saw.

A flame blazed in the brain of Captain Strike. A flame that coursed through his body. A flame that lifted him up and swung him into a world of dreams. His cunning warned him, begged him to tear his eyes away from what he saw, but he was powerless. Strike was staring at Proof! Proof of the million whispers! Proof of the gossip that had been tongue-polished over the years! On the forearm of the girl was a glaucous splash, a blaze of gorgeous green, a gem of unbelievable size that gobbled the white rays of the morning sun and vomited them in blinding viridescent flashes. Strike was looking at one of "The Thousand Eyes" that had become famous. That had lifted itself above its companions. "*L'Oeil Vert.*"

Later, hours later, he tried to reconstruct his landing. Tried to recall what he had done, what he had said after he had caught a glimpse of the great emerald. He couldn't remember. He wondered if the women had seen the flame of covetousness that must surely have appeared on his lean, sun-tanned face. Were they suspicious, afraid of his presence, hopeful that he would go away and leave them in peace?

He had bought from the crone a mess of ground millet and water and a few handfuls of kous-kous. He sat in the sunshine some twenty yards from the tents and ate. He had a dim idea that he had been stricken with some queer kind of malaria, but on making a close survey of the feverish symptoms he came to the conclusion that he was drunk. Drunk with joy.

He took the pottery vessel that contained the kous-kous back to the tents. He handed it to the girl. "*L'Oeil Vert*" was missing from her forearm. They had evidently noticed the hunger of his eyes.

Captain Strike held the girl in conversation. She was a comely person of nineteen years, bashful, but at the same time pleased at the evident interest shown by the white man. The crone and the two other women came forward to break the conversational grip. Strike was not a person to be pushed away from his prey. In her own tongue he told the girl that she was beautiful. The Temajegh language permitted him to say this in a flowery and ornate manner. He said that she was like a glimpse of an oasis in the desert, akin to a spring of clear water in the Grand Erg. The three women frowned, the girl blushed.

The crone showed her curiosity as to his movements. Strike lied. He said a friend was coming down the river from Koulikoro, he would wait there till the friend arrived. In turn he questioned the crone. Where were the men of the camp? She answered him snappishly. They had gone into the desert. For how long? She didn't know.

Strike went back to his position on the bank. Well, he had planted something in the mind of the girl. The business would be slow, perhaps, but he had been three years on the hunt. If the men returned he would be chased away; he prayed that they would remain absent.

He hailed a small trading boat going up the river. He made a pretence of sending a message to Koulikoro. He bought some provisions from the Arab boat-owner, bargained for the loan (*Continued on page* 130)

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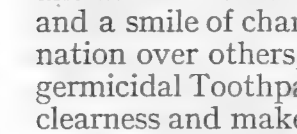

Those days each month when you feel so ill and low-spirited that nothing seems to matter — yet you can easily avoid them by taking 'ANADIN' Tablets in good time. These Tablets, which contain no narcotics and no depressants, are the latest scientific remedy for women's pains, for headache, neuralgia and rheumatic pains. They achieve a new record in quick relief. They are *absolutely safe* and their efficacy will delight you.

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KEEP WOMEN ON THAT HIGHER PLANE

of a small tarpaulin that he deftly turned into a tent, and purchased a string of brilliant beads for the girl. He sent the trader to the camp with the gift. The girl was his prey. He had to find a way into her good graces. He thought she had shown pleasure at his flattery.

LATE in the afternoon the girl came out to milk the goats. Captain Strike was alert. He strolled over to keep her company. Timidly, she thanked him for the gift. Again in the flowery Temajegh he told her that the beads were a poor thing in comparison to the neck that he bought them to adorn. She simpered. On her knees beside the goat she looked up at him with admiring eyes. Lots of women had found Captain Strike attractive. He had the air of a man who might be chosen to carry the golden sword of Dame Adventure.

The crone came forward hurriedly. She was evidently a little suspicious of Strike. She showed annoyance. Strike begged her to sell him some goat's milk. While she rushed back to the tent for a vessel he took a chance. Would the girl come out of her tent when the other women retired? With assumed passion he begged her to. He had something to say to her. Something important. He had never seen anyone as beautiful. Never, never. He knew that the attempt was rash and inartistic, but he could not afford to lose time.

The girl didn't answer. The crone came back with a vessel for the milk. Strike paid for it and walked back to his makeshift tent. He built a fire as the night came down.

After eating he sat and stared at the tents. He fixed his thoughts on the girl. He would drag her out into the night by sheer longing. He made of his desire an invisible lasso that he sent seeking her. She would feel that he was willing her to come.

It was silent there by the river. Silent except for the buzz of countless millions of mosquitoes that Strike kept at bay by sitting within the smoke of the fire. The tents were in darkness. Occasionally a camel grunted.

HER coming was so silent that Strike, intent on bringing her, was startled when she appeared before him. For an instant he wondered if his longing had made a fool of him, then, with a cry of delight, he reached out and touched her gown. The gods were working for Captain Strike.

Fearfully timorous was the girl. Afraid that her absence might be noticed by the three women. Afraid of Strike, yet thrilled and fascinated by his manner, by his interest in her.

No amateur with the fair sex was Captain Ben Strike. He had devoted a lot of time to the study of women, and now by the side of the dark sluggish Niger he blessed the effort he had made to understand the feminine mind. The girl who had crept out to speak to him was a human key to the treasure that he sought. He felt certain that she was. Some wild thought had sprung up within his mind telling him that he would reach "The Thousand Eyes of Fire" through her. A queer compelling thought that adjured him to be careful in his handling of her, to soothe her fears, to use the greatest care in seeking information.

It was the reverse of the sheik and the romantic white girl. Here was the white man and the child of the desert. Captain Strike, quite as romantic and quite as skilled in love-making as any desert rover, the girl as beautiful as an Occidental maiden and just as willing to be courted.

Captain Ben Strike worked with immense cunning. There was such a lot to tell her. Matters fabulous. Of glittering cities. Of seas and ships. Of palaces of marble that ran up to the stars, of food and wine and fair women.

"But none as beautiful as you," he whispered. "Not one."

The night rolled on. Strike whispering,

weaving cunning bits of flattery, choking the mad desire to question her regarding the green flame that had flashed from her fore-arm as he stepped from the boat. He had great difficulty in keeping his curiosity in check, but he was afraid of startling her. He must convince her that it was she and not the treasure that interested him.

He spoke of New York, of London, of Paris. He painted pictures. He flung up on the black wall of night visions that her eyes saw. Never had his words been so coloured, so seductive. They had a hypnotic effect upon the girl. . . . Captain Strike took her hands in his, he stroked her face, he kissed her. It was a place of dark magic. When she crept back to the tents Strike told himself that he was content with the approach he had made.

THE crone made definite objections to Strike's presence on the morning following. She asked him to move on. She was angry and uttered threats. She informed him that the men of the camp would arrive on the following day, and if Strike was still there it might be unhealthy for him. Captain Strike grinned. He had a belief he would not be there when the Tuaregs returned from their thieving expedition. That growing, strange feeling that he was close to "The Thousand Eyes of Fire" clutched him that morning.

Four times during the day Captain Strike spoke to the girl and stirred the temper of the three women by doing so. This was part of his plan. The three women openly abused the girl, and the girl became rebellious. It was the situation that Strike desired. He encouraged the girl by words and gestures. Her revolt would make his work easier when the night fell.

He wondered if the girl knew of "The Thousand Eyes." Perhaps the enormous emerald that he had glimpsed was the only part of the treasure that she had seen. Then why the feeling that possessed him, the feeling that he had come to the end of the hunt? No, she knew!

She came to him in a rage, a rage against the three women. She was indignant. Why should they control her? She would leave the camp if they continued their attacks on her liberty.

Cunningly, cleverly, Captain Strike supported her. She was talkative. She threatened the three. She, the girl, knew things. Lots of things. Strike pounced upon every word she uttered. Cautiously he put forward feelers. Why should the three be afraid of the girl? Breathless he waited her answer. He was holding her in his arms now. Holding her tight.

She became emotional. She sobbed; he kissed her tears away; he soothed her. Of course, if she knew things they, the women, were foolish to fight with her. But were the things she knew important enough? Were they?

He strained his ears. She was whispering to him. Was he mad? No, no, he was sane. Quite sane. She had used the Temajegh word for treasure. *For treasure!*

"What treasure?" he gasped.

"The great treasure," she whispered. "The Eyes that Spurt Fire."

Captain Strike, blood pounding through his head, held the girl close to his breast. He kept a grip on his tongue, he throttled five-score questions that craved utterance. He wondered whether the wild pounding of his heart would startle her. He stroked her black hair; he kissed her with finely assumed affection. Now was the great moment to exercise skill. To use the spur of silence while exhibiting affection. Cleverly he showed by a half-uttered word and a laugh that he doubted her assertion. It was no business of his, but wasn't she—wasn't she romancing?

He doubted her? She pushed her palms against his breast and sat erect. Didn't he believe that she knew the hiding-place of "The Eyes"? She did! She did! She could prove it! She thought if he loved her—if he loved her, that she—— She broke off, sobbing.

(*Continued on page* 132)

...AND YET ONLY A MONTH AGO MY SKIN LOOKED SO PIMPLY AND BLOTCHY I WAS ASHAMED!

Clear Healthy Skin is not a question of Luck

Don't envy the girl whose clear skin and complexion make her so attractive. You too can have a beautiful clear, smooth skin and radiant complexion, no matter how 'muddy,' blemished, coarse or rough your skin may be.

*Try this method for two weeks.*

(1) Cleanse the skin twice a day with Cuticura Soap.

(2) Use Cuticura Ointment in conjunction with the soap.

This simple, economical treatment has proved its value to millions of women all over the world. The luxuriant mildly antiseptic lather of Cuticura Soap cleanses the skin to the very depths of the pores, washes away deeply embedded dust and grime, clears and softens the skin.

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and I let my firm down badly

THERE'S £25,000 DEPENDING ON THIS DEAL, YOU KNOW, ROBERTSON YOU'VE GOT THE BRAINS TO HANDLE IT. GOOD LUCK!
THANKS. I'LL DO MY BEST, SIR
IN THE PARIS PLANE
THINKING
WONDER IF I'LL BE ABLE TO PULL OFF THIS DEAL NO LIFE OR DRIVE IN ME THESE DAYS. THEY'RE DEPENDING ON ME...
HOME AGAIN
I MADE A COMPLETE HASH OF THINGS, DARLING... I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S COME OVER ME LATELY-I CAN'T SHAKE OFF THIS AWFUL FLATNESS AND TIREDNESS
DON'T YOU THINK YOU OUGHT TO SEE A DOCTOR, PAUL? YOU CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS
AT THE DOCTOR'S
...YOU SEE, ALL NIGHT LONG, EVEN WHILE YOU'RE ASLEEP, YOU USE UP ENERGY - BREATHING ALONE TAKES 20,000 MUSCULAR EFFORTS IF THIS ENERGY IS NOT REPLACED AS IT IS USED YOU CAN'T HELP WAKING UP TIRED. THAT'S YOUR TROUBLE - 'NIGHT-STARVATION'
A MONTH LATER
PAUL'S IN COPENHAGEN ... YES THANKS, HE'S ALMOST HIS OLD SELF AGAIN NOW... HE'S TAKING HORLICK'S EVERY NIGHT — DOCTOR'S ORDERS .. IT'S DONE WONDERS FOR HIM ...YES, WHY DON'T YOU? IT'LL DO YOU GOOD...
THREE MONTHS LATER
COME ON, DARLING, LET'S CELEBRATE! I'VE LANDED A BIG CONTRACT ON THAT COPENHAGEN DEAL - THE CHIEF'S AS PLEASED AS PUNCH
OH, PAUL. THAT'S MARVELLOUS! AND JUST TO THINK HOW STALE YOU WERE FOUR MONTHS AGO

IS THIS HOW YOU FEEL?

Do you wake up tired every morning like Paul, and have to drag yourself through your day's work? Then you, too, are suffering from " Night-Starvation." Doctors explain that even while you sleep you are using up energy. Unless this energy is replaced as it is burned up, you wake up fagged and worn-out — " Night-Starved."

Horlick's taken regularly last thing every night replaces energy as it is used — prevents " Night-Starvation." You wake up every morning feeling fit and full of energy. Horlick's has a fascinating flavour. It is economical, too — the milk is in it, just add water. Prices from 2/-. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

THIS MEANS YOU SLEEP SOUNDLY, WAKE REFRESHED, AND HAVE EXTRA ENERGY ALL DAY.

Strike, mad with cupidity, kissed her and murmured words into her ears. He loved her more than his life, he asserted. He adored her; he couldn't live without her. If he could take her away? Away to the coast—to Dakar or Conakry, where they could find a big ship going northward to the great cities of light that he had spoken of. *If?*

She blazed again. They could! They could! " The Eyes that Spurt Fire " would provide the means! She knew where they were hidden. She had seen the spot. Her father, killed in a raid in the Hoggar, had shown it to her. Told her that part of it belonged to her. The greater part.

" Where is it? " whispered Strike. " *Where?* " His lips and throat were ash-dry as he put the question.

The girl waved her hand in the direction of the dark desert running northward. " Eleven hours' camel riding," she answered. " It is hidden in the Wells of Kel-Efudar."

Captain Strike, curiosity for the moment appeased, became the ardent wooer. He brought up the heavy artillery of love-making. He attacked vigorously. If her words were true? They were? Then—then, before them was a shining road. A road to happiness that she had never dreamed of, to delights that were greater than Allah had promised to his faithful . . . .

It was some hours before the dawn when Captain Strike, moving with the caution of an Indian, took the hobbles from two of the camels, saddled them, hoisted the girl upon one, mounted the other and swung their heads towards the desert. Strike was beside himself. Once, to his great astonishment, he found that he was sobbing. It had been a hard search for " The Thousand Eyes of Fire." Now, in fancy, he saw them out in the wastes, signalling to him, their coloured eyes blinking in the terrifying African night.

Desert born, the girl took the route with assurance. She steered by the Great Bear, which in the Tuareg tongue is called " Talimt." The camels were riding beasts in good condition. They ate up the miles of sandy desert.

In the morning light the wastes stretched before them. A grey plateau of sand broken only by scattered patches of camel thorn and an occasional boulder. Strike looked at the girl. She smiled at him encouragingly. He was convinced that she knew the route. A fine fever of expectation clutched him. . . .

It was three in the afternoon when the girl raised her right arm and pointed ahead. A ridge of red rock rose out of the sand, and Captain Strike understood from the gesture of his companion that beside the ridge were the Wells of Kel-Efudar. His head throbbed mightily. He wondered if the girl was sane. Did she really know of the hiding-place?

They halted in the shadow of the rocks, Immediately before them was a huge fissure in the stony ground, and the lip of this great crevice had been scored by the ropes of nomads who had drawn water from the depths during the long centuries. Far down, away from the blistering Saharan sun, lay the water.

Strike looked into the enormous crack. Dark were the depths. Dark and terrifying. He turned on the girl.

"There is a way down!" she cried. " Come, I will show you."

He followed her through a low tunnel in the face of the rock. She dropped on her hands and knees, he followed her example. The gloom hid her. He heard only the swish of her garments somewhere ahead.

She halted and spoke. Strike took matches from his pocket and made a light. The girl had paused on the brink of a rough stairway that led down into the bowels of the earth. In a whisper she explained. This was a primitive stair to the water, and at a point half-way down the treasure was hidden. She slipped over the edge and dropped to the first step that was hardly visible . . . .

To Strike, who seldom knew fear, the descent into the abyss was a little startling. There was a greasy slime upon the rocky stairway, and the steps themselves were so far apart that he had to lower himself, baby fashion, from one to the other, face to the rock and back to the depths.

The girl was in the lead. Strike found it difficult to keep up with her. She possessed a dexterity that was more serviceable at the moment than his superior strength. Out of the darkness her voice came up to him, warning him of spots that were a little more dangerous than others.

He cursed softly as he followed her. He wished that he had taken off his boots before tackling the descent. The greasy stones played tricks with his boots. They slid from under him when he attempted to stand upright without having a hand-hold on the rocks. And those rocks that he clawed at held unseen dangers. Once his clutching fingers touched something that was colder and more slimy than the stones themselves. He smothered a yelp of fear. He knew that he had touched a yellow-crested viper, the deadliest thing in all Africa. For an instant he had a desire to forget the treasure and scamper up to the clean sands above him. For an instant only.

Below were "The Thousand Eyes of Fire"! "The Eyes" that he had sought through weary years. "The Eyes" for which he had faced torture and illness and death itself. He controlled the horror that had come over him at the touch of the snake and slipped down to the next ledge.

Out of the darkness came the voice of the girl. She told him that she had arrived at the shelf of rock of which she had spoken. His head, so he thought, became immense as he heard her words. Immense and feverish. He begged her to repeat herself. He paused in the descent and listened. Someone was laughing like a maniac. Astonished, he found that it was himself! He was laughing aloud! He had a fear of madness. Again he tried to control himself when she inquired as to the cause of his wild laughter. He damned her coolness. Natives, he told himself, were like that; they lacked the emotional force of whites.

A little reckless over the last few steps. The black depths were plucking at his shoulder-blades, but the "Eyes" were close. Their nearness fought the fear. In fancy he saw them below them, winking in the black murk of the place. Winking like a miniature Milky Way of coloured fire. He called out to her to wait. Breathlessly he dropped on to the ledge beside her. She steadied him with a strong arm.

He screamed the question. Quietly she explained. The treasure was thrust into the hole in the face of the wall. She had seen her uncle take the bag from the hole. A light was wanted now.

The captain used one of his precious matches. Ah, there was the hole! The girl stooped, pulled up the loose sleeve of her gown and thrust her shapely arm into the hole.

STRIKE heard the snap of the steel in the silence. Heard it as he stood at her side. The match burned his fingers, but he felt no pain. That snarl of springing steel had made him oblivious to pain. From his lips poured a string of curses. He knew! The devils! The dark-skinned devils! They wouldn't leave a treasure unguarded! With fiendish cunning they had built an iron handcuff into the opening and the thing had snapped on the arm of the girl! . . .

She was dreadfully calm at that moment. In a voice hardly more than a whisper she spoke. She told him how she had blundered. She remembered how her uncle had fixed something before he had put his arm into the hole. Something that had evidently put the handcuff out of action. She had forgotten. . . .

Captain Strike knelt beside her. He clutched her arm and pulled. It was useless. He hurled questions at her. She answered in the same quiet manner.

From the sensation she thought that a band of cold iron had closed around her forearm. No, she was not in pain. It had closed softly but (*Continued on page 134*)

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surely on her. There was no hope of pulling her arm away.

Strike was beside himself now. He unloosed a continuous stream of foul curses. He had no thought for the girl. None at all. The devils had tricked him. After all his efforts, all his toil and labour, the thing was beyond his reach.

He lit another match. He bent down and eyed the hole in which the arm of the girl was pushed up to the shoulder.

A sudden glimmer of hope came to him. The hole had been fashioned for the arm of a warrior, therefore there was space around the slight limb of the girl. Space enough for her other arm to go a-searching. Now that the trap had been sprung there was no further danger. The fools had overreached themselves. They had never thought that the slim arm of a girl would spring the invisible handcuff!

With horrible hurry he explained his thoughts. If she put her left arm into the hole she might touch the bag! There was room! There was no danger. He cursed her evident timidity. How could there be danger? In his excitement he caught her roughly by the shoulder and shook her. "Try!" he screamed. "Try!"

In silence she obeyed him. In the darkness his fingers felt her left arm slipping into the hole beside the imprisoned right. There was a momentary halt as the fingers came to the iron handcuff, then, to his great joy, the arm moved forward. The fingers were beyond the obstruction. They were within the cache. They were searching, groping.

Throatily he asked questions. Did she feel anything? She did! She did! What—what was it? She thought it was the bag.

He blabbered to her. Begged her to be careful and not push the thing out of her reach. He praised her. He slapped her on the shoulders. He used a mixture of endearing terms in several languages. Drunk with the thought that he was winning out against all the difficulties.

She had it. Coldly she whispered the words. The fold of the bag was in her fingers. He adjured her to be careful. Easy, easy!

The band of iron held up the passage of the jewel pouch. The thing was too bulky to pass the handcuff hidden in the hole. She paused a moment, exhausted by the efforts made by her fingers. In the silence the praiseful words of Strike flowed out continuously. Mad words.

She interrupted his fulsome flattery. It was impossible to get the leather pouch by the iron handcuff that gripped her right arm but—wait, wait till she explained. The mouth of the bag was towards her, it would be feasible to insert her fingers into it and bring the jewels handful by handful out of the hole!

Captain Strike kissed her again and again. He stroked her head, her cheeks, her neck.

She made a little sound that suggested victory. The left arm was withdrawing itself from the hole. Strike felt it slipping through his fingers. He was choking with expectation. The hand itself came through. The hand clenched, full. Something fell on the shelf.

Frantically he struck another match. He unloosed a cry of intense joy. Of joy that had the quality of pain. He was kissing the things that were in her hand! Kissing them, clutching them, hunting for those few that had slipped through her fingers on to the ledge of rock.

They were blazing eyes in the light of the match. Wicked eyes. They were alive, vicious, spiteful.

Strike was weeping. Weeping in the darkness. The girl was silent, listening, chained to the wall of rock by the cruel iron that gripped her arm.

The man swung upon her. He begged her to get the remainder of the treasure. He ordered her, bullied her, cursed her.

Another handful came from the cache. Another match was wasted to flash the prismatic lights from the stones. Strike shouted in triumph. He chanted a song of victory. All the days and nights that he had spent in pursuing this will-o'-the-wisp were forgotten now. He stuffed the gems into the pockets of his shorts.

Another handful and another. The girl was weary. She protested. Her position caused by the imprisoned arm made the work doubly hard. She refused to make further efforts in the matter of salvage.

Strike was angry. He seized her by the shoulders and shook her violently. Did she know how many days and nights he had spent in the pursuit of this treasure ? Did she ? Did she ? Following it from one place to another ! Seeking clues, checking all the whispered stories that were told of it. From the Zambesi to the Niger he had followed the trail. Thirsty, hungry, daring death. Now did she think he would listen to her moans of weariness ? No, no ! She had to get the rest of the gems from the leather pouch.

The work was finished at last. The handfuls became smaller and smaller. Three stones, two, one. The slim hand came out at last empty. There wasn't another gem left.

Strike, insane with the lust that was upon him, spoke to her. Brutally he told of his plans. " Your people will trail you here," he said. " They'll get here for sure to-morrow. They'll know how to work that handcuff. Let you loose quick, eh ? "

He waited. The girl did not speak.

Strike continued, his words sounding strange and hollow in the darkness. "I've got to clear out," he said. " They'd put a bullet in me for kidding you to show me the stuff. Risk my life if I stayed around."

He laughed loudly, as if the bare mention of any matter that put his life in jeopardy now that he was in possession of " The Thousand Eyes of Fire," was sheer insanity.

" So that's that," he said. " You just sit here and wait for the family to come along."

In the darkness he felt for the stairway. The girl sighed softly, then spoke.

" You are really going ? " she asked.

" Why, yes," answered Strike. " Silly to stop. Your bunch will be as mad as hornets. They'd drill me full of holes."

" Will you do something for me ? " murmured the girl. Her voice was soft and pleading. " Please ! The goatskin waterbag around my neck. Bring it so that I can get it to my lips."

Strike moved close to her. His fingers groped for the bag, found it, and pushed it towards her hidden left hand. The kindly darkness hid that strong sinewy brown hand that waited the approach of Captain Strike.

The dagger hit Strike immediately under the heart. He staggered, made an ineffectual attempt to grasp the rocky stairway, fell to his knees, rolled over the slippery ledge into the depths below.

The girl listened for the splash as his body hit the water. She was quite calm. It was true, as Strike had said, that her family would follow her. Now she had to make up a story that would convince them of her innocence. The brutal white man had dragged her to the Wells of Kel-Efudar. He had beaten her. She felt certain there were marks on her shoulders where Strike had gripped her. She would show those marks.

The Christian dog had made her scoop the treasure from the cache, but she had waited her moment. By trickery she had brought him to her side, had driven a dagger into his ribs and had sent him hurtling into the depths below the ledge.

Quietly she tested the story. It had no weak spots. She would be a heroine to her people. Her name and her exploit would be told around camp fires in the desert. She laughed softly. The iron band was not painful. She would have a little sleep before her family arrived. There was a young man who had ridden away with the men. He would surely be in the pursuing party, and it would please him to see her looking beautiful and refreshed as she told the story. It was nice and silent in the well. She marvelled at the noise made by the body of Strike as it hit the water far below. What a big brute he was ! How wonderful was a dagger, thrust swiftly in the darkness.

END

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## The Royal Circle

*(Continued from page 21)*

Dowager Lady Minto, used to be a keen skater. She also was a first-class angler. She possesses some of the most wonderful pearls in the world, which are enhanced by her beauty and distinguished grey hair. Fine needlework is a hobby she has in common with the Queen. She is also keen on crossword puzzles. Her home is Floors Castle, Kelso, where tremendous celebrations were held for the coming-of-age of her son, the present Duke. By the by, she is a sister-in-law of Jose Collins.

The other duchess is the Duchess of Northumberland. She also is a widow. Last year she took her son round the world to celebrate his majority. She is very good-looking, and sportingly became Master of the Percy Hounds at her husband's death. During the world tour she allowed herself to be draped with the traditional Lei at Waikiki, and in Hollywood visited Elissa Landi in the film studios. Her place in Surrey—Albury Park—was said to be the prettiest garden in England over a hundred years ago. It certainly has the most lovely yews and terraces. Her place up north is Alnwick; and she is a great believer in family life. One of her favourite phrases is, "Be always inspired by the fireside of life."

LADY EVA DUGDALE, the great-aunt of the present Lord Warwick, lives in Royal Lodge, Windsor Great Park. I am sorry to hear that she has been very ill. She knew the Queen even before her marriage. She is a small, cheerful person. I once met her at Warwick Castle, and well remember her by her vivacity. She speaks several languages and used to have a very fine voice. Lady Joan Verney is another close friend of the Queen. She, too, is very fond of embroidery. She has been a Woman of the Bedchamber to the Queen for fifteen years. Her father was the late Lord Desart, while her husband has been private secretary to the Queen since the war. She is a practical person, as was shown by her utilitarian gift of a medicine chest to Lady Cambridge when she got married. Lady Cynthia Colville is a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen, and a great friend. She was down at Compton Place, Eastbourne, when the King was spending February and March there this spring. Her brother-in-law, Sir Stanley Colville, was a shipmate of the King in *Britannia*, and I rather think was with him in the *Bacchante* when that vessel was missing for five days in the roaring 'forties. Incidentally, Sir Stanley Colville afterwards married the daughter of Lord Clanwilliam, the admiral responsible on that occasion for the safety of the Heir to the Throne, and whose hair, it is said, turned completely white during the five days. Lady Cynthia Colville is the daughter of Lord Crewe, that grand old pillar of Liberalism, who was once Viceroy of Ireland, and who was said to be "the wisest man I ever met" by Lady Oxford and Asquith. He has also been Ambassador to France, and gave the original manuscript of Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale" to the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. Many of you must know his home, Crewe House, in Curzon Street.

Other friends of the Queen are Lady Victoria Forester, Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, and Lady Hartington, who, like the Queen, is very fond of Waterford glass. Sister Agnes Keyser, who is a friend of the King and Queen, is, I believe, the only person, apart from the Royal Family, who has a key to the gardens of Buckingham Palace. She runs Sister Agnes's, which is the hospital for officers (and their families) on the active list.

ONE of the King's oldest friends is Sir Harry Stonor. Unfortunately, his eyesight is not what it was. You can often see him walking down St. James's with his hands behind his back, from the Turf Club to the Marlborough. In his day he was one of the six best shots in the world, the King himself being one of the other five. Only a year ago he landed a 15 lb. salmon—a remarkable feat considering his eyesight. Very often he wears the I Zingari tie, and he has even had the courage to wear a straw hat on his white curly hair at the Eton and Harrow match.

Mackintosh of Mackintosh, who is now eighty-six, but is almost as erect as ever, is a very old friend of the King. He is Lord Lieutenant of Inverness-shire, and the King often stays at Moy Hall, which has the best shoot in Scotland. At Moy Hall are two famous relics of the past. One is the blue bonnet of Bonny Prince Charlie; the other is the sword "Dauntless" which the Earl of Dundee used at the Battle of Killiecrankie. In 1909 the King was in a shooting party there which accounted for 1,882 brace of grouse in four days. Mackintosh of Mackintosh celebrated his golden wedding five years ago.

THE Duke and Duchess of Portland are also friends of the King and Queen. She was the beautiful Miss Dallas-York, and people still remember the romance of their first meeting. He was a Guards officer and she had some luggage at a wayside station. No porter was available. The Duke got out of the train and helped her with it. They are still one of the most devoted couples in Great Britain. He has always been a great shot, and in his *Reminiscences*, published not so long ago, said that he had killed no fewer than 90 Royals. He walks with his hands behind his back, and occasionally may be seen at the White City when there is greyhound racing.

Lord Mount Edgcumbe's place, Cotehele House, in Cornwall, and his—one might almost call it—castle at Plymouth, have both a long tradition of royal hospitality. The Kings and Queens of England have stayed there since the time of Charles I. Sir Clive Wigram, the King's private secretary, has a suite in the Norman Tower at Windsor Castle. His sons are both at Winchester, as was he himself, and one of them is likely to be playing racquets for the school next year. His association with the King dates back to 1905, when he was on his staff during his tour of India.

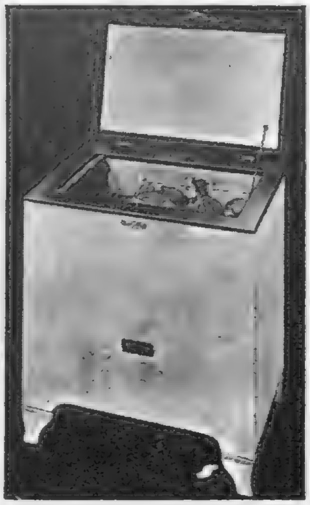
Sir Bryan Godfrey-Faussett is one of the King's racing friends, and stays with him for Newmarket. He met his wife at Henham when he was in attendance on the King when Prince of Wales. She was keen on billiards, like him, and that is how the romance started. To-day he is Ranger of Hyde Park, and lives in that admirable house near the Serpentine. Major Richard Molyneux, the uncle of Lord Sefton, is another friend of the King. I must also mention Lord and Lady Anglesey, with whom the Duke of Kent stayed two years ago when the gossip-mongers thought he was going to marry Princess Ingrid, who was of the same house party. He is the head of the large and distinguished Paget clan, and is a great-grandson of the dashing Marquis who led the cavalry charge at Waterloo.

THE King and Queen, with their four royal residences—Balmoral, where they go for the Scottish season; Sandringham for the partridge shooting and Christmas; Buckingham Palace; and Windsor, where they go for Ascot—naturally have different house parties for these different occasions. I believe, however, that far the most informal are those at Cowes when the King goes there for the Regatta. As a naval man with a very genuine love of the sea and yacht racing, his oldest friends are those who served in the Navy, like himself. There, much more than at Windsor, where even the housekeeper has a special barouche to take her to the racecourse four minutes after the Royal procession, he is able to forget completely the cares of State which must weigh so heavily on his shoulders during a reign of unparalleled difficulties. His valet? His name is Howlett; while his hairdresser comes from Trumper's, in Curzon Street.

END

"I ALWAYS **DREADED** THE SUMMER"

HOW I LOOK FORWARD TO SUMMER, DON'T YOU?
NO, I DONT – I DREAD HOUSE-KEEPING IN HOT WEATHER – ITS SUCH A PROBLEM TO KEEP FOOD FRESH — AND MY HUSBAND IS SO FUSSY
BUT MY DEAR, SURELY YOU HAVE GOT A KELVINATOR
A KELVINATOR? IN A LITTLE HOUSE LIKE MINE?



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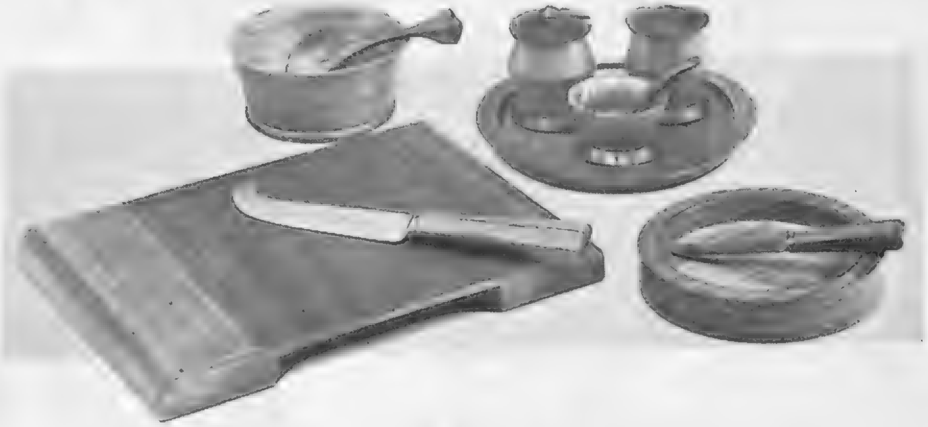
# What I Have Bought this Month



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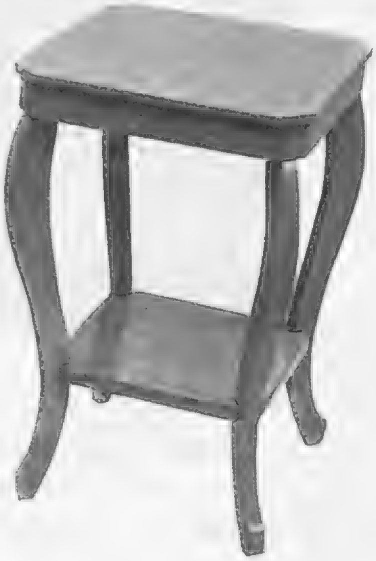

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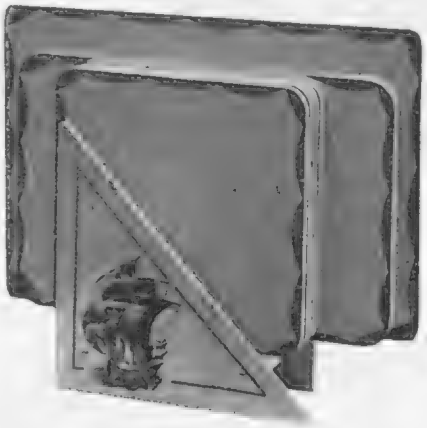
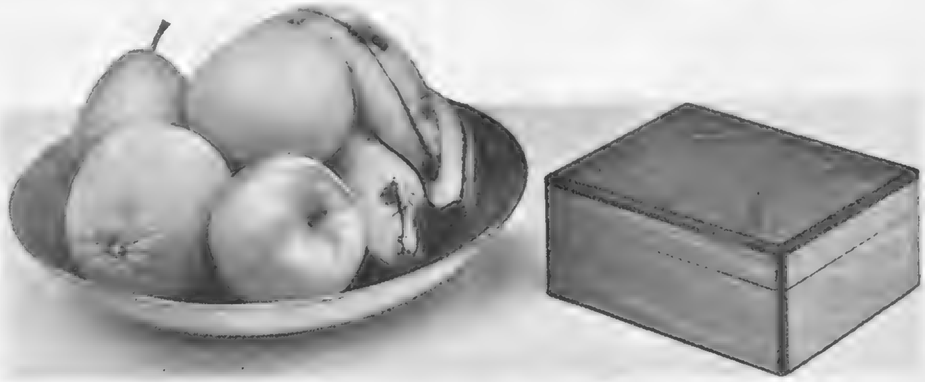
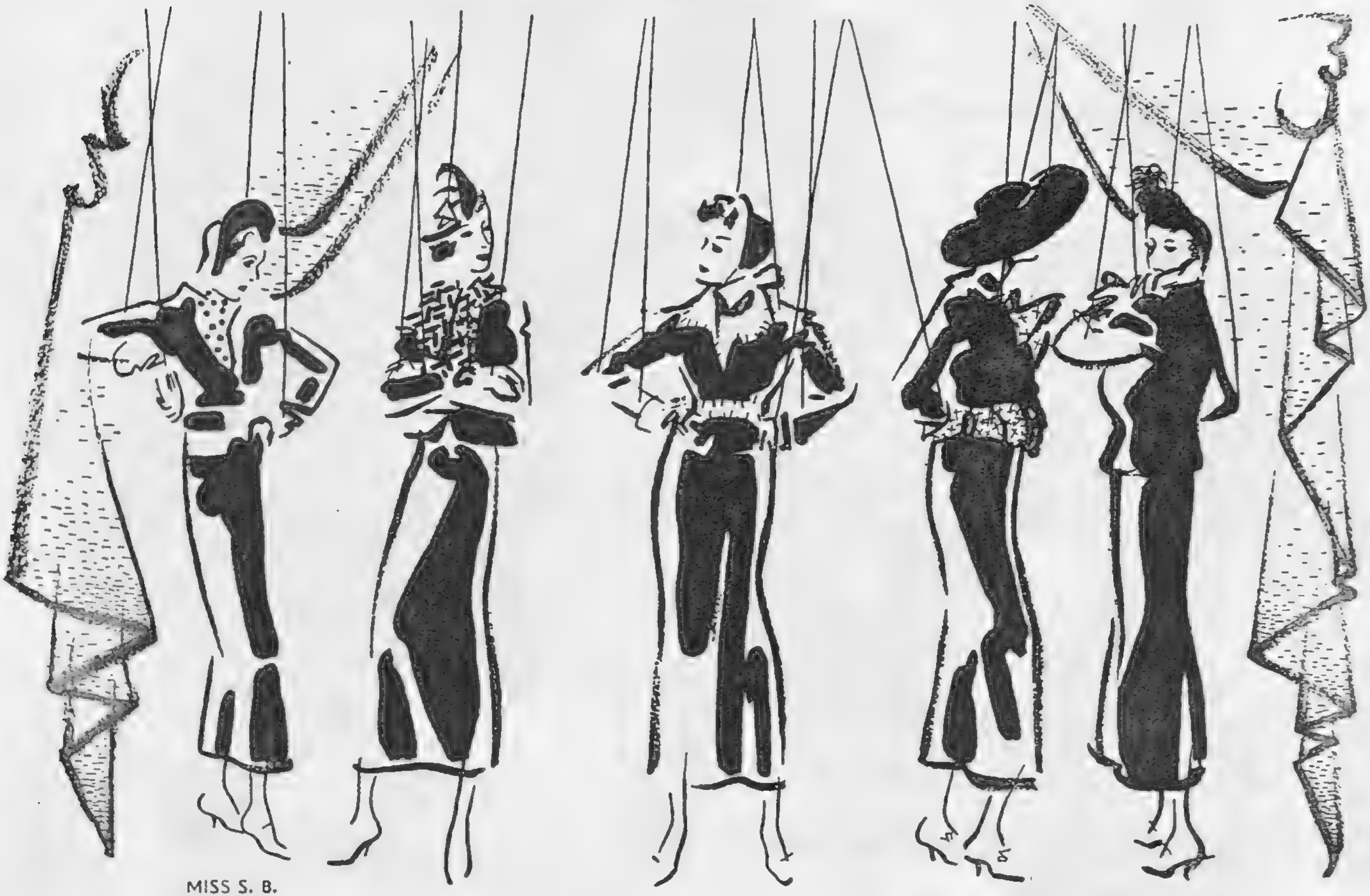


*Don't you love a bargain? Here is one you must not miss. A set of nine cork hand-decorated table mats in a fancy wooden stand, and only 2/11 (postage 4d.)*



*A walnut platter is just the thing for fruit and nuts, and a walnut cigarette box looks good and keeps your smokes fresh. Platter 6/11 (postage 6d.); cigarette box 7/6 (postage 6d.)*

# Five women say *"thank you"* to Berlei


MISS S. B.
MRS. A. V.
MRS. H.
MRS. A. B.
MRS. S. B. W.

*Miss S. B. speaks* . . . "I say 'thank you' because though I'm slim I was worried about my hips . . till Berlei showed me what to do about them."

*Mrs. A. V. speaks* . . . "I never had anything to complain of and I never shall . . thanks to Berlei, they never let your figure go."

*Mrs. H. speaks* . . . "No I'm not fat, my trouble was really spreading hip line . . I say 'thank you' because Berlei stopped the spread."

*Mrs. A. B. speaks* . . . "And I can never thank Berlei enough, because I was really ungainly and now I'm just . . 'a distinguished woman.'"

*Mrs. S. B. W. speaks* . . . "I was always misunderstood until Berlei took me in hand . . so top heavy. Now I'm 'feminine' and my slim hips are chic."

*Chorus: We're the five famous types . . and we're all so glad Berlei took us in hand—because the Spring dresses are just a little difficult.*

---

*moral*—You can't cope with fashion till your foundation garment's right. And you can't get that right till you understand your type. Miss Sway Back, Mrs. Average, Mrs. Hip, Mrs. Abdomen, and Mrs. Short Below Waist are five English types. Every woman is one o these five, and requires the corset that suits her type. And so you must consult the Berlei fitter before you buy your Spring outfit.

*Ask your favourite store for free book* **"Five Women in Search of a Corset,"** or write to Berlei (U.K.) Ltd. (Wholesale only), 208a, Regent St., London, W.1.

Berlei
TRUE-TO-TYPE
*figure foundations*

---

*John Tait & Partners.*

*Write more Letters*

*" Look into thy heart and write ! "* SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

There is nothing that gives one such a good conscience as writing a good letter. Yet how seldom we give ourselves the trouble. We telephone, we wire—we put ourselves to great expense—whilst, for a letter, our friends and the people we love wait in vain.
Your stationer will show you a particularly pleasing range of papers called Basildon. There are many varieties, by no means expensive.

*BASILDON*
*Stationery*

**Unwanted hair removed in one minute**

**3/6**
Bottle

Trial Size 1/-

*If unobtainable where you usually buy your toilet requisites send P.O. 1/- or 3/6 to DIXOR LTD., (Dept. B.E.) St. Leonard's Works, Mortlake, S.W.14.*

To remove unwanted hair from the under arms and legs a *liquid* preparation is essential. Eau Dixor is effective, simple and clean. It does not cause irritation and has very little odour.

For the face Dixorase should be used. A free sample is enclosed with the trial size Eau Dixor.

*Remember the name*

**EAU DIXOR**

# A Few Words *about* Stockings

by
Jean
Burnup

THERE is nothing like stocking talk for making women sisters under the skin. I have watched women, strangers to each other, reserved, with interests and social status as far apart as the Ritz and Corner House, getting together, getting matey, over a sudden ladder.

Our feeling about stockings has become part of our feminine make-up, a freemasonry among women as strong, as potent, as that well-known masculine we-men-must-stick-together attitude.

While there may be some women who feel definitely out of it if babies, servants, love affairs, or metaphysics are under discussion, there's practically not a woman alive who can't come into the circle if it's stockings they're talking about. Even if she is the sort of woman who, normally, has no use or time for what she calls feminine fripperies.

There's no woman who hasn't suffered " the first day on, caught it on a nail in a chair " .. . . Or triumphed. . . ." for months, my dear, and still as good as new ". . . . Or wanted to learn something new about stockings.

I bet women policemen are as passionately interested in the life span of their off-duty stockings as chorus girls, or you or I. And the satisfaction of seeing some woman you dislike, or are jealous of, walk ahead of you with an unsuspected ladder is something to be added to the long list headed " Feminine Psychology," another one of those things which make men pat us on the head and say for the millionth time that there's no understanding women.

You can go your ways quite happily in last year's clothes if you have to, so long as you know your stockings are right. And that means not a wrinkle to be seen at ankle, or felt at knee, and the colour suiting both shoe and costume.

Women who have once worn Aristoc stockings are happily free from doubts about this. They always feel, always look, stocking right.

Take the pair in this picture above, photographed against the light. Flawless, serene stockings, improving with every wash, going on and on like a nagging wife.

Observe the fine mistiness of the legs—that's the crêpe finish. See the dark reinforcements on the foot, the neat little dark patch back of the ankle, emphasising the fineness of the rest. Dimsheen is the name and Ponjola the shade, perfect for wear with all dark clothes. Six-and-eleven.

Number four hundred and twenty is a cobweb sheer, yet strong as a horse stocking, elegant, fit for the days when you want to look just a little better dressed than usual. They have embroidered clocks. Diana is a good shade to ask for, colour of dust.

Some interesting new Aristoc shades have been born this year: Muscatel, light beige with the slightest dash of pink—very good to wear with pastels, especially Margaret Rose pink. Kama, slightly darker, just right with all the new blues. Sunny and Glamour, something like ripe corn, perfect with navies and navy and white, black and white, brown and white shoes.

# How the *Stars* care for their *Eyes*

RENEE HOUSTON'S *large, lustrous eyes are famous—yet her work imposes a terrible strain on them. Constantly in the glare of the footlights, often in a smoke-laden atmosphere, how does she manage to keep those lovely eyes so clear and fresh?*

She says " It is really very simple. I soon realised that make-up, although important, cannot put life and sparkle into the eyes; only keeping them in perfect health will do that. It's amazing how many women who would never dream of neglecting their hair or their complexions leave the eyes to take care of themselves.

Personally, I find that bathing my eyes with OPTREX has a wonderful effect. It revives and refreshes them instantly. Since I discovered Optrex I have made a practice of using it every day as a part of my toilet routine. Now I'm always sure that my eyes are looking their very best—and it's surprising what a lot of confidence that knowledge gives you."

Renée Houston.

OPTREX *BRAND* EYE LOTION is sold by all chemists at 2/-
3/9 (*triple size*) and 8/- (*family size*).

*Whether you wear glasses or not, you should have your eyes examined regularly by a Qualified Practitioner*

For free booklet "The Care of the Eyes" write to Wilcox, Jozeau & Co. Ltd. (Dept. B.E.1), 15, Great St. Andrew Street, W.C.2

# Optrex

*keeps your eyes young*

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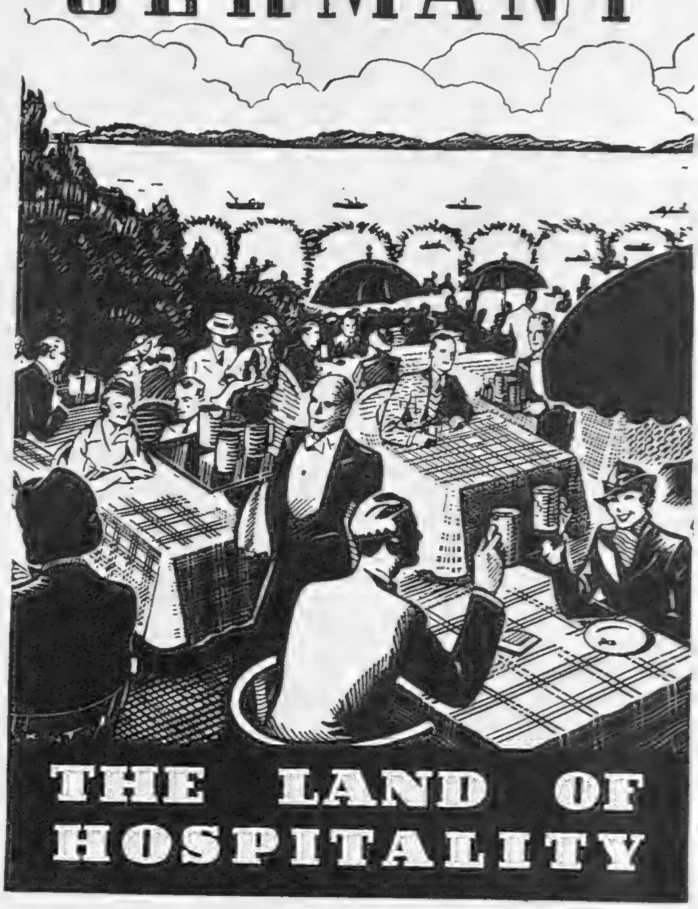
# Come to GERMANY



**In Germany you find the hand of hospitality extended to you at every turn. The folk you meet are glad to see you, anxious to show you their country's natural grandeur and enthralling beauties.**

**Germany presents everything you can desire to make your holiday enjoyable and your trip memorable. Come soon and stay long. You will find it an economical method of indulging in the luxury of new scenes and new sensations.**

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HAIR

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*Scalpecin—for dry or greasy heads.*

More and more women are rejoicing in new, soft, silky hair, thanks to the discovery of Scalpecin—

**THE NEW PREPARATION THAT BEAUTIFIES, BANISHES DANDRUFF AND PROMOTES GROWTH**

Perfected by a famous Continental hair expert, Scalpecin rids your head of dandruff and superfluous grease. It nourishes the cells; is non-staining; refreshing; pleasantly perfumed. And beneficial to your wave. Ask your hairdresser or send for attractive 6-oz. bottle (4/6 post free) to makers,

OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO. LTD., LONDON, W.1

Scalpecin

THE Complete HAIR TREATMENT

MATERNITY wear by Lilla

*Individuality* means everything. No "ready made" can give you that same feeling of satisfaction and confidence.

Lilla meets the large demand for exclusive, well-made maternity wear at a reasonable price.

No. 62. This popular model is now made in a larger range of materials suitable for all the year round. Ideal for Maternity wear. No adjustments. **HAND-SMOCKED** self or mixture of colours. **SILK Finish POPLIN,** £3 . 19 . 6

**RIPPLE MAROCAIN** (plain colours) or **LILLITA** (figured uncrushable) £4 . 14 . 6

**CREPE SUEDE** - 5½ gns.

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and pattern books showing 20 styles, 20 materials, 500 colours and designs sent upon request.

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London, S.W.1.
'Phone: Victoria 7751.

# Your Front Door . . . .

## *Reveals the Character of Your Home*

### By Mary Seaton

FRONT doors have kindly natures; they shut out so many troubles. Yet many are not well treated, and know only the attention of passing showers of rain.

Why should they not be given the same care as the cosy halls upon which they open? A newly painted door is a joy.

Farewell must be said when your door takes on a depressingly worn look. But be sure that the trouble is truly a structural one and is not to be cured by a little judicious repair work.

Many doors, for instance, have uninspiring glass panels. The best remedy for this is to have the panels removed and clear glass, or glass with a happy modern note, put in their place.

The next best thing is to hang a little curtain of orange net inside. This livens the quality of the light coming through the glass without dimming its strength.

Woods of exquisite grain and surface make modern doors beautiful.

Left in its natural state, unstained timber makes a perfect decoration, when cut to the required measurements. If it is to resist the weather in an exposed position, it should be treated with wood preservative. But be sure to use the special liquid which soaks right into the wood and is absolutely transparent. The graining must on no account be hidden or clogged up.

A wrought-iron front door is a luxury, perhaps, but those cooling breezes which stray in through its prettily contrived meshes are a delight on hot afternoons.

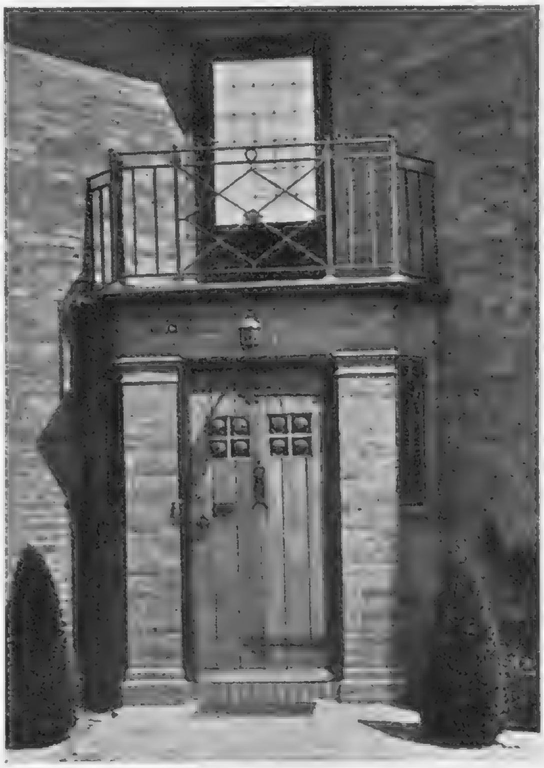
As soon as the sun retires and evening chills arrive, another door shuts in snugly behind its decorative companion. This second door can be of wood, bronze or glass.

Glass makes a particularly effective backing to the metalwork and costs as little as eightpence a square foot.

Delightful wrought-iron fitments can be bought, including door knockers and handles.

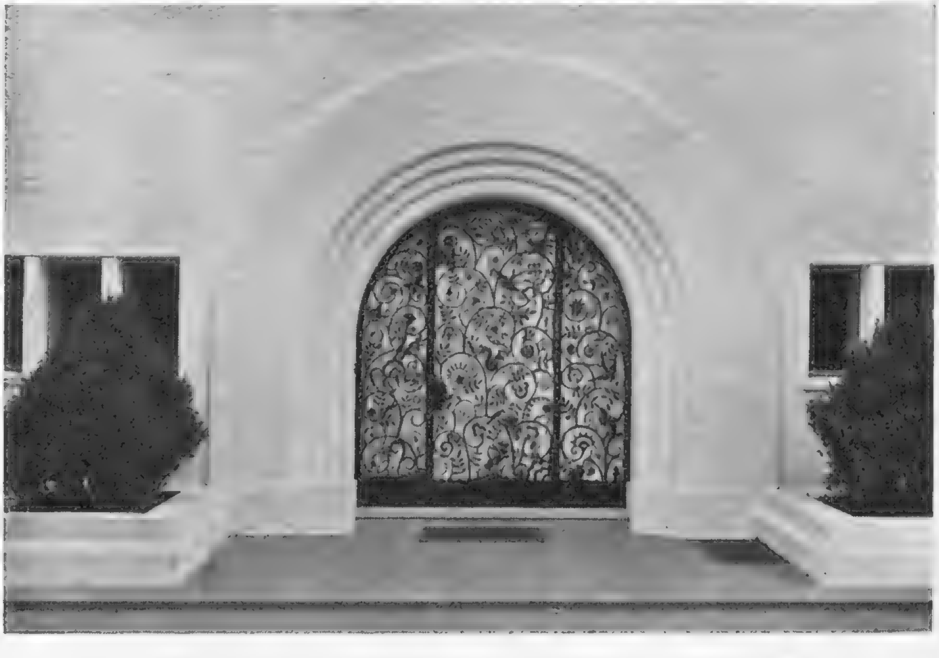
A hanging lantern is attractive and welcoming. I have seen some converted from old ships' lanterns, for use with electricity.

A special paint keeps that old enemy, rust, at bay. Or if rust has already set in, the paint can be applied unconcernedly over it.



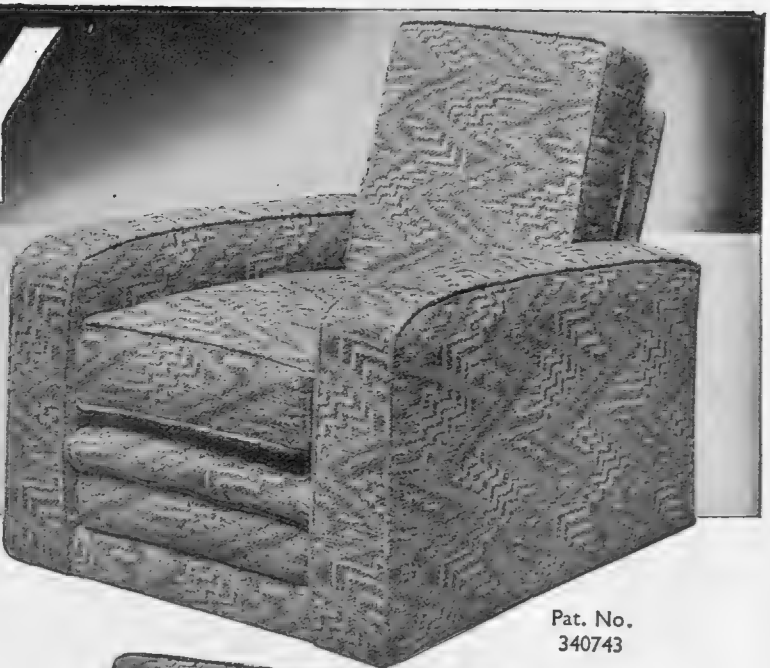
*AN oak door with decorative knocker, handle, hinges and glass panels*

Now for practical things like mats and foot scrapers. Quaint scrapers can be bought in the form of dogs and other little animals, and make amusing step guardians. A sensible idea is an iron grid with a thick brush standing up in the centre, to clean underneath and sides of shoes at the same moment.



*A BEAUTIFUL wrought-iron door for warm days. Another door (of wood) fits in snugly behind it when the sun goes down*

# MINTY
# CLUB CHAIR



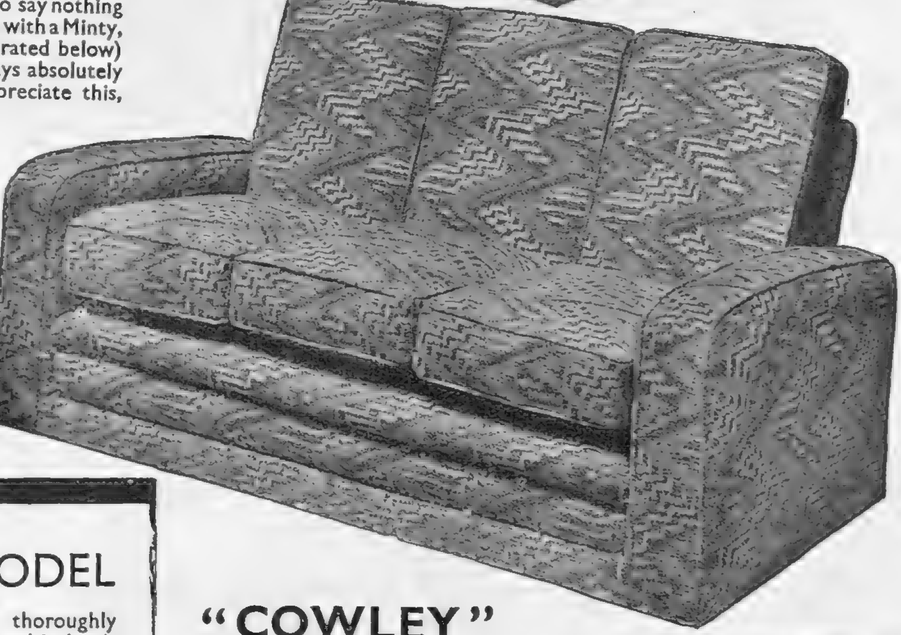
Pat. No.
340743

The moment you sink into its deep cushioned comfort you experience a complete sense of ease and relaxation.

But that is not all. Have you ever put your hands down the sides of the seat of an ordinary armchair and raked out odd coins and things, to say nothing of dust and fluff? This cannot happen with a Minty, because it "takes to bits" (as illustrated below) to be cleaned and is therefore always absolutely Hygienic. The women-folk will appreciate this, especially if loose covers are desired. Seasoned Hardwood Frames. Patent Springing and Hair Stuffing throughout.

## COWLEY MODELS

The luxurious lines and the beautiful colours appeal immediately to the eye. There is a wide choice of coverings to choose from.

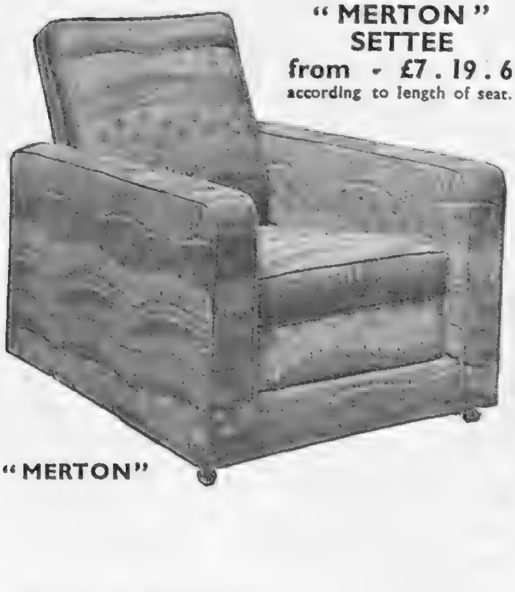


## THE MERTON MODEL

The "Merton" Economy Model is thoroughly practical, and moderately priced. Framed in hardwood, patent springing and hair stuffing throughout.

**"MERTON" CHAIR from £3 . 19 . 6**
according to length of seat.

**"MERTON" SETTEE from - £7 . 19 . 6**
according to length of seat.



"MERTON"

## "COWLEY" SETTEE

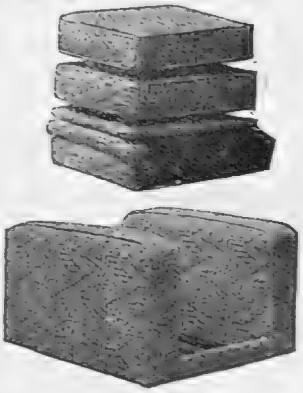
**Prices of "COWLEY" Model**

**CHAIR - from £7 . 7 . 0**
according to length o seat.

**SETTEE - from £12 . 12 . 0**

**Two Chairs and one Settee form an admirable suite.**

**DEFERRED TERMS CAN BE ARRANGED.**



Write for Catalogue of the MINTY "COWLEY," "MERTON" and "ISIS" Chairs and Patterns of coverings.

**Minty** LTD Dept. 86), 44-45 HIGH STREET, OXFORD
London Showrooms: 123 VICTORIA STREET WESTMINSTER, S.W.1
Manchester Showrooms: 5, EXCHANGE STREET, MANCHESTER

## Out of the Frying Pan

(*Continued from page 25*)

For Terry Cahill wasn't a fighter. He hated fighting. From his first amateur bout in high school, when the baseball coach had discovered the boy's amazing speed, he had always hated it. There was none of the killer in him.

His seconds came in, and Terry sat down while they taped his hands. They were nice hands still—long and well cut and scrupulously cared for.

"Mae West's out there," the Wop told him.

"Sure," said Terry, and grinned. "And will she be rooting for me! Maybe I got a date with her—how do you know? Is Lupe there? She's the one I'm strong for."

He was kidding. The truth was that Terry was shy with girls. But he didn't want the Wop and Jimmy to know that. A fighter was supposed to have dames. Look at Max Baer!

"I didn't see Lupe," said the Wop, "but there's a red-head with MacFarley wouldn't make me mad if she gave me the eye."

They were silent, working carefully. But Terry couldn't keep still. He was nervous; he was Irish; he had to talk, whether it made sense or not.

"You see," he said confidentially, "nobody cares anything about boxers any more. Even the sports writers don't like boxers—they don't know a thing about boxing. Me, you see, I love boxing."

They weren't paying any attention to him. The boy always did a lot of running off at the mouth before a fight. They finished their job and went.

But he had told the truth. It was boxing he loved. The technique, the timing, the beauty of defence, the exquisite poise and balance of footwork. It was all out of fashion now with the mobs that crowded the fight arenas. Boxers didn't draw any dough into the box-office except as targets for the killers.

Terry knew it now, after five years. Five years of hell. Five years he had meant to spend in college before that mad-dog gangster had popped Captain Cahill of the San Francisco Police Department. Five years of nights like to-night, filled with dread that grew on him every hour of the weary weeks of training, and that he kept hidden in his soul even from Mom and Doc.

And if he took Dannenberg to-night, he would be up there; he would be one of the four or five topnotch heavyweights with a chance for a crack at the title. He would go on fighting, because of Doc and Mom and the kids—because he didn't know any way to get out.

The fight to-night, which would put nearly ten thousand dollars in Mom Cahill's bank account, was the nightmare of all his fights for five years over again.

The crowd would be with Dannenberg to-night, because they wanted blood and murder, because they had come to see a knockout, because the crowd liked the big boys who could hit hard. They would be with Dannenberg, even though they knew he was a dirty fighter, a crooked fighter, even though they admitted Cahill was a clean, game kid. Cahill was a boxer.

Nobody but Terry knew just how game he was. Because he was afraid—deathly afraid. He had seen Dannenberg send Jose Camarillo to the floor when it took three hours to bring him to. He had seen movies of that knockout from which Eddie Schultz had died. And Terry had all the cruel imagination of his race.

But he would be in there—he *had* to be in there. He would be in there with his speed against the big gorilla who had a knockout in either hand.

His stomach felt sick with suspense.

A thud on the floor, a howl from the crowd, jerked him upright, his pulses pounding. The last preliminary bout had ended in a knockout. Little Frankie Gluck, who was a pretty fair boxer and a good kid.

Doc came in, trying to look calm. This fight meant every- (*Continued on page 146*)

NEW ZEALAND
EMPIRE PRODUCE
PER LB.
NEW ZEALAND

For you

from the fresh, green pasture-lands of sunny New Zealand

The most delightful butter you can possibly get. Butter you can be proud of on all occasions. A pure, skilfully made product of finest cream, rich in *natural* vitamins, golden with sunshine. There's nothing like it for growing children, and for people of all ages, its wonderful nutritive qualities have been the subject of high tribute by eminent doctors. New Zealand sends you the best of all butter at a price within the reach of everyone. Look for it at your grocer's. Buy it regularly.

NEW ZEALAND BUTTER

GREY at 35

"I LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER"

COLOUR RESTORED *thanks to*

RESTORENE BRAND HAIR TONIC

"Restorene" Hair Tonic provides the natural elements necessary to feed and revitalise the hair roots and restore grey hair to its original colour naturally. The results of a month's treatment with "Restorene" will amaze you, for not only does it restore colour, but it restores growth in a way no other preparation can. Try it, prove it! You'll be more than pleased.

8/- per bottle (one month's treatment). Small size 4/6 per bottle. Post free in plain wrapper.

*Obtainable only direct from:*
THE RESTORENE CO. (Dept. B),
23, HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1

A FIGURE LITHE and LOVELY...

Beauty of "line" is the birthright of every woman... And despite all the complications of reducing "treatments," baths, massage and suchlike, slimming is really simple. You MUST avoid Constipation, or even a hint of Constipation, and ensure complete clearance of the UPPER bowel, as well as the lower bowel, regularly.

MEDILAX BRAND LAXATIVE PELLETS will do this gently and safely. Medilax contains no less than 16 tested ingredients. A wonderful formula, it will bring you not only slimness, but health, abundant vitality, sparkling eyes and a clear complexion.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS 1/3 3/- & 5/-

MANSION POLISH
Liquid MANSION POLISH

"Oh, yes, you'd better send me some more 'Mansion.' I should never be able to get through the Spring Cleaning without it."

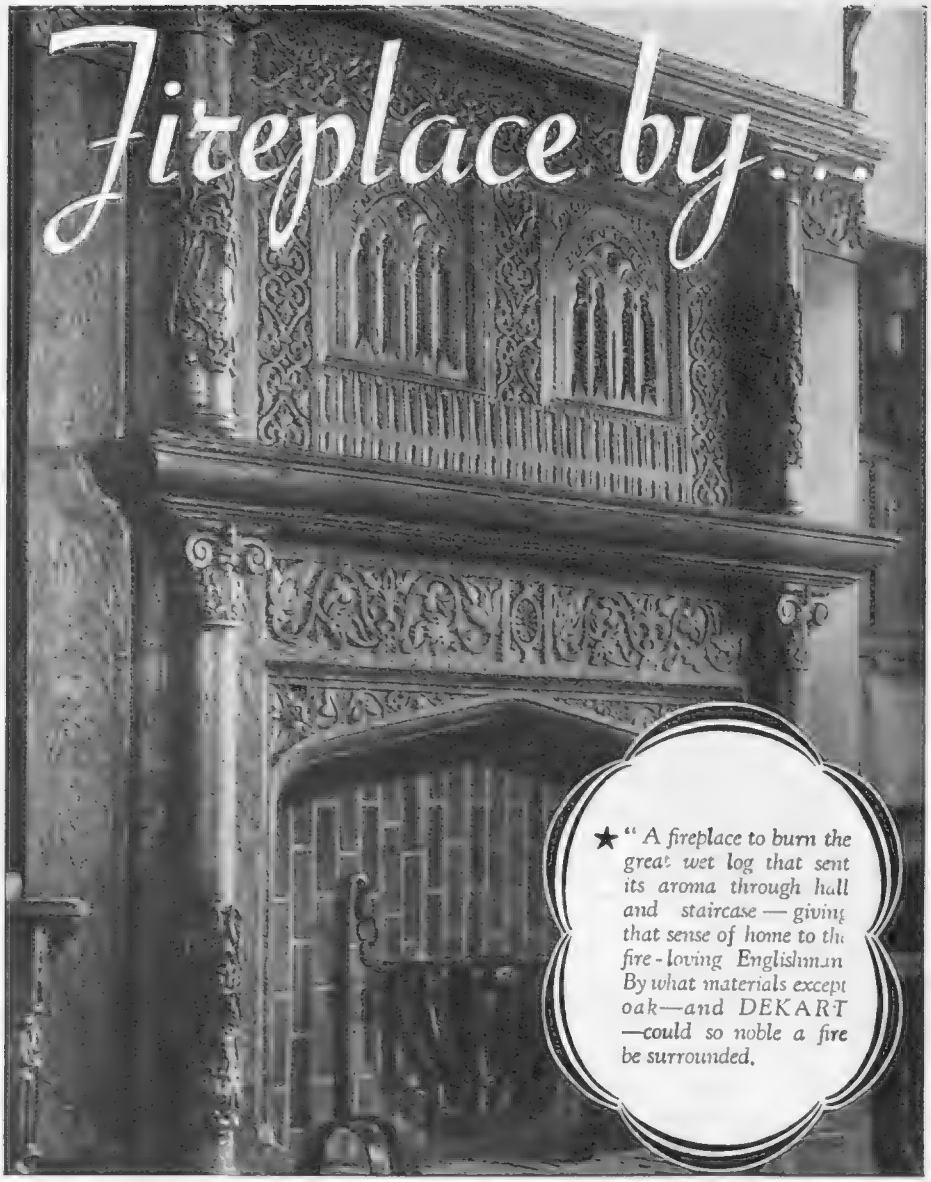
The quickness and ease with which Mansion Polish gives such a brilliant finish to floors make it a valuable help with the Spring Cleaning. In addition, its fine antiseptic properties protect the home from germ dangers. For your Stained or Parquet Floors and Linoleum use 'Mansion,' the antiseptic polish that ensures a bright and healthy home.

# MANSION POLISH

**Tins 3d., 6d., 10½d. and 1/9. Large Household Tin containing 2 lb. net, 3/-.**
**Also LIQUID MANSION FOR LARGE FLOOR SPACES. Tins, 1/6 each.**

Chiswick Products Ltd., Chiswick, London, W.4

MP/K/12



★ "A fireplace to burn the great wet log that sent its aroma through hall and staircase — giving that sense of home to the fire-loving Englishman By what materials except oak—and DEKART—could so noble a fire be surrounded.

**DEKART**

★ A picture with its quotation, taken from the DEKART Brochure which we feel you should have. This Brochure describes and illustrates DEKART Interior Decoration and brings home to you its *permanent* beauty and intrinsic economy—the way the character of your room becomes imparted to DEKART—the character of DEKART imparted to your room. It will be sent you on request.

*Write to* DEKART Panellings, Ltd. (Dept. F). Showrooms: Abbey House, Baker Street, W.1.

The Perfect

**SLIMMING RECIPE**

**A Tea That Slims Without Dieting, Discomfort, Exercise or Danger.**

"It is incredible, I can hardly believe it," is the thought that is running through your mind—but there is such a tea and its name is 'Mariaherba.' Elizabeth Craig knows all about it, and it has been recommended by practically every leading beauty expert in the country. What the public thinks about this wonderful 'tea' is best illustrated in the following letters. The first from Miss R., St. Annes, who writes: "I have lost 11 lbs. in five weeks and am delighted with this truly safe and pleasant-to-drink tea." The second from Miss W., Sheffield: "I was surprised at the amount of flesh I lost and delighted with the improvement in my health." And, again, from Miss M., London: "I have eaten all kinds of food since taking your 'tea' and am keeping down to the weight I want without taking anything from my food." Yes, this 'Mariaherba' Tea goes even farther—it actually improves health and withal is pleasant to drink—just a cup morning and night—so if you want to get slim by the most perfect method possible, send 5s. for a large packet to Dept. 29TA, Neo-Medics, Ltd., 26, Sun Street, London, E.C.3. Booklet by Miss Craig free.

**Don't Wear a Truss!**

USE BROOKS RUPTURE APPLIANCE

Medical men recommend it. New discovery! No lumpy pads, no springs. Durable, comfortable, cheap. SENT ON 10 DAYS' TRIAL. Interesting catalogue free. Write, call or telephone to-day.

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HARBUTT'S

**Plasticine**

**for a rainy day!**

HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE, LTD., 88, BATHAMPTON, BATH.

thing to Doc. If Terry got a decision, it meant Doc would be up there in the big time again, trying to get a shot at the champ for his boy.

The house, Doc said, was more than a sell-out.

"That Dannenberg looks like King Kong," said Terry, grinning at him.

He stood still while they laced his gloves. He went out by the door still smiling—a boy going into the lion's den, a boy who wanted to get away from something and didn't know how.

As he went up the steps into the ring, that surge of terrific confidence in himself came over him. Over his shoulder he said to Doc, "Sure he can kill a guy with either hand, but he's got to hit the guy first, don't he?" The fans at the ringside saw him laugh.

The crowd gave him a roar of welcome. Oh, Terry was popular. He always gave them a good show. He was a boxer, but he didn't run.

He kept on his bright-green bathrobe and stood in his corner, looking around, nonchalant, still smiling. It was the only time he saw the crowd, those few minutes before the first bell. Gave him a kick to think all these people, movie stars, celebrities, important men—had come to see him

Through the haze of smoke that shifted lazily he saw the rows of people, and they seemed to be crawling towards him, as the sea crawls, in the intensity of their desire to see. He looked for Mae West. There she was, all in black. With a quick grin, he winked at her. Some of the crowd saw it and roared with laughter. Pretty fresh kid, that Cahill.

Terry's eyes dropped to the Press row as he eased himself up and down on the ropes.

Where was that MacFarley? Mac was the man who always said Cahill didn't have a chance. That morning in his column he had said, "Maybe Dannenberg won't be able to hit Cahill to-night, but there are plenty of people Dannenberg can't hit, including the Olympic track team. If Cahill doesn't run away, there should be a knockout before the seventh." Terry had ditched the paper before Mom saw it. Mom was apt to go Irish on him and call up MacFarley and ask him why he didn't fight Dannenberg himself if he was so smart.

Was there any chance that MacFarley guessed that every time he got in the ring Terry Cahill was hag-ridden by the fear that he might run away?

Mac was there, slightly bored, very well groomed.

And suddenly Terry's young blue eyes opened very wide.

There was a bright flame of colour next to MacFarley—a flame that lighted the Press row, a flame that was a girl's hair. It fascinated him. It was like a surge of new life, like a sudden leap of blood through your veins. And there seemed to be a wind, a head-wind from the Golden Gate, blowing it back from the white triangle of her face.

He dropped his bathrobe, posed for pictures, listened to the referee. Little Manny Sarles didn't suit him very well. Honest—but he was too small to be in there with heavy-weights. He didn't give Terry the protection he needed, couldn't get the bigger man off him quick enough in the clinches.

The lights went out.

The crawling sea was sunk in darkness.

There was only the white-hot glare of lights upon a raised square, and within the ropes that bound it, two figures.

Their gloves touched.

Dannenberg, the near-champ from Chicago, a brute of a man, square, powerful, white, with heavy shoulders and great hairy arms, a bull neck and black chest—a man dangerous and impregnable.

Terry Cahill, tall, tanned, slim of waist and hips, his black head back a little, with fine, long legs and sloping shoulders.

Terry watched, his left out carefully. And that

(*Continued on page* 148)

*Beauty is skin deep*

*Guard it with Wright's*

# DISCLOSED *by science — important soap facts*

Perhaps you are one of those fortunate women whose doctor recommended Wright's. If not, you probably don't realize the gradual harm an impure soap can work. Month by month, a cheap, harsh soap slowly coarsens your skin, destroys your complexion. You can't tell whether a soap is pure by its appearance. A prettily wrapped, popular tablet may be just the one that contains drying free alkali or irritating free fatty acids. Price helps, but it is no guarantee. How can you be certain? Well, by using Wright's of course. Check off these facts on your fingers:

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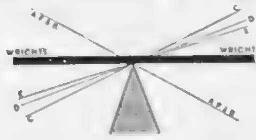

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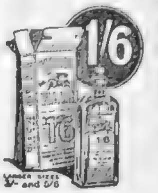

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wave of nauseating fear swept him again. This man could kill him. This man could send him into that sickening little death in life which he had known once at seventeen and dreaded for five years. He knew he was going to be hurt, and the hurt crept out of his imagination now and held him spellbound for a moment of agony.

Then Dannenberg leaped forward, lunged, and that murderous right—the right that had killed Eddie Schultz—came straight for the boy's head; but the dark head wasn't there. Terry had moved like a cat, instinctively, with an easy flow of muscles.

And he was himself again, cool, wary, scientific.

Dannenberg snarled at him, and Terry went in coolly, his face a mask, went in and jabbed his left hand three times over the gorilla's right eye. The crowd roared madly as Dannenberg's left hook smashed into Terry's lean, flat stomach. Terry heard the roar. Contempt flooded his heart. Couldn't they see that Terry's glove was between Dannenberg's fist and his own stomach? Couldn't they ever see anything except punches?

He rushed Dannenberg over to the ropes, moving so fast, hitting so swiftly that the big fellow was bewildered. He kept that left in Dannenberg's eye, like a piston, always exactly on the same spot. If he could close that eye before the sixth round it would lessen Dannenberg's chances to land solidly.

IN the corner at the end of the round he rested. There was such a little time between rounds. It had always amused Terry, the things that happened between rounds in stories and pictures. Whole chapters, love stories, long conversations. And it was only two minutes, two precious life-giving minutes, free of menace and the necessity for defence against that murderer.

Terry always did exactly the same thing between rounds. He took long breaths, relaxed his muscles, cooled his mouth.

Doc said something. But Terry never paid any attention to what Doc said in the ring. He was fighting his own fight. He knew what to do—if he could do it. The middle rounds didn't matter much. The psychology of crowds and referees was always the same. The start—and the finish. While he himself was still fresh and swift, he would sweep Dannenberg off his feet in those first rounds, cut him up, make him look awkward and helpless. He could do it for two rounds—maybe three—before Dannenberg got started. Then he would take the middle rounds easy, keep away, clinch, tie him up, rest as much as he could without getting the crowd and the referee sore. Everything depended on how much he could save, after that long defence, for the last two or three rounds, so that he could bring the crowd up cheering for him with a come-back of dazzling speed and a couple of right hands, with all his stored strength behind him.

If he could do that—and not let Dannenberg hit him.

In the third round Dannenberg caught him with a right to the stomach.

If he hadn't been going away, Terry knew that would have been the end. It hurt him as he had never been hurt in the ring before. He rolled away from it and went in jabbing, hanging on until the referee pulled him off.

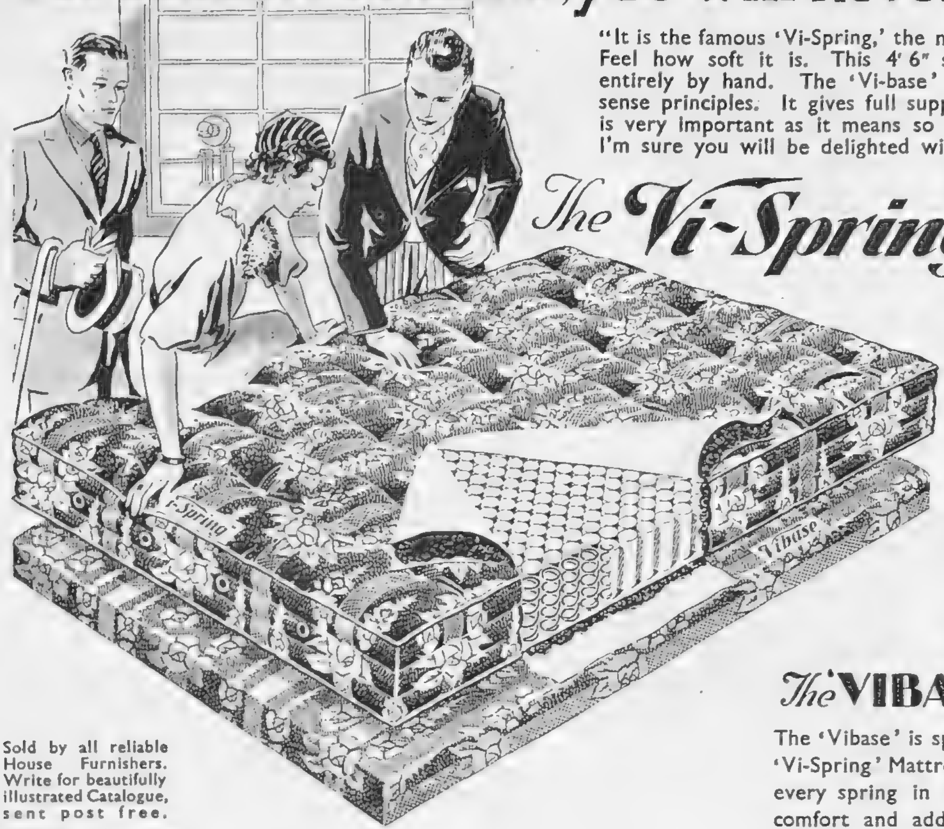
Danny could hit harder than any man with whom Terry Cahill had ever been in the ring before, and after that one punch Terry knew it.

He didn't show the hurt. He still looked arrogant, almost amused, even slightly contemptuous. A boy's face still, clean-cut, unmarked. But there was no light of battle in the blue eyes that struggled to hide the hurt that leaped up. He kept his mouth hard and straight, but it was terrible to be hurt like that in front of thousands of people, so that you dared not show the slightest sign.

From the fourth on he boxed coolly, carefully, brilliantly.

Harry Jones, the old-time sports expert, two seats from (*Continued on page* 150)

# "For comfort Madam, you will never equal this bed"



"It is the famous 'Vi-Spring,' the most luxurious Overlay Mattress obtainable. Feel how soft it is. This 4' 6" size contains 1056 springs and it is made entirely by hand. The 'Vi-base' Support also is built on sound, commonsense principles. It gives full support to every spring in the overlay, which is very important as it means so much to the comfort and life of the bed. I'm sure you will be delighted with it, Madam."

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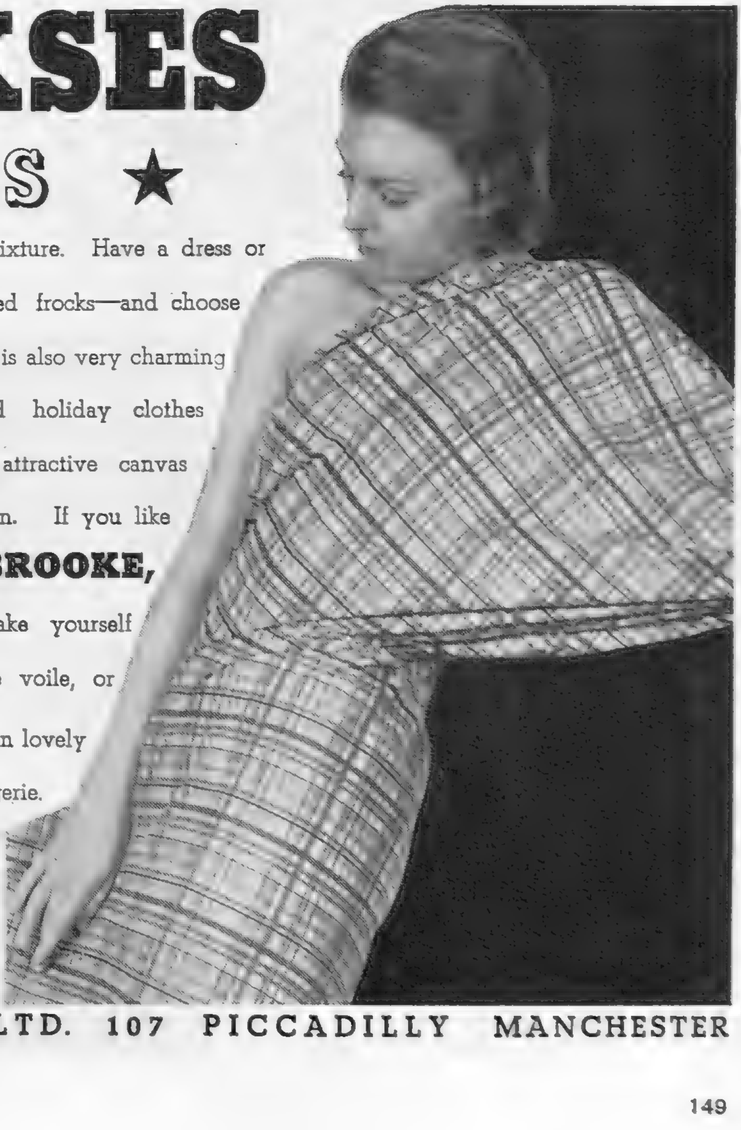

A dash of plaid is an important ingredient in the fashion mixture. Have a dress or blouse or a gay plaid jacket to wear with plain little tailored frocks—and choose this successful Horrockses' fabric called **NUCOLAINE.** It is also very charming in duster checks and flower prints. For your sports and holiday clothes remember Horrockses' new **COSSAC.** It has a most attractive canvas weave in off-pastel colours specially chosen to go with sun-tan. If you like yourself in plain colours, make a note of Horrockses' **CARISBROOKE,** a linenette with a slub weave. For Summer evenings make yourself a romantic dress in Horrockses' **PRESTIQUE,** a piqué voile, or **NOVELTY VOILE.** Both have good modern designs in lovely subtle colours. Novelty voile also has some special prints for lingerie. Remember these for your holiday wardrobe—cotton lingerie is so easy to wash and so good-tempered in spite of many tubbings. The prices of these delightful fabrics range from 1/0½-1/6½ a yard.

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Remy, leaned over and said: "Not a son of a gun in this place knows what he's looking at. These mugs don't know. Corbett wasn't any prettier."

Somebody behind Remy shouted, "Got a bicycle, Cahill?"

Dannenberg was rushing madly, crashing after the elusive, turning, swaying figure that was always just out of his reach—hammering blows that found only Terry's elbows, shooting terrible punches at the boy's set jaw and finding only a glove.

Terry didn't run away all the time. He knew he couldn't do that. It would cost him the fight—the fight he wanted, in his secret heart, to lose so that he might be free of this hell. More, it would bring down upon him the ugly rage of the crowd, the insults of the mob. He stood up to it; he led—and in the sixth Dannenberg's right eye was puffed and swollen and black.

The fourth—the fifth—the sixth. The slugger had shot everything he had, but it hadn't tired him. He was strong, he was fresh as in the opening round.

"You tired?" Doc asked, between the sixth and seventh.

Doc could never tell about Terry, well as he knew the boy. The boy had a trick of relaxing in the ring that looked as though he was very tired. It was a good trick for Terry, but it didn't do him any good with the referee, who was apt to believe him.

Terry said, "Say, I could play eighteen holes of golf right this minute."

In the opposite corner, Dannenberg was sitting forward on his stool, on the edge of it, ready to leap. Terry, almost horizontal, coolly but desperately trying for every second of rest and air, nursing his slim young body for every ounce of energy, hated him with a sick resentment. His shoulders ached from the terrible weight of Dannenberg's body, that lay on him like a rock in the clinches. His legs ached like boils. The long breaths came hard; they were hot, because his lungs were tired and because of the smoke.

He longed for a breath of clean air, for time to draw it deep.

And in that second, for the first time in his life, Terry thought of something outside the fight itself, as though something called to him, drew him like a magnet. He thought of the flaming hair of the girl beside MacFarley—the hair that was blown by a fresh wind.

Under his arm he looked down.

He saw the flame of hair and beneath it, in an incredible moment, he saw a small white face and eyes that met his and spoke. There

was no time to know what they said, but they spoke to him and he felt a surge of blood that lifted him to his feet as the bell rang.

Instantly he knew that Dannenberg meant to make his supreme bid for a knockout in this round.

As Terry came out of his corner, Dannenberg leaped at the bronzed figure. He drove his right, his left, his right, his left to Terry's kidneys and leaped back, spitting like a wild cat, all sense gone from his brute face, nothing left in it but the animal desire of the killer for his kill.

Terry covered up, but the blows crashed through; they hurt him so that they drove him back.

And the animal saw he was hurt and snarled and leapt.

Terry Cahill was fighting for his life as he had never fought before.

There was no time to think; speed, science were useless.

He was sizzy, sick, battered, smothered under the ferocity of the attack. He was driven back across the ring by a fury of blows that never ceased; he was carried back by the weight and drive of an attack that gave him no time for defence. He was powerless now in the hands of this man who was stronger, bigger, and who was wild with a passion Terry could never know. The boy's lips were smashed back against his teeth and he tasted blood. He pulled away frantically, tried to run, to clinch, but his head was rocked from one side to the other by iron fists until he felt his skull must crack. But it was the smash of those fists into his stomach that was unbearable, that stopped his heart and drove the breath from his body and submerged him in sheer panic-stricken fear of death. Pain swept him in heat waves, terrible pain, like the pain a man must feel who is caught by the iron jaws of a machine and mangled.

His mind was whirling; he was no longer a man, no longer the clean, game kid, Terry Cahill. He was a body, striving to prevent annihilation. The gorilla's strength and weight and hitting power were too much for him. Against the ropes the boy doubled up, swung forward, his face toward the canvas. Dannenberg, lips curled back, eyes not quite sane, knocked him upright, so that the white, expressionless face hung for a moment upon the gloved fist. Terry Cahill tottered a moment, arms down, eyes blind. Dannenberg hit him again, full, with all his 210 pounds behind the blow, hit him in the jaw and

*THE perfect finish to your breakfast—Golden Shred Marmalade. Set the glass jar on the table between yourself and the light. Thus reflected, the finely stripped orange, floating in its pure, clear amber preserve, looks so tempting, so eatable, it is a pity to empty it into the jam dish*

lifted him off his feet. The slim, tanned body whirled in the air and fell back into his own corner—hung against the ropes like a rag doll, and lay still upon the canvas.

The crowd screamed for the kill.

The timekeeper was on his feet. "One—two——"

The bell rang wildly, trying to be heard above the roar of the crowd.

MacFarley said, " Take it easy, Red. I got a microphone in front of me. You want all California to hear you ? "

Remy Shanley clutched the edge of the ring, just above her. Her hair was in wild disorder; there was a white line about her mouth. She screamed at him, but he couldn't hear her. The crowd had gone mad. Jack Koenig, on her other side, was yelling into a telephone, " The bell saved Cahill from a knockout—Dannenberg knocked the Irish boy from San Francisco clear across the ring with a right to the jaw. What ? The bell saved him—you damn fool—what the hell's the matter with this cock-eyed phone ?—take the cotton out of your ears—I said the bell saved him at the count of two. They're working on him in his corner—Doc Crandall is working on him—the Doc looks green—sure I said green and I meant green——"

Mac saw that Remy Shanley was weeping openly. She said : " He mustn't go back in there—he's hurt—Good God, Mac, they won't let him go back in there with that murderer, will they ?—he mustn't——"

Into the microphone, MacFarley said calmly, " We're waiting to see whether Terry Cahill will be able to answer the bell for the next round. When he crashed into his corner it didn't look as though he would——"

Remy said passionately, " How can he ? It's too much—they oughtn't to ask that of anyone—that *boy*——"

The referee went over and looked at Terry Cahill. The boy was sitting up now. His eyes were blank. He looked up at the referee and grinned, a vague, boyish grin. He looked down at the redhead and winked. That scared Doc—the boy was still out. The referee was worried. The crowd yelled. " Let him go on—don't stop it, Manny—he's all right—let's see the finish."

" You all right ? " the referee said to Terry.

Terry said, " Sure, I'm all right."

Remy's fingers cut into Mac's arm. " Terry, she said, " don't go back, don't go back."

She saw him wink at her. "He can't possibly know what he's doing," she thought, and felt a fear like a mother's fear clutch at her heart.

" Take it easy, Red," said Mac. " It's only a prize-fight. Don't get yourself all worked up because this palooka's good-looking."

" It's not that," said Remy. " He isn't a palooka. He oughtn't to be a fighter. Somebody ought to make him stop—before terrible things happen to him. You know what it'll do to him—and he's nice. He's—oh, God, he's going back. How can he, after that ? How can he just get up and go back in there to be—killed again ? "

" It takes guts," Mac admitted. Into the mike, he said, " Cahill's on his feet. The seconds are out of the ring, Cahill's in bad shape. It won't be long now. There goes the bell." And right there MacFarley was barred from the radio for all time because he said, " . . . . I've gone nuts."

Terry came out at the bell like the flash of a rapier.

Now the blood was pouring down Dannenberg's face. Cahill had opened up that right eye.

" Let go that right, Terry," said Remy Shanley. "Let it go now, if you're ever going to." Her shoulder ached with the force of her desire ; her right arm was like a live wire.

Cahill's right crashed through, and that hoarded punch landed solid. The blood spurted from Dannenberg's nose, and Remy took a great breath that seemed to fill her whole body with fire.

MacFarley looked at her sidewise. Being a trained reporter, he could observe several things at once. *(Continued on page 152)*

By Appointment to
His Majesty the King
By Appointment to
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales
A Loyal Toast in the Right Spirit
FINE OLD SCOTCH WHISKY BLACK AND WHITE JAMES BUCHANAN GLASGOW & LONDON
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"BLACK & WHITE"
SCOTCH WHISKY
IN BOTTLES, HALF BOTTLES & FLASKS

## Out of the Frying Pan

Usually it annoyed Mac when women yelled at prize-fights. Remy never had. Red had always been a good kid, and a good-looking kid, and he'd had a yen for her for two years, and much good it had done him. Now a mysterious something had awakened her. Her face had made good the promise of her flaming hair, and she was beautiful. For the first time he thought what a wife she would make to a man she loved.

"Cahill's round," yelled Jack Koenig into his phone. "I said Cahill won the eighth—he cut Dannenberg up plenty—the big gorilla looks like a piece of hamburger."

Remy was silent, motionless—moulded in some terrible suspense. Her eyes never left the boy in his corner. There were marks on his face, and her eyes blazed at sight of them. His lips were puffed; his face had a swollen, beaten look, his eyes were half shut. Fury shook her. The waste—the hideous waste——

The ninth slowed up. They were waiting.

Before the tenth, Mac said into his mike: "Cahill's fighting a great fight. He's shown unbelievable courage. Never saw such gameness in the ring. But he can't hit hard enough to knock Dannenberg out, and Danny is always dangerous. Danny can still knock him out any time in the tenth—and probably will. The kid's all in.

Nobody who saw it ever forgot that tenth round.

As long as he lived, Terry Cahill never forgot it.

There was a sobbing inside him that would not cease. There was pain in his head that was driving him mad. The suspense was past bearing any longer; he was raw with strain.

He knew how the round stood. He had been saved from a knockout by the bell, but his come-back would count—if he could win the last round.

Three minutes. Up to the last second of those endless minutes, those machine-guns might get him again. His eyes were jumping on a hot wire from the back of his head, and he actually thought he saw machine-guns in Dannenberg's hands.

He didn't remember the eighth at all. He never remembered it. He had a vague idea about the ninth. He was still sick with horror from that beating in the seventh; he remembered only that, and he remembered the sickening crash into darkness and the nauseating crawl back, like the crawl from the sick oblivion of ether.

And now he had to carry the fight to that gorilla. He had to make him bleed some more, and the sight of blood made him cringe. And all the time he was fighting, cruelly, craftily, driven beyond the limits of his strength, but still going on.

Forcing the pace, and the pace was hotter than he could stand, going forward on leaden feet, never taking his eyes off those machine-guns.

Doc signalled. One minute gone.

Still time. Dannenberg moved forward, crouching, weaving, as Dempsey used to weave, taking the painful jabs, looking for that one opening he needed, that one fraction of a second when the boy before him would be still. He gathered all his strength, backed by a fury against this boy who had dared to get up. Like a tank, he moved forward, remorseless, determined, ready to pour all his strength behind that one blow.

Terry's heart and blood and brain said: "Here it comes."

Oh, he could get away all right. He could run so that this brute could never catch him, even in that little space of the ring. He could save himself any more beating.

And lose the fight. Lose more than the fight.

There was only one way to win, to win the victory that meant he must go on fighting and perhaps some day meet Max Baer, another man with machine-guns.

He had to give Dannenberg a chance for a knockout. He had to stand up and knock Dannenberg back if he could. It was his only chance.

Standing there, he knew that he would never run away. He was no longer afraid of his fear. But he was afraid of Dannenberg.

"He did it," said Remy Shanley. Her eyes did not leave the boy, the boy covered with sweat, naked, bruised, bloody. "He knocked him back. Oh, God, where's that bell?"

"There it goes," said MacFarley, "there's the bell—that ends one of the greatest fights anybody ever saw. Dannenberg's cut to ribbons. Cahill's practically out on his feet, he looks sick. We'll give you the decision. Referee Sarles walks over—it's Cahill—he's raising Cahill's right hand—the crowd doesn't like it—the crowd's booing the decision."

It sounded like an insane asylum. They were storming the ring. The sports writers were phoning their flash leads. Mac shoved aside the mike and picked up his office 'phone.

"He mustn't ever have to do that again," Remy said, "nobody ought to take that——"

Mac said, "Give me the sport desk. Hell, he might be a champ some day. He's a great boxer. Tunney got to be champ. Jim? This is Mac. Cahill got the decision—Hey, Red, look out for those pop bottles. Duck under the shelf here. They're throwing pop bottles at the referee. Don't like a boxer to get a decision. Jim? Okay—here's your lead—after being knocked senseless in the seventh, Terry Cahill came back——"

He finished his lead. He put on his hat and looked around. The crowd was going out slowly, still arguing, yelling, talking. The ring was deserted. He looked for Red. He looked under the shelf.

"Hey, you Red," he said loudly.

Doc Crandall came up the steps from the cellar dressing-rooms. He looked bewildered, and said, "Mac—come here a minute."

Mac saw first the flame of her hair that lit the dingy room, seemed to fill it with light. Then he saw Terry. They were sitting on the rubbing table. Her arms were about him; she was holding him against her breast, and Terry Cahill was sobbing his heart out, sobbing like a boy who has been terribly hurt, who has been through hell and back again. Her white frock was smeared with blood and sweat. Her hand stroked his hair, stroked the black hair gently, with an age-old gesture. She said, "There, there—"

Remy looked up. She saw Mac. "You get to hell out of here," she said.

On their way up the steps, Mac said, "Well, you're losing a good boy, Doc. I've seen it happen now and again—happened to me once, when I was young. And I know that red-head. What the hell—those synthetic champs are never any real good, even when they're champs. Get yourself a slugger, Doc."

Rex Shanley really did not object to his little sister marrying a prize-fighter who might one day be champion of the world, though he said to her jestingly, just after the wedding: "It looks to me like 'out of the frying-pan into the fire,' my dear. The fight racket isn't much better than Hollywood, you know."

But later he was very angry with her indeed, for there was little glory to be gained from a sister and brother-in-law who ran a fruit farm and had a baby every year.

END

# Palaces Behind a Fence

(*Continued from page 37*)

land, built houses, furnished them, lived in them for a few months, and sold them at a very handsome profit. She is wise in feeling that houses are not a bad investment. Along the Millionaires' Road at Santa Monica Miss Daniels, who is now Mrs. Ben Lyon, owns three houses standing side by side. One is built to look like an Italian farmhouse outside, with all the conveniences of an up-to-date American establishment within. The next is Provincial French as to exterior, and terribly comfortable inside. The last is just an honest-to-goodness American house, with curved scarlet Spanish tiles on the roof. In that house Bébé Daniels lives with her husband and small daughter. It is remarkable inasmuch as it possesses three floors, which is a lot of height for that part of the world.

Miss Daniels lets her Beach Houses to suitable tenants. When they were being built I drove to Santa Monica many times with Bébé, while builders, decorators, scaffolders, and plumbers cluttered up the three houses. We pranced from precarious chunks of open flooring to the exterior staircase of the Italian farmhouse, which was at that time far more exterior than staircase. Now that these houses are finished the most expensive of them can be "rented" for £200 a month. Its main attraction is a vast playroom, semi Indian in décor, lighted by old ship's lanterns. There is a very glorious cocktail bar in this room, and every game imaginable finds a place somewhere inside its walls. Pola Negri was once the tenant of this house—perhaps she will go back to it

*THE living-room in the home of Norma Shearer, who has a permanent address at Malibu. The colour scheme of this room is gold, turquoise and henna* again, if she grows weary of the memories that surround Rudolph Valentino's house, Falcon Lair, of which she became the owner recently.

Bébé Daniels's own house has the usual pool and terrace and private beach and fence. It has, also, an English library, and on the shelves may be found Miss Daniels's interesting collection of books autographed by their authors, together with many first editions. Another collection of autographed lithographs, including a fine set by George Bellowes, acts as trimming to the upper landing. Twin beds, with Louis XV hand-carved tops and a black marble mantelpiece which is a replica of one in the palace of the Empress Josephine (what did I say about these houses ?), help to make beautiful the principal bedroom in this house.

Quite close is Norma Shearer's new home, with its front porch out in the back yard. You get such a quaint view of the Thalbergs' abode as your car slides down the hill to the beach. It is French Normandie in style; it has a grey-tiled roof, white walls and some half-timbering in places. But the chief note that strikes the eye is the presence of several healthy-looking trees, very green and restful. They appear on both sides of the house, and may be seen clearly from the swimming pool of the next-door place, which runs right alongside one side wall of Miss Shearer's property.

The truth is that Norma Shearer always wanted to live at the beach, but said she must have some trees round her house. This was rather a snag, even in Hollywood, until it was discovered that growing trees could be taken to the beach and replanted in special soil with every chance of flourishing. They have been. And the Thalberg house has grown up more or less round them. It is a very gay, cheerful place; partly due, maybe, to the inspiring entrance which takes visitors across a grass-carpeted courtyard, massed with growing flowers, to the ever-open inner front door.

There is a lot of green about this house, both in the form of curtains, carpets and paint-work, and in the trees and flowers, which are everywhere. There are two terraces. One is built right across the back of the building, looking towards the green-tiled swimming pool and the sea; the other is on the right side of the house, and has a high, dense fence made of bamboo boughs jammed close together. Here table tennis is played, under a roof of orange linen which gives a lovely glow, and afternoon tea or after-dinner coffee seem to taste much better when imbibed on what is known officially as the "lounging verandah."

The other terrace is for reading, sleeping, and watching expert swimmers in the pool. Cheery umbrellas offer shade, and so does a long awning that extends the full width of the house. From the back-front entrance of this peaceful home it does not take a car more than fifteen minutes to drive north to Malibu Beach, along the road that arrives eventually in Santa Barbara—except on Sunday, that is to say, when the entire road-surface is so thronged with cars, both moving and parked, that the same journey may take well over an hour.

The way lies past other houses of the stars, and two or three much-patronised Beach Clubs, including the original and amusing Beach Club, which boasts nearly every film player of note on its list of members and which was once a small wooden shack with a tiny dining-room and one cook. Now meals are served for several hundred guests daily; there is a chef, with a large kitchen staff, and members can sleep at the club, if they are lucky enough to be able to book a room.

Malibu Beach is not particularly attractive at first sight. It is long and curving, rather like a half-moon. There are hills that form part of Rancho Malibu rising sharply on the right side of the Highway. On the left is another fence—a wire one this time. Set in that fence is a gate, and by that gate is a watchman. A board announces that this is a private roadway; and nobody can get through to the houses (*Continued on page* 154)

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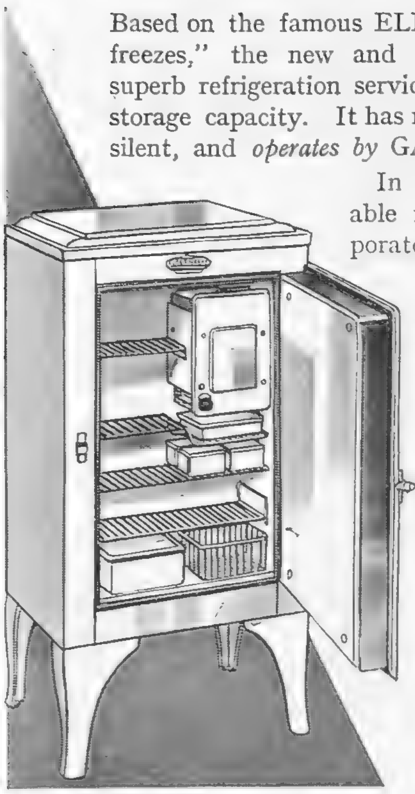

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unless they own one, or are going to see somebody who does.

In size and architecture these houses vary astonishingly. There was no sort of set plan in anyone's mind when Malibu became THE place to live on the beach. A small wooden bungalow-shack, like the one that belongs to Ronald Colman, links arms with a two-storey Colonial mansion that may belong to John Boles, Edmund Lowe, or Leila Hyams (Mrs. Phil Berg). Many film-directors have houses there; Herbert Brenon has two, side by side, with a tennis court at the back, removed from the sea. These houses are called "Peter Pan" and "Beau Geste." Richard Dix has a real beach cottage, built of wood with a wide verandah over the sandy beach; it is at the extreme northerly curve of the straggling row of houses, and was let, for a time, to Clara Bow.

In the centre of the row, property that belongs to Ronald Colman, Dolores del Rio, Constance Bennett, Louise Fazenda, and Warner Baxter may be found. Warner's house has two floors—since rebuilding that followed the Great Fire !—and the usual neat wooden fence keeps his own beach well apart from the rest of that sandy expanse of land. The Great Fire caused a lot of changes at Malibu. It happened in the early part of 1931—I *think*—or thereabouts, and started from some unknown, mysterious cause in one of the wooden-walled houses.

Late at night was the moment the fire chose for its début, and before things got quiet again sixteen houses had been reduced to almost nothing at all. It was a grim sight. People who lived in their Beach Houses all the year grabbed a few clothes and jewels and some money and fled. There is a grand story of the negress cook of a certain star, who (the cook) had been able to laugh at the rest of her fellow-servants when the big bank crashes came, in which they lost most of their precious savings. "Ah'se not so foolish as you all!" said Melinda, all teeth and gurgles. "Ah knows better than to put mah money into any ole bank in creation. Mine's hidden where not nobody can get at it, nohow!"

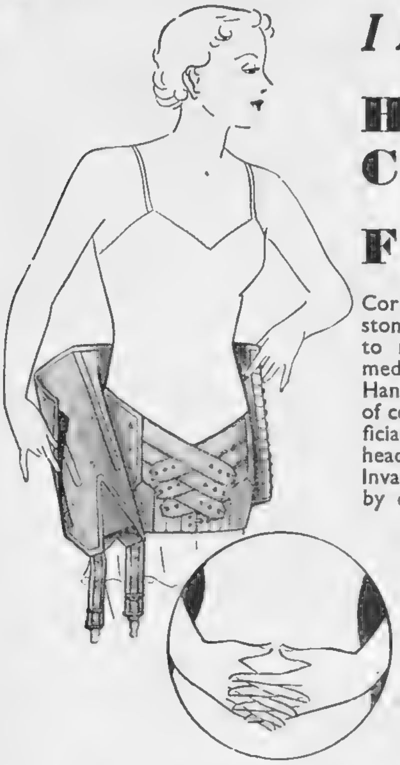
But poor Melinda was wrong. The Great Fire got at it—and what that fire did to those savings is nobody's business. For Melinda had taken all her money, in dollar bills, and had planted them under the mattress on her bed, at her mistress's Malibu house. Came the fire, and Melinda's savings were no more!

Louise Fazenda had recently returned from a holiday in Europe bringing back half a dozen trunks full of valuable antiques for the new, bigger beach house she intended to build on the site of her original place. Meantime, for safety, she had stored the trunks in the attic of her original beach house. About three o'clock in the morning she was awakened in Los Angeles, by a voice screaming over the telephone—"Your Malibu Beach house is on fire! Hurry!"

Flinging on a coat, she jumped into her car, covered the twenty odd miles to Malibu in less than twenty minutes, and arrived to find that her entire house had collapsed a few minutes earlier, with all her precious antiques buried and burned in the ruins. She has her new Beach House now; but she has decorated it with modern Indian products instead of those treasures from France, England, Italy and Spain.

One of the nicest houses on this beach is the one Sylvia Sidney has taken from Richard Barthelmess, where she lives all the year round. It has some novel features, including a patio which is a sun-trap, and a flower-garden surrounding that same patio! There is an exterior staircase of white wood that mounts from the patio to the verandah outside the bedrooms; there are two verandahs attached to this house, incidentally. The long, sunny lounge has pale yellow walls and is furnished in early Colonial fashion. Silhouettes make an effective show against the plain walls; there is a very old spinning-wheel at one side of the wide, red-bricked fireplace, and a specially woven rush mat, oval in shape,

(*Continued on page* 156)



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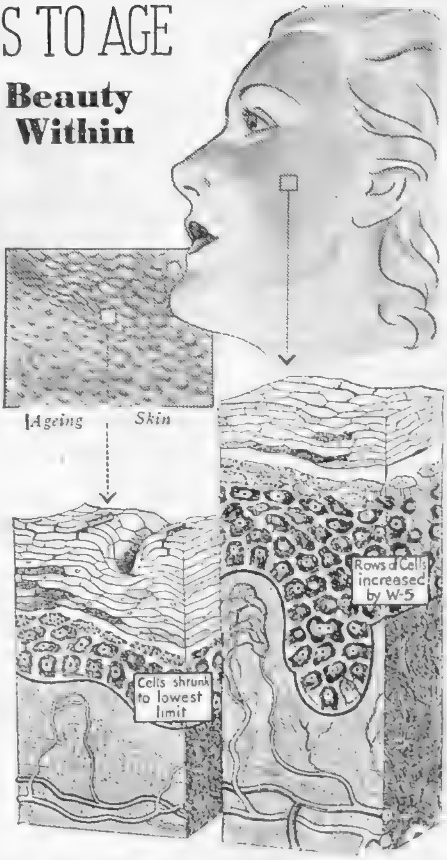
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## Palaces Behind a Fence

covers most of the floor. It is in tones of yellow, blue, olive green and red. The dining-room has printed linen stretched over its walls, in shades of daffodil yellow, orange, and green; a living-room reveals more linen-covered walls, showing an old-world chintz design in delicate green and periwinkle blue on a grey ground.

Norman Foster, who is married to Claudette Colbert, although they live in separate houses, has a beach home of which he is mightily proud. Its fence is very grand and glorious and extends right back to the road, with an entrance half-way along for the tradesmen. Mr. Foster wanted some more accommodation for his friends; so he has had extra bedrooms built above the garage, which is at the back of his house. There is a certain amount of fishing to be had off Malibu Bay, as Mr. Foster, Bing Crosby, Reginald Denny, Frank Morgan and Stan Laurel could relate. The bathing is not bad, but the breakers are so strong and the undertow so fierce that it is extremely dangerous at times.

A few miles up the coast is Zuma Bay, where Bill Boyd and his wife, Dorothy Sebastian, live almost in solitary state, as far as the film world is concerned. Pauline Frederick had a house on this beach once, but does not own it now. Laura La Plante lived there, too, when she was the wife of William Seiter, the director. The house of Bill Boyd is remarkable for the fact that it does *not* have a fence dividing it from the beach, but a high partition made of *glass*. I think it must be the only one of its kind in the possession of a film star—but I may be wrong.

Whether they are shacks or palaces, whether they have wooden fences or glass partitions, the beach houses of film favourites are jolly, casual places, where hard working men and women can soak themselves in sunshine all day, on rare holidays, and go to sleep with the sound of those Pacific breakers booming out a lullaby.

## The Five That Remain

*(Continued from page 15)*

brother of our late Queen was to die under the assassin's hand in the street at Salonika. This was King George of Greece, who had reigned for fifty years, only to be stabbed to death at the culmination of that Golden Jubilee. There is a tablet marking the spot on the quai where the crime was committed.

Prior to this, still in 1912, had occurred two further casualties in the purple. The mad King Otto of Bavaria was mercifully released after reigning in name for twenty-six years—ever since his no less deranged predecessor had died tragically, with his Chamberlain, in the lake of one of his Bavarian castles. And the baby boy Emperor of China, Pu-yi of the great Manchu dynasty, was dethroned during the upheaval which brought Sun Yat Sen to the Chief Magistracy and a totally new era to the Celestial land. Little Pu-yi had been Emperor for a matter of two years. To-day he is the Japanese puppet chief of state in Manchukuo, and many believe that he will yet remount the throne of his ancestors, in Peking, with the help of renewed Japanese backing. Mr. Henry Pu, as he likes to call himself, is in the early thirties.

What happened to that remarkable old Lion of Judah, Menelik? Was he poisoned, as these Abyssinian rulers somehow are every now and then? The old warrior and slaughterer of Italians had been on the throne for more than two decades, and others were impatient to garner his heritage. However, officially Menelik died of senile break-up. No doubt prevails as to what befell a second dusky ruler of consequence. The Emir Habibulla was done to death by members of his own family. And so the grim tale goes on. More mystery touching the end of the celebrated King Chulalonkorn of Siam, of the many hundred wives and concubines. Chulalonkorn had

*(Continued on page 158)*

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ruled despotically ever since 1868. It is so difficult to get to know the facts concerning the demise of Eastern potentates. However, the Mikado Mutsuhito, infinitely the senior of all in direct lineage, died of old age, having ruled since 1867. Another normal passing was that of King Carol of Roumania, the martinet Hohenzollern partner of "Carmen Sylva."

Quickly, we revert to the tragic. The notorious Dictator Diaz died, neglected and in want, in Paris, in the first year of the War. He had to fly from Madero, his successor, after having himself been seven times President; and apparently not too soon, judging by popular sentiment. As for Sultan Muley of Morocco, whether he really did die of an internal complaint or was conveniently "removed" to make way for a new policy, has never been adequately answered. Certainly his successor proved more amenable.

President Taft left in the normal way in 1912, and President Fallières, the year following. Both Taft and Fallières lived to a considerable age and died in their beds within the past few years.

WE now approach the War years, and the tempo of tragedy and tribulation quickens. The opening major casualty of the conflict may safely be written down as Pope Pius X, who died "of a broken heart" within a fortnight of the opening of hostilities. The simple and saintly ex-Patriarch of Venice could not face up to what had supervened. It crushed him, and his 78 years and an already failing heart did the rest. There have been silly stories of his Holiness having been the victim of treachery. No substantiation—and why ever so? This best-loved of latter-day Pontiffs is expected to be canonised one day. His tomb in the crypt of St. Peter's is regularly visited in private by the present Pope.

The fateful year 1914 had not run its course before the Khedive Abbas was deported from Egypt on the ground of his pro-Turkish attitude. If he had reigned 22 years, it is doubtful if Abbas Hilmi has ever seriously regretted his departure. He was to build up one of the greatest private fortunes in the Near East and has been fully occupied managing it. The ex-Khedive may be cited as one of the lucky casualties of the past twenty-five years.

Old Franz-Joseph was the next of the war-time casualties, at Christmas, 1916. He had been doddering for some time and had ruled for the second longest period in history—over sixty-eight years. He survived from Metternich's world, and it is perhaps a subject for surprise that he died in his bed, considering the unequalled visitation of violence on members of his family. Yet Hapsburg tragedy reappeared in quite a short while, with Karl's death at Funchal. Before then, disaster was to overtake one after another of those who had sat upon thrones when King George succeeded. After a nervous reign of twenty-four years, "Nicholas Romanoff" was shot in a cellar at Ekaterinburg, and all his family with him. Here was the commencement of the true cataclysm for the purple, landslide that was to demolish eight or nine thrones. It is known that King George felt the Ekaterinburg massacre deeply, one reason being his Majesty's belief that it could have been avoided, especially had the German Emperor looked after the Imperial Family, as he was fully in a position to in 1917–18. As is also known, Mr. Lloyd George offered to arrange asylum for the hapless family in Scandinavia, but the Germanophile Tsarina, perhaps relying on her august relative in Berlin, is reputed to have turned down the suggestion. A sorry, sorry tale, Ekaterinburg; so many innocent, young and fair to be butchered. . . .

NOW it was "Foxie Ferdie's" turn. Time, October, 1918. This spectacular great Coburger of haughty mien (his was the most striking (*Continued on page* 160)

*Motorists* . . .

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appearance at King Edward's funeral) left his realm as cunningly as he had conducted his life during a reign in Sofia of 37 years. He left for his native Coburg, and later managed to re-secure a trifle of £300,000 that had been seized in this country as the property of an alien enemy. Ferdie may be listed as a second lucky casualty, since he has never regretted the day he handed over to his son, Boris.

The casualties fell thick one upon the other. After 58 years, one day old Nicholas of Montenegro found his kingdom being made over to King Peter of the new Jugoslavia. Meanwhile crowns were fairly toppling in the Fatherland—five in one week. King Leopold of Bavaria, the King of Wurttemberg, the King of Saxony and, last but not least, the German Emperor and King of Prussia, were cast forth with hardly any warning. All had been ruling in 1910, and their joint exit now made big inroads on the number of survivors from that apparently distant day, in reality only a paltry eight years back. Incidentally it is worth reflecting that of the ten or a dozen crowned heads who presented their condolences in person to King George, this month twenty-five years ago, but one, Haakon of Norway, retains his crown to-day. What a cavalcade those royal mourners made! It wasn't like a funeral at all: the brilliant uniforms of all those rulers and princes glittering in the sunshine of a wonderful May day. . . .

Since the Armistice, a further four contemporaries of his Majesty's, of 1910, have made their exit. Old King Peter died in 1921, having several years before handed over the Regency to the ill-starred Alexander. It is safe to say that never has the blood-bathed Belgrade dynasty been in more satisfactory hands, from the British standpoint, than it is at the present time. Next, after the Chanak rumpus and the Kemalist successes, the Sultan Mehmed was conducted away from the Bosphoros in a British warship—never to be replaced. Then "the little Shah," who had spent most of the post-war years between Cannes, Paris and Deauville, was deposed, and in 1928 he died. Followed the surprise exiling, if not abdication, of Alfonso.

And that completes the story of how nearly all his Majesty's contemporaries of a generation ago have faded out before him.

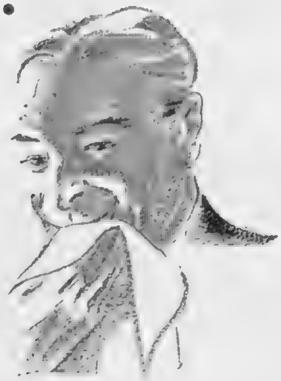
Perhaps it hardly completes the story inasmuch as throne after throne and presidency after presidency has been occupied again and again since 1910. Thus, Greece has had four kings since then; there have been three Popes; seven French Presidents and six American. And so it goes on pretty well round the globe: a minimum of rulers or chiefs of state "staying put" for any length of time. All has been change and flux in the personal realm. And at times high-speed drama.

Another circumstance that may have escaped notice has to do with the arrival of sixteen new and additional rulers or chiefs of state since King George mounted the throne. There are that number more rulers now in the world than there were in 1910. Of course the majority of these newcomers emanated from the "balkanization" of Europe after the War, though half a dozen are Oriental. Here are the new arrivals:—

Ib'n Saud of Arabia, Shaikh Tej ed din of Syria, Shaikh Abdullah of Transjordania, King Zog of Albania, Regent Horthy of Hungary, President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia, the Chief Magistrates of Latvia, Lithuania, Finland and Estonia (they have varying appellations), the Ghazi of Iraq, Mr. Henry Pu of Manchukuo, King of Annam, President Moscicki of Poland, Sultan of Oman, President of Costa Rica.

None of these States figure in the *Almanach de Gotha* for 1910, and their existence to-day serves to accentuate the seniority of the six surviving rulers of that epoch—six only, amid a grand total of 54, plus 16 newcomers, equals 68. Six out of sixty-eight, fated to rule 25 years or more. Not many compared with reigns and records of the past!

*You try . . .*



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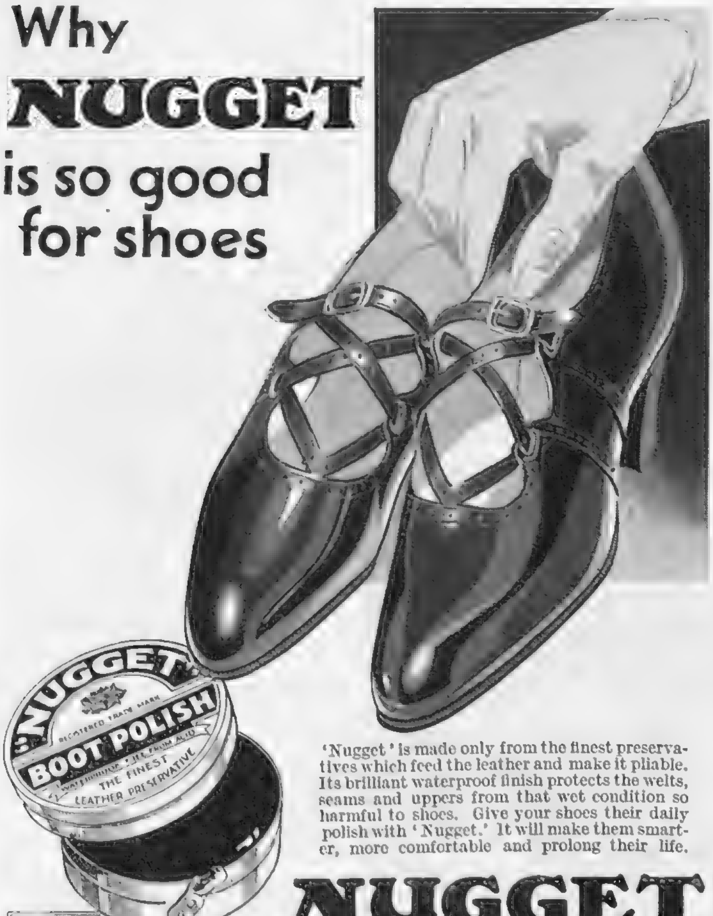

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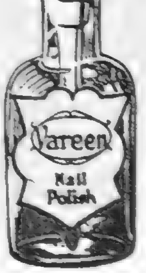

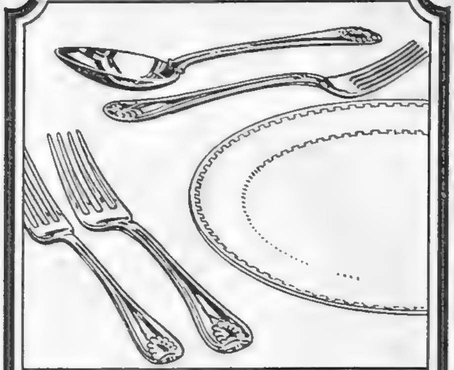

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# Switzerland: The Ideal Holiday Destination

[Swiss Federal Railways

*A VIEW of Lake Maggiore taken from Brione, one of the many charming villages in the Locarno neighbourhood*

SWITZERLAND has always attracted visitors by its beauty, and the Swiss have always helped with their national genius for hospitality. In the prosperous years preceding 1930, British and American tourists flocked there in ever increasing numbers, and the tourist amenities were developed accordingly. Hotels, always comfortable, became luxurious. Towns like Berne and Geneva and Zurich, always clean and attractive, began to sparkle with life. Mountain tops, always there for those with time and energy enough to climb up to them, became accessible to anybody who would just step into a funicular.

Then there was trouble in America. Then trouble in England. People thought they couldn't afford to go abroad any more. The Swiss reduced prices. In the hotels and pensions, on the railways, everywhere they reduced prices. Visitors began to venture back and found that even with depreciated currencies they could still enjoy the same attention, the same courtesy, the same comfort, for the same expenditure, whether large or small. And then there were always the mountains, immense and untroubled, and the still, deep lakes, and the alpine villages echoing with the timeless jangle of the cow-bells borne down from the upland pastures.

How well anyone who has been there remembers that sound! How well you remember the marvellous, early morning freshness of the air! How well you remember the brilliance of the sunset glow on the mighty Jungfrau, seen, say, from Interlaken, that most delightful of summer resorts, or the purple evening shadows lengthening in the high valleys of the Engadine! People who only know places like St. Moritz and Arosa from their winter sports associations are amazed at the new world which summer calls into existence, with its endless possibilities for tennis, bathing, picnics, and the simpler pastime of just lazing in the sun.

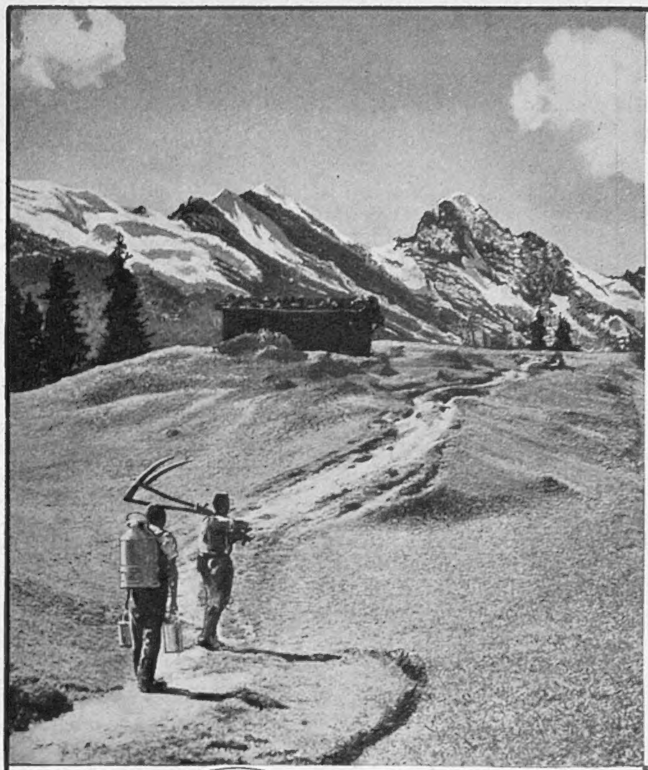
Then there is Lucerne, in a way Switzerland's "holiday capital," since no Swiss holiday can be called complete that does not include a visit there. It stands at the head of a lake of which the beauty is world renowned. In summer time the walls of its hotels, its villas and its casino are almost hidden under masses of wistaria or rambler roses. It is an admirable centre for excursions of all sorts, either by road or along the shores of the lake by boat, to places such as Weggis, Vitznau and Gersau—names which for ever after the visitor will retain pleasantly in his recollection.

FOR the earlier part of summer, of course, the district of the Italian lakes is equally to be recommended. Locarno, and the smaller places along Lake Maggiore, are so perfect against their setting of snow-capped mountains that they seem to belong altogether to another world. Lugano is more bustling, more at the centre of things, with its big hotels, its restaurants, its bathing establishments—but it has developed naturally, without losing any of its intrinsic charm.

And here is another aspect of the Swiss national genius: they know how to make the most of their country without spoiling it; they know how to make the visitor feel he is seeing it as it really is, not just as a façade put up for tourists. And they have their reward in the fact that the people who have been there once return again and again, asserting that it remains the best of all holiday grounds.

*THE "Black Lake," a sombre beauty spot high up among the peaks of the Bernina Pass, nearly 7,000 feet above sea level*

[Albert Steiner, St. Moritz



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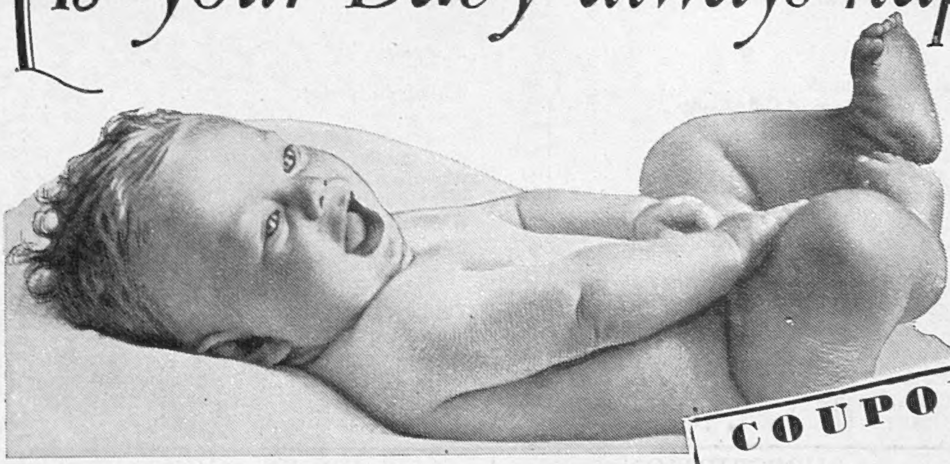

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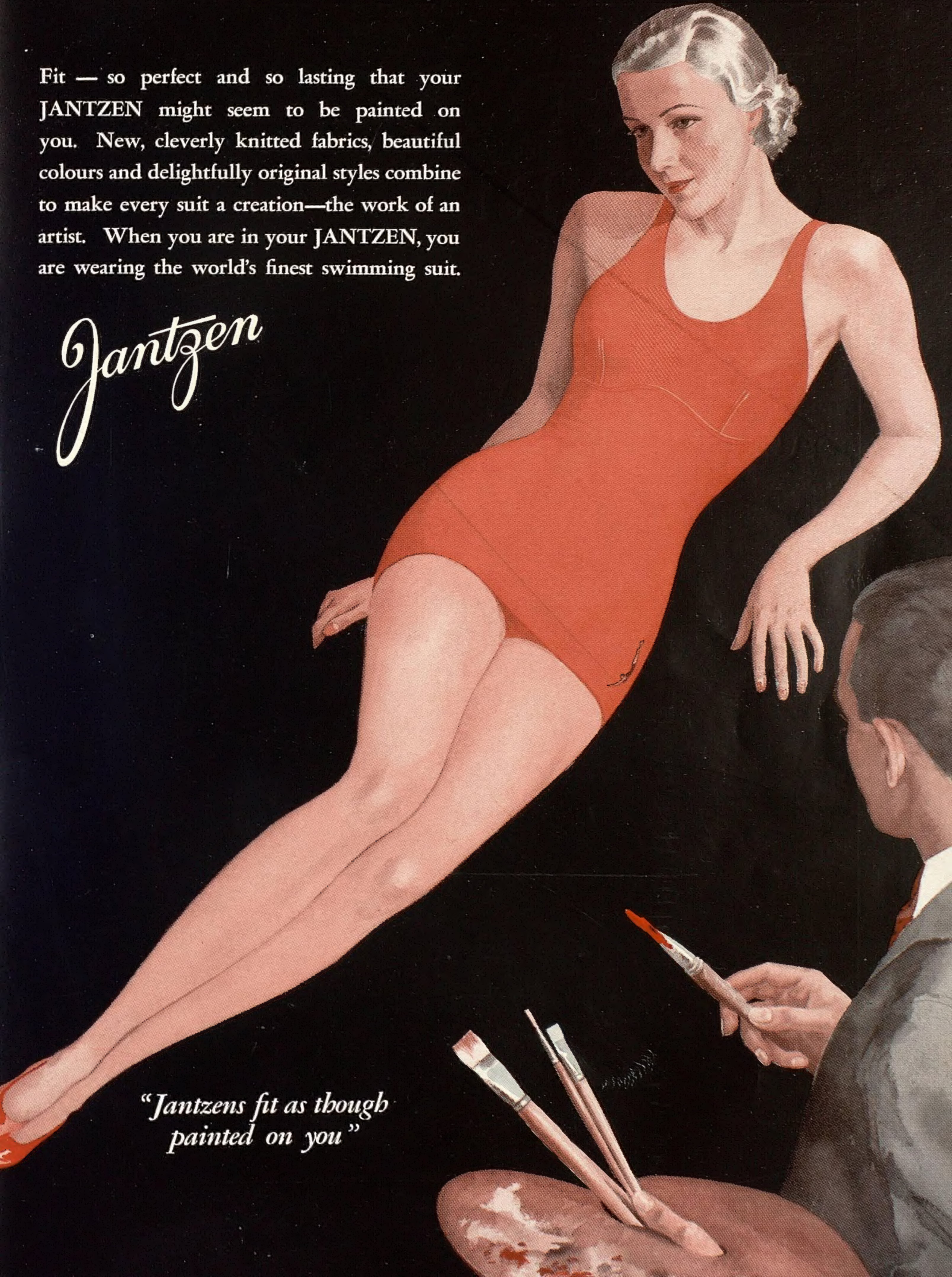

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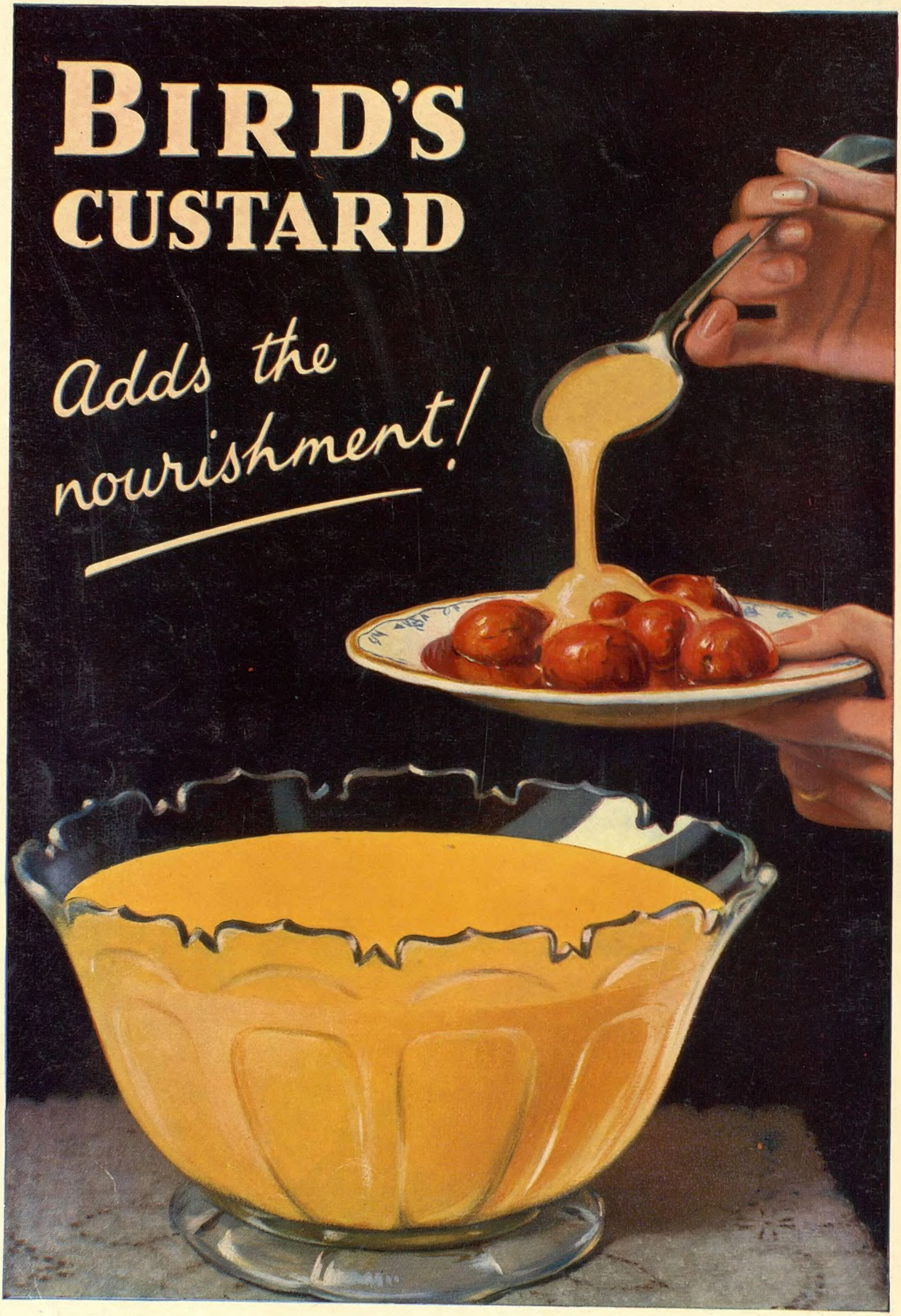
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